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AFTER "THE DAY"

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THE MAN WHO SANK THE *LUSITANIA*,
CAPTAIN LIEUTENANT SCHWIEGER

AFTER "THE DAY"

GERMANY UNCONQUERED
AND : : UNREPENTANT
By HAYDEN TALBOT

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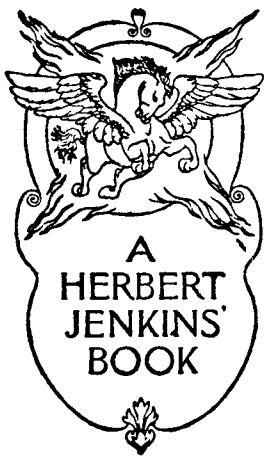

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TO MY FRIEND

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD

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AFTER "THE DAY"

CHAPTER I

GETTING INTO GERMANY

MANY of the facts I am going to tell were obtained quite by chance and incidentally to my seeking a statement from the Kaiser, which was the prime purpose of my trip to Germany. Before beginning my recital, therefore, it may be interesting to lift the curtain on the purely personal side of my trip to and through Hunland, and by so doing show among other things that from the outset it was inevitable that I should get close to the most active, the biggest men in Germany to-day.

To get into Germany was in itself a problem sufficiently difficult in May, 1919, to keep a thousand American business men, for instance, cooling their heels on the steps of their Consulate-General in London. English business houses at this time were also finding it a well-nigh hopeless proposition. We were still at war with Germany. Diplomatic relations had not been resumed. The most an American or Englishman or any other of the Allies could get from his Government was the hardly cheering pronouncement that even though it were possible to persuade

the Germans to allow him to enter Germany—whatever might happen to him there would be literally and figuratively on his own head!

One Englishman of my acquaintance, desirous of buying surgical instruments in the Black Forest district, gave me an illuminating account of his visit to the Foreign Office in Whitehall.

"If you go in to Germany," the Government official told him, "you will do so at your own risk. If you get hit over the head or stabbed in the back, don't expect the British Army to come to your assistance. It won't!"

So far as I know, this would-be buyer of German surgical instruments is still in England!

Even to-day similar discouragement is being given would-be travellers in Germany—at the American Consulate-General as well as in Whitehall.

Of course, like many another myth about Germany, this is all just so much nonsense! Britishers and Americans are as safe in Germany to-day as in their own countries—a deal safer than they would be in certain quarters of their own countries!

The first thing I had to do, after it was definitely settled I was to start after the Kaiser, was to get my passport amended to enable me to go to Holland. I had no intention of going to Amerongen—for reasons presently to be made clear—but a friendly tip at the American Embassy in London had made me sure it was easier to get over the Dutch frontier and in to Germany from this direction than by any other route. It was easy enough to get the amendment to my passport.

But then came the matter of the Dutch visé. At the Dutch Consulate-General I encountered the first of a great many seemingly insuperable difficulties. These days everybody in the world seems to be wanting to go somewhere. Every

consulate in London is over-run from morning to night with crowds all seeking the same end, a trip abroad.

A very young, self-important individual receives all visé applicants at the Dutch Consulate-General. We were herded—forty or fifty of us—in a little room where we remained standing for two hours. Fully half of us had come without the three photographs that must accompany the visé application. These the young officious clerk dismissed brusquely, ordering them to return the following day with the required photographs.

Finally my turn came to approach him. He read my application with exasperating deliberation.

"But exactly why do you wish to go to Holland?" he demanded. The reason I had written —"newspaper business"—did not satisfy him.

"Believe me," I answered, "nothing except urgent necessity would drive me to go."

"Your written reason is not specific enough," he said, with the gravity of a stuffed owl.

"Oh," I replied. "In that case I am going over to call on the Kaiser."

The crowd giggled. One man laughed outright. But the young Hollander at the desk maintained his preternatural solemnity.

"Put it on the paper," he said challengingly.

"Certainly," I replied—and wrote as my reason for wishing to enter the Netherlands, "To try to obtain an interview with the former German Emperor."

As so frequently happened thereafter, this more or less harmless joke served to put me in possession of information which the British Government has announced it does not possess. Before I even started on my trip, I discovered that Holland does not intend to give up the Kaiser if the British Government demands him for trial!

This interesting discovery followed my being ushered into the presence of Consul-General Maas, a kindly, distinguished-looking old gentleman with a white Van Dyke beard. He asked only the routine questions until his eye lit on my re-written reason for wishing a visé.

"No! No! No!" he expostulated. "I cannot possibly visé your passport. My Government has given the former German Emperor absolute guarantees that so long as he remains on Dutch soil, no one shall even approach him without his consent. Under these conditions I can hardly be a party to your announced intention to try to set at naught my Government's pledge."

And then, smiling broadly, he crossed out my written words with a heavy pen until it was impossible to read them—writing in their place the usual "Commercial business."

"You see," he added significantly, "this application goes to the police at Rotterdam."

At Tilbury we had to wait three hours before we could board the tender to the "Batavier II.," lying out in the stream. The only explanation we could get was that there was a dockers' strike on.

As we started down the Thames *en route* to Rotterdam I noted the complete absence of activity on both banks. Although it was a week-day, the silence was like a Sunday.

The following morning, when I came on deck, we were proceeding up the river Maas. A terrific din of rivetting machines smote my ears. On both banks, for mile after mile, there were continuous lines of new shipyards with great steel merchantmen in various stages of completion on the ways. Don't ever think Holland isn't hustling these days! Her merchant marine, about which nothing has been published, is going to

be an important factor in the coming years. Like the rest of the Dutch, her shipbuilders aren't talking—they're too busy working!

In Rotterdam—where everybody is making money as in every other corner of the golden Netherlands—I learned that a great cotton exchange is about to be established to rival the Liverpool Exchange. I learned the details of one deal involving 500,000 bales of cotton—sold to a Dutch import house by an American representing a big syndicate of growers. The Dutchman made no secret of his intention to ship virtually all of this cotton into Germany—at a big increase in price. The Americans, it seemed, haven't the same opportunities of arranging credits in Germany as have the Dutch.

Holland is waxing rich!

I arrived in the Hague July 31st, and found it a holiday, the Queen Mother's birthday. But the American Legation was open and doing business. The *Chargé d'Affaires* received me at once—only to inform me that he could do nothing whatever to help me get in to Germany.

"You must not forget," he added, "that we are still at war with Germany."

Now, as it happened, the *Chargé d'Affaires* at the Hague is a young man who used to be one of the Secretaries at the American Embassy in London—who had known me for years. Whether this had any bearing on what presently followed I can only leave to surmise. However, before I left the American Legation the following instructions had been poured into my ear—not, let me add, by the *Chargé d'Affaires*!

"When you go out of here," my instructor began, "turn to the right. At the first corner turn to the left. Half-way down the block you will see a big white house with a *porte cochere*.

Ring the bell and when the door is opened say you want to see the Counsellor. Don't say anything else, and above all don't say where you got the information. Do this and you will find no difficulty in getting into Germany."

In spite of contrary opinions my experience convinces me that once in a while, and in more or less widely separated regions, one can find a truly helpful spirit and not a little of downright human intelligence in the Diplomatic Service!

The German Embassy—the big white house, of course—is quite the most pretentious of all the foreign diplomatic homes in the Hague. The liveried attendant who answered my ring bowed stiffly and ushered me into a magnificent, lofty, deserted reception room as soon as I uttered the mystic words anent my desire to see "the Counsellor," whoever he might be. Thirty minutes passed. After the first five I had the uncomfortable feeling of being under continuous, unseen surveillance. Finally a section of the brocaded wall swung inwards—a secret door! The attendant bowed again, but either could not or would not speak English. I followed him across a great square hall into another room, where I came face to face with the Counsellor—a tall, well-dressed man whose appearance was as English as his accent. I learned subsequently that he is a thorough-going Prussian, but at that moment I would have taken my oath he came straight from Whitehall!

Even to-day, in defeat and with a Government wholly unrepresentative and incompetent, Germany continues its admirable practice of putting the best brains at its command into its diplomatic service!

After I had explained I wished to enter Germany for the purpose of investigating conditions

in order to be able to write the truth about them, the Counsellor explained coldly that he would forward my application to the Foreign Office in Berlin, without whose permission no alien can enter Germany. This procedure, he added, was inviolable. There could be no exceptions. Incidentally, it usually took a fortnight to obtain the necessary permission. As I had no desire to sit about Holland for two weeks, I decided to play my one trump card then and there.

"Supposing," I asked, "Count von Bernstorff tells the Foreign Office that he would like an exception made in my case, do you think the permission might be forthcoming sooner?"

Instantly the Counsellor's expression changed. He fairly beamed.

"You know Count von Bernstorff?"

"He is the best friend I have in Germany."

"That is all that is necessary then," said the Counsellor warmly. "I am very sure an exception will be made in your case."

The following morning he called me on the telephone. The permission had come through in less than twenty-four hours! The Counsellor had telegraphed to the Count—so had I!

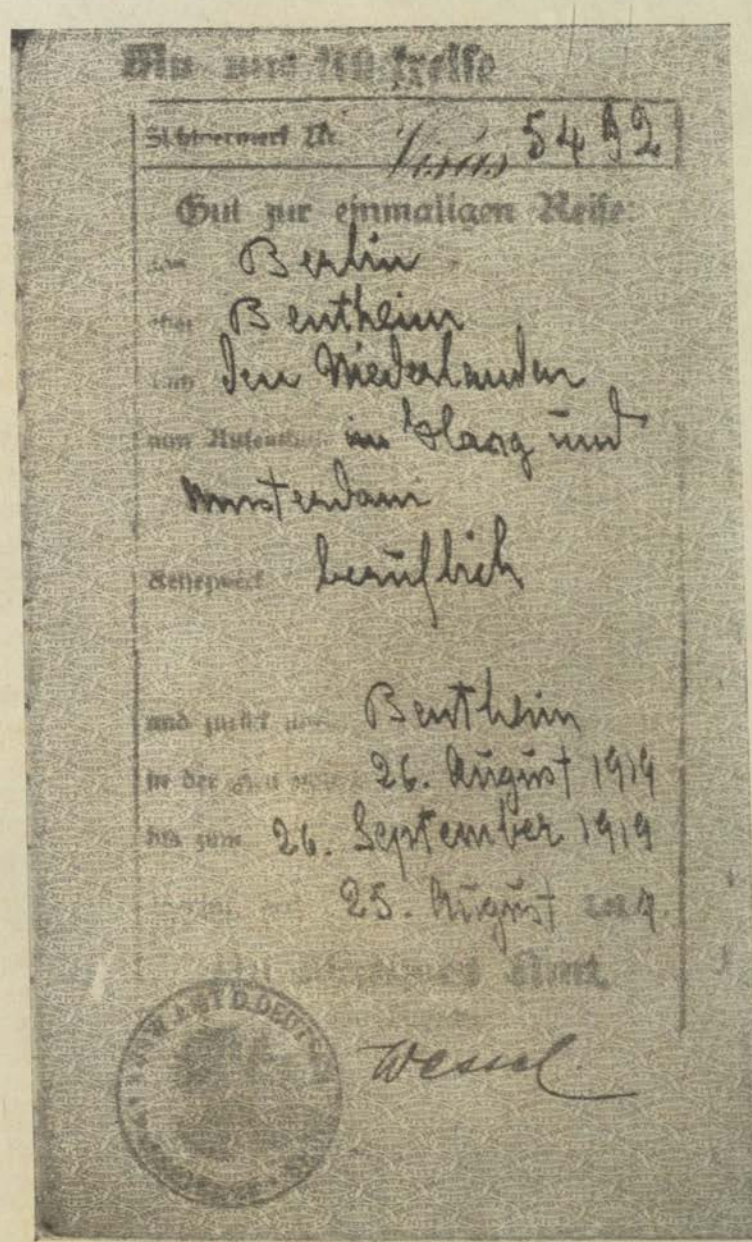
The trip from the Hague to Berlin—ordinarily eight hours—lasted from 6 o'clock in the morning until 3.30 the next morning. It was worse than anything I ever experienced in twenty years of almost continuous travel in almost every part of the world. At one time I counted twenty-three human beings, including infants in arms, jammed into the first class compartment intended to accommodate four! Incidentally I was the only occupant of that compartment idiot enough to have bought a first class ticket. Most of the others had third class tickets. It is one of the results of the Revolution—this refusal to recognise

"class" on German railway trains to-day. The condition of the rolling stock was deplorable. In the whole train there was hardly one pane of glass. Most of the metal trimmings of the compartment had been ripped out. Such bits as were left were covered with half an inch of rust. The upholstery was in the last stages of decay.

Arriving at the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhoff in a drenching rain storm at 3.30 in the morning was not especially cheering. Finally I got a droschke to drive me to the Adlon, Berlin's finest hotel. I am quite sure the sorry beast that stumbled along through the downpour must have died very soon thereafter. Except that it had four legs and a tail, it bore no resemblance to a horse!

When I came downstairs the next afternoon I found the Adlon is no less an institution to-day than it has always been. It is jammed to the roof with officers—Germans as well as those of the Allied armies—business men from all parts of the world, and newspaper correspondents of a dozen nationalities. Few of these residents ever eat at the Adlon. Elsewhere are restaurants supplied by the "sneak trade." In these one may obtain real butter and cream and beef that is not horse! One pays through the nose, and every patron knows that these establishments are violating the law. But one finds it easy to sink into the same state of moral turpitude as the German war profiteers who patronize these "sneak trade" places.

The bar at the Adlon is largely patronized, however—by women as well as men. They have genuine, pre-war White Horse Scotch whiskey at the Adlon. It costs 12 shillings a drink (figuring the mark at its normal exchange value), but at least it is not *ersatz* (substitute).



THE GERMAN VISÉ THAT ENABLED MR. TALBOT TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY —AND RETURN—WITHOUT HAVING TO WAIT AT THE FRONTIER

Count von Bernstorff was the one man in Germany I counted on to help me get at the Kaiser. The reason I was confident he would help me was that for a whole year I had seen him every day at the German Embassy in Washington—and formed something more than the usual relationship between an Ambassador and newspaper man. When the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany, and I was bidding good-bye to Bernstorff, he said:—

"If the time ever comes when I can do anything for you, let me know, and I shall be only too glad to do my best."

I had now come to ask him to make good that promise.

But, to my dismay, I discovered from Bernstorff's nephew, one of the under-secretaries at the Foreign Office, that the Count was at his home in Starnberg in Bavaria, near Munich, and would not be coming to Berlin for several months. Also I learned to my disgust that it took eighteen hours to get from Berlin to Munich.

Back at the Adlon I put in a telephone call to the Bernstorff home—a distance about as far as from London to Aberdeen. I expected to have to wait hours for the connection. In exactly seven minutes I was talking with Bernstorff! The telephone service in defeated Germany is only one of the many marvels that country is presenting to-day!

"Is that you, Mr. Talbot?" came over the wire.

"It is," I replied. "Thanks for getting me into Germany."

"It is good to hear your voice again," said Bernstorff. "What can I do for you?"

"I want very much to see you," I replied.

"Come right along. I shall be delighted."

And so that night I started for Starnberg by way of Munich.

When I came out of the telephone box I almost collided with a man I shall leave un-named. He is the author of more "exclusive" stories dealing with German matters than any five other newspaper men in Berlin. As this man crossed my path many times during my stay in Germany, and as he had not a little to do with the many difficulties that were put in my way, I mention him here. He was very anxious to know why I had come to Germany. I told him that I had merely come to Germany to have a look round.

"I thought, perhaps," he said, "you were another one who had come to try to get at the Kaiser. I just wanted to save you trouble. When the Kaiser chooses to issue a statement he will send for me. No one else has a chance."

Of course he had reason for his confidence. He felt—and had substantial grounds for feeling—that it was not for nothing that he had a "Von" in his name!

The train to Munich did not start until midnight. In the afternoon, therefore, I called on Doktor Schmidt, Minister of Food Control and Economics. Like all the other Cabinet Ministers I afterwards met, Herr Schmidt is sadly lacking in mental equipment. The only thing on his mind that seemed to be troubling him was that if the Entente insisted on taking 40,000,000 tons of Germany's coal Germany would freeze to death. (This was before the levy had been reduced to 21,000,000 tons.)

Herr Schmidt is one of the many little men in big places which makes the present political situation in Germany to-day as dangerous as it is. That photograph of Ebert, President of the German Republic, and Noske, Minister of Defence

—obviously exhilarated and posing in the almost nude, wading in the sea—is only one of many evidences of the unworthiness of the men now in charge of Germany's political destinies.

In the evening I went to Nelson's Kunstlerspiele, one of the smart cabarets in the Kurfurstendamm. The audience consisted largely of demi-mondaines and war profiteers. The former were more smartly gowned than their Paris sisters are to-day. One of them would have created a sensation in London or New York. She wore a big, black velvet tam that sat jauntily on her thick, black, bobbed hair. Her face was made up a dead white colour. A black "patch" under her right eye emphasized its brilliance. Looking at her and the others, it seemed unbelievable that one was in defeated Germany. Beside every table was a champagne bucket. Money was being spent in handfuls.

My waiter, speaking perfect English, informed me he was, in fact, a Frenchman! Caught in Berlin at the outbreak of the war, he had hidden his nationality—only to be drafted into the army! For four and a half years he had had to fight against France—all the time in the trenches on the Somme. True or not, his story was well worth the tip it earned.

From Berlin to Munich I found travelling conditions as bad as from the Hague to Berlin. Rather than sit in the fœtid atmosphere of the compartment—with every window shut—I stood all through the night in the corridor. With the first light of dawn I saw men, women and children at work in the fields. Germany's harvest this year is magnificent. German labour is largely responsible. Not a minute of daylight is wasted in the agricultural sections in Germany.

As we sped along through great manufacturing

centres I saw blast furnaces working at top speed. Every factory was a blaze of light. There is no such thing as "overtime" in industrial Germany to-day. They are working all the time!

I met Count von Bernstorff at the station in Munich. He had brought the Countess in from Starnberg and taken her to the hospital that day to have a minor operation performed on her foot. As always, he was graciousness itself. He led the way on foot for a mile or so into the town to a charming café, where we sat at a table under the trees. He apologized for not having an automobile.

"I have two cars of my own," he remarked, with a wry smile. "One is in Constantinople and the other in Washington. I don't suppose I shall ever see either of them again."

And then, taking it for granted I had come to interview him, he explained he had not spoken a word for publication since leaving the United States two and a half years earlier. Almost in the same breath he began dictating a statement which began with this astonishing phrase:

"In the history of the world there has never been an undeserved defeat."

Far into the long summer evening he continued dictating his statement—a keen analysis of the reasons Germany not only was defeated, but deserved to be defeated! It was quite like Bernstorff to be clever enough to make such an astonishing admission! Few other Germans I met would have dreamed of saying such a thing!

The next day, at his beautiful home on the borders of the little gem of a lake at Starnberg, Bernstorff strolled with me about the magnificent grounds, chatting over old times at Washington.

"And now," he said finally, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"I want you to help me persuade the Kaiser to talk," I said.

For a full minute Bernstorff remained silent. Then he shook his head.

"I am afraid that is impossible," he said. "A great many newspaper men have tried and failed."

Thereupon I outlined my plan. In my opinion the reason the others had failed was that they had gone about it the wrong way. They had all gone to Amerongen and tried the obvious expedient of bribing the servants of Count von Bendinck, the Kaiser's host. By this means they had come into the priceless possession of such items as that the Kaiser had worn checked golf trousers at that day's breakfast; a new white hair had appeared in the imperial eyebrow! My idea was not to go to Amerongen at all—unless I were invited! I had little hope of seeing the Kaiser. After all, that was unimportant. The important thing was to get the Kaiser to make a statement—any kind of statement—that would express his present attitude.

Bernstorff listened attentively. His pessimism remained, however.

"But I am the last man in Germany to be of aid to you," he said. "The Emperor has no use for me. He kept me waiting two months before he would receive me after my return from Washington. He never forgave me for trying to persuade him to accede to the wishes of President Wilson —to call off the resumption of the U-boat campaign and to make possible mediation by the United States. He would pay no attention to me now."

Then I explained my plan further. I showed Bernstorff how the Kaiser could do his people a great service by issuing a statement. The world still considers him no less the personification of Germany than before his abdication. Whatever

he might say would have a greater audience than any other living German could hope to have.

"Let the statement be prepared by you and other thoughtful Germans," I concluded, "the kind of statement you and the others think would be good to have the world read—and then persuade the Kaiser to sign it. If you make the statement palpably a fine thing for Germany—how can he refuse to sign it?"

It was evident the plan appealed to Bernstorff. His eyes glistened as he agreed enthusiastically to undertake the scheme. But then suddenly pessimism returned.

"I am afraid it will not work," he said. "It is too reasonable and too obviously the right thing to do—for the Emperor to do it! It is just what you call it—a great opportunity for him—but he has had many such opportunities and refused to take advantage of any of them. Both he and his advisers seem determined to do nothing that is reasonable and right and opportune. However, I am more than willing to do my part to see the thing through to success."

Before I left Starnberg Bernstorff had given me the names of eight Germans of high standing and proven ability. These men would co-operate with me in preparing the statement in question. When this statement—substantially a symposium of their ideas—was finished, Bernstorff would then go over it himself and make any final corrections he might consider it advisable to make.

His opinion of the statement in its final form is best told by Bernstorff himself in a letter which is reproduced in *facsimile* herewith. The fact that he considered the statement "perfect" and that his opinion was shared by eight of Germany's biggest intellectuals makes the Kaiser's refusal finally to sign it all the more significant! There

STARNBERG
184 OBERBAYERN

August 25th 19

My dear Mr. Talbot

Many thanks for your two kind letters. I think the Statement perfect, as it is, and have kept it.

After reading this Statement, I am sure anything you may kindly write about me, will be all right. Tell the letter however, if you will be good enough to send me the article beforehand.

I hope to see you again in Berlin soon and will write no more today, as I do not yet feel sure, that letters are not read by the censor.

Always sincerely your

F. Bernstorff

BERNSTORFF'S LETTER TO THE AUTHOR.
THE "STATEMENT" REFERRED TO IN THIS LETTER OF BERNSTORFF'S WAS THE ONE INTENDED FOR THE KAISER'S SIGNATURE

can be no doubt that the Kaiser and the men about him care nothing at all about a Germany of which he is not the ruler!

Besides these eight individuals to whom Bernstorff gave me letters of introduction, he also named another group of nine men who constitute the coterie now surrounding, advising, and very nearly dominating the Kaiser. With this second group I must also deal, he told me, if I were to have any chance of success. Before I could possibly hope to persuade the Kaiser to sign the statement, I must convince these nine individuals that it was to his (and their) best interests so to do.

And of these nine plotters—one was supreme! He was the Kaiser's *alter ego*! For almost two score years he had dominated the nominal ruler of the German people almost as completely as Rasputin dominated the ill-fated Czar of Russia! Win him over, and the Kaiser would be won over! Fail with him, and the statement would never be signed!

So I learned for the first time of the existence of the man who was destined, all unwittingly, to give me a word portrait of the present mental attitude of the Kaiser. Before I finally managed to force myself into his presence, however, I passed through a succession of adventures which I believe will, when told, bare the truth about the Germany of to-day in a fashion that will amaze a world all too ready to accept "made-in-Germany" statements that she, is, in fact, a vanquished nation.

For the truth is that Germany to-day is as certain that she has never been defeated as that while the rest of the world indulges in industrial madness she will swiftly resume her place in the sun and—go further than that!

CHAPTER II

WORKERS ALL—ALL THE TIME

THE scene was the corridor of the night express from Berlin to Munich. The time was dawn of an August day, 1919.

For upwards of an hour I had been talking with a fellow passenger—head of the Bureau of Vital Statistics in Berlin—who, like me, preferred the relatively untainted air of the corridor to the unspeakably oderiferous compartments with their closed doors and windows. His English was good—part of his education had been obtained in England. Facts and figures tripped off his tongue with astonishing fluency. I knew I was getting at first hand the real thing in the way of down-to-the-moment information.

The reason for his willingness to divulge information of a nature that ordinarily would be counted confidential was the reason that brought me everywhere in Germany the limit of Teutonic courtesy—my *Ausweiss*. This document, issued all accredited journalists by the Foreign Office, commanded all and sundry to grant the bearer every possible assistance. Ordinarily one glance was enough for the average German to treat me as if I were royalty and the Empire still in existence! All Germans seem to have a lively appreciation of the value of publicity. If it weren't

for the mitigating fact that after all it is Germany, it would be the newspaper man's heaven!

During our conversation I had casually noted a short, thick-set man, buried in an overcoat, moodily staring out of the window, standing near us. Now suddenly he turned toward us and addressed himself to my companion in gutteral German—of which I did not understand a word. The other's reply caused his face to light up.

"Ach! So!" he said. And then he turned to me excitedly.

"You are American journalist, yes?" he began.

"Then," he added, after I had admitted the soft impeachment, "maybe we can do business together—yes?"

"Here is what I am," he continued, producing a large business card from a wallet carried in the pocket of his overcoat. It read:

Nordbayerische
Elektrizitats-Gesellschaft
Bamberg
Ueberreicht durch Dir. Max Langhamer

Presently I discovered that Director Langhamer was in dire need of copper for his electric plant—and prepared to pay almost any price and make almost any kind of bargain with me if I would make his needs known to my fellow countrymen. His minimum requirements were 200 tons of copper. He would gladly buy 400 tons. For half an hour he talked continuously, absolutely ignoring my repeated interjections that I had no way of putting him in touch with American copper producers. His eagerness to make his wants known and to make plain his willingness to balk at no price, however high, blinded him to the fact that in so far as I was concerned it was a sheer waste of time. Later I asked the

Government official how it happened that the business man could afford to buy such an enormous quantity of copper—price no consideration.

"He has plenty of money," replied my companion. "There is plenty of money everywhere in Germany—plenty. Even the low exchange value of the mark makes no difference. If we can get the raw materials, that is all that is necessary. Then we can manufacture finished products—*with German labour paid in marks of this same low exchange value!* In that way the German manufacturer sees a chance to make a fortune when the time comes to export!"

I tell this story because it typifies the German business man's attitude to-day. From all kinds of individuals I got corroboration of the fact that the present low rate of exchange isn't worrying Germans at all. They will pay any price for raw materials—because the very disadvantage of the depreciated mark in buying will work to their advantage when it comes to selling.

Incidentally, it seems to me the anecdote is worth telling because it is also typical of the way Germans will undertake to do business—anywhere and at any time. Where else, except in Germany, would a man talk business—at the break of dawn, standing in the corridor of an express train—and with a stranger?

A month later, on another train—travelling from Coblentz to Cologne—I found myself seated beside a young chap whose clothes and accent fairly shrieked U.S.A. He quickly opened conversation. His "line" was Spanish wines!

"Selling Spanish wines to Germans?" I asked in amazement.

"Surest thing you know," he replied with a grin. "Selling so much of the stuff to these Heinies I can afford to buy a car!"

For the benefit of the uninitiated let me add that to be able to buy a car in Germany to-day is proof positive of untold wealth.

It developed his name was H. Mandelbaum. He was living with his 19-year-old wife (a Belgian girl disinherited by her titled family for what they considered a misalliance) at the Hotel Alte Post in Bensberg, a suburb of Cologne. In the eleven months following the Armistice he had built up a trade in Spanish wines that was netting him a small fortune in monthly commissions. According to him, there are not nearly enough Rhine and Moselle wines to supply the home demand—and there is an abundance of German money to pay for the imported article!

Is it any wonder that members of the army of occupation and civilians of the Entente countries who have had evidence of this abundance of wealth in Germany to-day are a bit disgusted at the complacent attitude of folk at home—absolutely convinced that Germany is penniless and broken? Let that Fight-the-Famine conference give just a moment's consideration to this one tiny tale. Do people who can afford to buy imported wines from Spain really need to keep those 140,000 cows stolen from France? Are those whines now emanating from German sources—genuine? Mr. Mandelbaum, of New York, U.S.A., making a fortune out of the German thirst for Spanish port and madeira is ready to go on record with an emphatic denial. As he put it to me: "All this talk about Fritz being down and out is bunk!"

Also there is the Dane I met one night at the Palais de Dan e—celebrating his formation that day of a company capitalised in Berlin for £5,000,000 to manufacture synthetic rubber made out of a combination of four chemi-

cals. Every mark of capital was found in Berlin! A great factory equipped with special machinery is now being erected in Trebbin, a suburb of Berlin. Does that sound like bankruptcy?

Another Dane I encountered later, another night—this one a naturalized American, John M. Larsen, of 347, Madison Avenue, New York—gave me details of his month's stay in Germany. He had made the trans-Atlantic crossing in his own yacht *Elinor*, and had begun business at Hamburg on his arrival. All his pockets bulged with documents—orders for wool, hides, rubber, benzine and leather. And Mr. Larsen convinced me that he was not one to accept orders without being sure that the buyers were financially responsible.

Count von Wengersky, formerly head of the Hamburg American Line in London, and to-day counted one of Germany's shrewdest business men, is now in cable communication with J. E. Rhea, of McKinney, Texas, one of the biggest cotton growers in the South. Rhea engineered the deal in Rotterdam involving 500,000 bales of cotton—last July. He had no German connections and was unable to enter Germany, so he returned to America knowing that everyone of the 500,000 bales would find their way into German hands, with a resultant profit to the Dutch middlemen bigger than his own.

When Wengersky learned of this deal, he promptly opened negotiations with Rhea. He convinced the cotton grower that he had behind him a syndicate with 2,000,000,000 marks in actual cash, and payments would be made on delivery. In Germany, of course, the mark has not depreciated. At the normal exchange value, therefore, Wengersky's backing is the equivalent of nearly £8,000,000. Actually, at the present rate

of exchange, Wengersky's clique can buy and pay for £8,000,000 worth of cotton! And what is more to the point—they are going to do it!

Paul von Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, president of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce and head of the banking house that bears his name, is one of the active figures in a coterie of German bankers working under the leadership of Max Warbourg, the Hamburg banker, to bring about a resumption of trade relations with the United States in the shortest possible time. Bartholdy made no attempt to disguise his satisfaction so far as Germany's financial position is concerned.

"The present exchange value of the mark doesn't matter," he declared. "It will rise when we begin to export manufactured goods—but it cannot rise so fast as not to give our manufacturers big profits on early exports. We must pay through the nose for raw materials bought now, but by the same token we shall be able to undersell the world and still make handsome profits when the time comes for us to begin exporting."

The explanation is simple. Take, for example, a manufactured article that costs to produce in England one shilling. Assume it costs the German manufacturer, because of the high cost of the raw material, two marks. Sold in America the British-made article must retail at, say, 50 cents if the exporter is to make a fair profit. The "made-in-Germany" article, however, cost only 3 cents at the present rate of exchange. It can be sold at retail for 6 cents, and the net profit to the German exporter be as great as the British exporter's whose retail price must be almost nine times as much!

Already American capitalists have bought up numerous German manufacturing concerns with world-wide established products. While I was in

Germany two such deals were closed in Berlin. To-day all the capital and reorganization of the Daimler (Mercedes) Motor Company and the Bosch (Magneto) Company are in American hands. It is only the beginning of what experts declare will prove a wholesale transfer of German corporations to American syndicates. Obviously shrewd American investors—on the spot—are not entering such deals without positive knowledge that the depreciated mark cannot work to their disadvantage.

German commercial travellers are following a carefully planned itinerary—confining their operations at the moment almost exclusively to the neighbouring neutral countries. In Scandinavia and Switzerland they are doing a rushing business. Holland is less ready to enter into negotiations with these emissaries of German houses—needing less than the other countries adjacent to Germany and being in a selling, rather than a buying mood just now. But even in Holland the German's willingness to nurse and fondle his prospective trade produces results in a field where British and American salesmen are prone to exhibit a take-it-or-leave-it spirit.

Only a few German salesmen have braved British or French markets as yet, and those that have have brought back reports to Germany that are anything except encouraging. But England and France will be "invaded"—if present German plans materialize. From indisputably authentic sources I obtained a glimpse of a trade scheme that is as seemingly sure of success as it is typically cunning. This scheme is nothing less than the usual German method of indirection. German exporters have sufficient information at hand to know that the recent outbreaks in New York inspired by attempted productions of German

opera mean—exactly nothing—n so far as business is concerned. A veritable host of German salesmen are now being groomed to re-enter the American market and resume trade relations there.

The brains behind the scheme are evidenced by the fact that American importers are shortly to learn that it will pay them handsomely to buy twice as much German manufactured goods as they need for domestic consumption—and re-export the balance to England and France! Even with the double cost of transportation taken into consideration, the German-made goods can still be sold to English and French importers at a relatively low price! It remains to be seen whether the American commercial traveller will meet with any better success in the Entente countries—with German goods to sell—than the Boche salesman!

Of course, there remains the indisputable fact that Germany owes £10,000,000,000. According to provisional estimates presented to the National Assembly, Germany must find during the present fiscal year £1,200,000,000 to pay current expenses. Of this vast sum there will be forthcoming from existing sources of revenue about £1,000,000,000. The deficit is planned to be met by a reorganization of the taxation administration, an increase of the imperial income tax.

The other element entering into Germany's economic situation—labour conditions—is more encouraging, potentially, than in any of the Entente countries. From Herr Alexander Schlicke, the Socialist Minister of Labour in the present Government, I obtained facts and figures that prove beyond question that Germany's labour problem is less of a problem than in any other country in the world, not excepting Japan. Although the capacity for work is estimated to

have been depreciated by 50 per cent, thanks to malnutrition resulting from the effectiveness of the British blockade, *the will to work* is as much in evidence in Germany to-day as it ever was.

Reports of strikes in the coal mining districts in Upper Silesia—widely circulated in the Entente countries—are not borne out by the facts. The principal result of these reports, assiduously spread by the German Government itself, was to induce the Peace Commission to modify France's demands so that instead of receiving 40,000,000 tons of coal from these German coalfields, she will get only 21,000,000 tons! The length to which this Government-nurtured whining attitude was carried may be inferred from an article promulgated by the infamous Wolff Bureau in Berlin to the effect that the shortage of coal was so great as to make it impossible for factories to produce oleomargarine!

At the same time that Germany is issuing—for publication *outside* Germany—these fanciful tales of industrial unrest, German newspapers print at length reports of labour's madness in England and America. I was in Berlin during the recent railway strike in England, and my one wish was that the British Unions might have had their leaders in Germany just then! To see Germans of all classes crowding about the newspaper bulletin boards and gleefully chuckling as they read of the growing seriousness of the English strike—well, it was not pleasant!

"Those stupid English!" was the least of the epithets one heard.

One could not help wondering if perhaps the Germans were not justified in their conviction that all they need is time—to recoup all they have lost and again essay commercial domination of the world—with labour in the Entente coun-

tries playing the German game for them as assiduously as it is! There is only one way to defeat the German in peace—exactly as in war—and that is with his own weapons. In this case that weapon is Work. Nothing else will do it. For Germany is Working. All Germany is Working. And they are Working under conditions which labour outside Germany would count unbearable.

I am not competent to decide the merits of labour's case in any of the countries in which industrial chaos seems only around the corner. But I do know that a quick and decisive settlement of these production disputes must come—if all the world is not presently to be deluged with the old trade mark, "Made in Germany."

CHAPTER III

BERNSTORFF ADMITS GERMANY MERITED DEFEAT

"IN the history of the world there never has been an undeserved defeat."

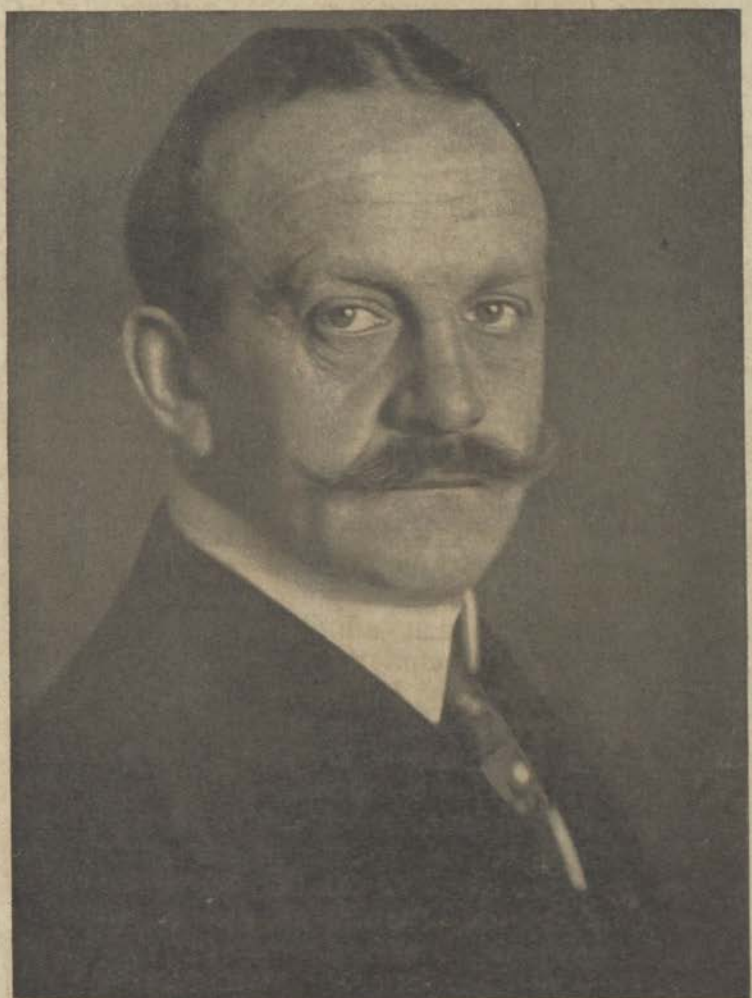
Thus Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, erstwhile German Ambassador to the United States, began his answer to my question as to what factors contributed chiefly to Germany's downfall.

Out of the multiplicity of answers I obtained from Germany's most important men, this was the only one which admitted that Germany deserved what has come to her.

I shall divide my interview with Count von Bernstorff into two chapters to differentiate between the information he gave me the first afternoon of my week-end visit with him, and the statements he made subsequently, during strolls about the spacious grounds of his magnificent home at Starnberg. In the first instance he was especially anxious that in such grave matters as he discussed with absolute candour there be no possibility of my quoting him incorrectly, and therefore requested that I make voluminous notes.

Wherefore what follows is substantially a dictated statement by Count von Bernstorff, and every word of it uttered only after much deliberation and careful choosing of phrases.

"I am quite aware," he said, "that one who



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JOHANN HEINRICH BERNSTORFF—HIS FAVOURITE PHOTOGRAPH, AND AN EXCELLENT LIKENESS OF THE MAN WHO SAYS GERMANY DESERVED DEFEAT

looks back to discover the reason for our defeat must work with hypotheses that will be attacked in certain quarters. Yet in the historical sense there has never been an undeserved defeat, and thus the end of the war itself proves that Germany merited the disaster that has overtaken her.

" Our world policy has been a hothouse plant. In forty years we had attempted to make up for the omissions of centuries. Our successes were wonderful. The power we disclosed in the war surprised ourselves hardly less than the rest of the world. Nevertheless, the basis of our world policy was much too weak.

" Mr. Lloyd George said recently that Germany would be taken into the League of Nations as soon as she were willing to confess that her policy of the past 150 years had been wrong. So summarily as that one cannot proceed. Has the English Premier forgotten Waterloo? Has it escaped his memory or doesn't he know that it was England at the Congress of Vienna who strove to give Prussia more Polish territory than she wanted? Does he not know that at that time intelligent Prussians considered the principal task of their State was to effect a union of the German people?

" The policy of a state rarely outlasts a generation, and we need look back only that far to find the causes for our defeat. Bismarck, in his own famous words, had put Germany in the saddle, but unluckily she could not ride. In the forty-seven years of the new German Empire it was not even possible to create a real German national feeling. The whole ballast of effete, particularistic rubbish was dragged along, as if we could afford such a luxury amidst a world of nationalistic-thinking enemies.

" Bismarck evolved Germany's foreign policy

like the genius he was, but at best it was nearly exclusively a continental European policy. Simultaneously with the retirement of the great chancellor began Germany's world policy. Here was no free blossom of constructive statesmanship, but the outgrowth of bitter necessity created by the compulsion to nourish the fast growing German nation. And it was not this world policy that ruined us. It was the way we went at it.

"Bismarck said even when he was preparing the foundations of the Empire that Prussia wore too heavy an armament for her small body. Such was the case of all Germany when she embarked on her world policy. Bismarck left as his heritage the Triple Alliance as well as the masterly combination of the reinforcement treaty with Russia. If the latter association had been really durable, Bismarck's bequest would have formed a sufficiently sound spring board from which to jump into the later-evolved world policy. But the reinforcement treaty was never more than an ingenious makeshift postponing the inevitable choice as between Russia and Austria-Hungary. The Pan Slavistic movement made this choice inevitable. Even the triple alliance was unsound owing to frequently recurring Austro-Italian differences.

"Making workable this insufficient world policy, in the face of French hostility, was possible only by joining forces with England or Russia. Either one would have been possible of achievement if we had acted at the proper time. Unluckily it was an axiom of the German policy that the differences between England and Russia could never be overcome, and that a combination of those two powers was impossible. This thesis was steadily advanced by Herr von Holstein, and had general support throughout the Empire.

"I belong to those who always wanted the union with England, including if possible a working agreement with the United States. On the other hand, our world policy might have developed successfully had we joined with Russia, although that way would have meant great danger apart from the fact that every approach to the Tzaristic Russia would have influenced our domestic policy in a fatal way. We would have had to sacrifice Austria-Hungary, for one thing. At war with England, we should thus have had only a decayed Russia to help us.

"Our situation would have been infinitely better had we followed consistently the policy inaugurated by Caprivi who, as Chancellor, fought valiantly to arrive at an understanding with England. Caprivi's policy had as its corner stone the subordination of our colonial and naval policies to good relationship with England. Caprivi knew we could not conduct our world policy with an antagonistic England opposing us. The example of France in this respect proves the soundness of such a policy.

"It required no prophet to foretell that in any war Italy would remain true to us only if England remained neutral. No German overestimated the feeble assistance Austria-Hungary was capable of extending.

"But there was always the political thesis of von Holstein which overestimated Russia's power, and there was besides in many influential quarters an inclination toward the Tzaristic government. Under these circumstances what came had to come.

"Nullifying all the work that had been done by way of approaching England came the German Emperor's telegram to Kruger.

"In that telegram I have always seen the foundation of the world war.

"Our unnecessary interference in favour of the Boers created English animosity which could never be overcome. True, there were subsequent opportunities for us to offset the unhappy results of the Kruger telegram—the well-known Chamberlain speech, the Yangste agreement, Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin—but even had we taken full advantage of these opportunities, it would still have been, thanks to our own blunders, a hostile England that confronted us.

"The Kruger telegram was particularly unfortunate in that it came at a time when we no longer had any freedom of choice as between England and Russia. The Franco-Russian treaty had meantime been consummated. After the Yangtse treaty London realized that Germany would not fight with England against Russia. This realization marked the final determination of England's policy toward Germany.

"The unfavourable sentiment in England increased against us on account of the Baghdad railroad and our naval policy. At the eleventh hour we tried to reach an understanding with England on both these questions. What could have been successfully accomplished in earlier years was then impossible because of the change in the political complexion of all Europe.

"The basis of our world policy was much too weak. Our Oriental policy was ever suspended in mid air. Neither we nor the weak Turks were capable of defending it. Yet we persisted in it—a policy that at the same time disunited us from both England and Russia.

"The statesman cannot foresee everything. Lord Cromer liked to tell an anecdote about one of his former chiefs to whom a young attaché was making certain political prophecies.

"'Young man,' said the elder man, 'never

speak, always write a prophecy. Then you will learn that prophecies are always wrong.'

"Yet almost anybody might have safely predicted that a German policy based on a Berlin-Constantinople-Baghdad railway and on the building of a strong navy must lead to inevitable conflict with England. In fact, I am unable to name a single German diplomat who served in England, before or after me, who did not predict a war unless an agreement were reached on these two points.

"The encircling policy of King Edward began when I was counsellor of the German Embassy in London. At that time I was of the opinion that King Edward's policy was defensive. I still hold to this opinion. He had learned England's weakness in the Boer war. He shared the prejudice prevailing in England that we were aiming at world mastery, and his determination was to protect the British Empire against us.

"In the last Entente note of the war is written, 'Germany's rulers, true to Prussian tradition, were eagerly endeavouring to seize predominance in Europe. They wanted to be strong enough to rule a submissive Europe as tyrannically as they ruled submissive Germany.' We Germans know this accusation is a lie, but unfortunately the impartial German must admit that this lie has been believed sincerely for many years in other countries. On our part we had similar ideas about our enemies, and didn't do enough to destroy such prejudices. On the contrary, we added fuel to the flames with our continual speeches accompanying the expansion of our navy, and through resistance against pacifism, disarmament, courts of arbitration and the like.

"The extent of the harm we did to ourselves

by our attitude at the Hague Peace Conference is no longer a secret to anybody.

"During my official tenure in the United States I reached an understanding for an arbitration treaty with the American Government no less than three separate times. All three treaties were rejected by Berlin. Thereafter I had to remain silent under the reproachful charge that America had been able to conclude satisfactory arbitration treaties with every nation in the world except Germany.

"King Edward, whose wisdon made him loathe war, would have known how to avoid this conflict. For he would never have so far committed his Empire as to find no way of avoiding it. This is no less true of his adversary, Prince Buelow, who also would have found ways and means of warding off the war. The longer it could have been postponed the better it would have been for us—obviously. Our power was growing visibly. Of vastly greater importance is the fact that Russia would have had her revolution, war or no war. With Russia out of the Entente, the attitude of England and France must have been very different.

"Delicate and careful handling of political problems would have enabled Alliance and Entente to oppose one another peacefully for many years to come. Unhappily, the leadership of Germany's foreign policy came into the hands of that diplomat least fitted for the post, Herr von Kiderlen, whose attitude toward the English speaking world was wholly unsympathetic and that of a total stranger —believing, as he did, that he could achieve any end by brutal procedure. In his policies he produced the effect of a bull in a china shop. And this was the situation when the Agadir affair created a tension which only a superman like

Bismarck could have relieved. Another corner stone was thus added to England's policy of aggression toward us.

" The Entente note already quoted says further, 'When the preparations of war had been completed, the German rulers encouraged an ally that was enslaved to their will to declare war on Serbia within 48 hours. They knew very well that this war which was expected to bring them Balkan supremacy could not be localized, but must unleash world war. To make it inevitable they avoided all attempts at compromise and every council until it was too late. The world war came and amongst all nations Germany alone welcomed it—being completely armed and prepared to conduct such a war.' The Entente leaders would like to lift this perversion of history into a dogma, that their people may not reproach them.

" The historical truth, however, is clear to everyone who seeks it honestly and impartially. The German Government believed Serbian propaganda would annihilate Austria-Hungary. On the other hand, it hoped that its last faithful ally would experience a political renaissance through the punishment of Serbia. For this double reason Count Berchtold was given a free hand, the German rulers believing he would be able to repeat Buelow's success on the occasion of the Bosnian crisis. In the meantime, however, the situation had changed.

" Russia and France wanted the war, trusting England to help them. When the German Government suddenly awakened to a realization of this fact it tried—like a chauffeur in the instant before a collision—to apply the brakes and reverse the engine. But it was too late. Our Government was guilty of a tragic blunder in allowing

Austria to undertake such a risky experiment at a time of high tension. The extent of the blunder can be appreciated only when it becomes known that Germany was not completely armed and prepared for war.

"The truth is we did not have sufficient supplies of ammunition, food, nor raw materials—nor even a plan of campaign adapted to a war with England. Yet in spite of all that, we need not have succumbed in this conflict had we remained true to our defensive policy. The German people proved heroic without comparison and sincerely believed they were waging a war of defence. If the German Government had clung to that policy consistently, we could have saved our position in the world.

"We should have always thought of the analogy of the Seven Years' War, and should have been ready at every opportunity to liquidate with as little loss as possible a business which had no prospects.

"Morally the war was lost through the violation of the neutrality of Belgium. Politically it was lost through the declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare. Militarily it was lost through the German offensive of 1918.

"I do not wish to enter into arguments as to whether we ought to have conducted the war on a defensive basis in the West and an offensive basis in the East. It may be stated, however, that such a plan of campaign would have had good prospects of success, quite apart from the fact that none less than Moltke himself favoured it.

"But once the violation of Belgian neutrality had been committed, we ought to have admitted the wrong.

"Our policy would then have been immensely better understood, and the peace mediations by

the United States essentially facilitated and accelerated.

"It has been a cardinal political fault on the part of Germany not to recognize the importance of the United States.

"Starting from the *Lusitania* incident, and up to the moment of America's entry into the war, Germany's case rested with the United States.

"The Entente knew this; knew that the very outcome of the war depended on the United States. No one in Germany knew it.

"Our press was in the hands of the army and navy, and was consistently opposed to the policies of the Foreign Office.

'The whole world and not Germany alone would now be happier if peace had been concluded two years ago through American mediation. Neither Bolshevism nor starvation would then have come, but all of us would have been living in a true League of Nations and enjoying a lasting, just condition of peace.

"After our army and navy leaders had destroyed this hope and launched the unrestricted submarine warfare—whose utter failure was recognized only after several months—the Reichstag resolution followed. Then at least the war ought to have been liquidated, even if the resultant peace were less favourable than would have been the case in the winter of 1916—17. Much could still have been saved had we made exemplary peace treaties at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest, and had we fortified the Turkish and Bulgarian fronts and then, depending on the intact armies in the West, negotiated with our enemies.

"The fate of great army leaders in the history of the world always seems to be the same. Like Hannibal against Italy, so Napoleon against Russia launched gigantic enterprises with too

slender means, and therefore succumbed in the end in spite of brilliant victories. So also Germany's war heroes insisted on forcing luck through an offensive for which our forces were inadequate.

"Of all the great warriors of history only two escaped a similar fate—and Cæsar and Frederick the Great went to their deaths undefeated largely because they were not only soldiers but also in a high degree politicians.

"In the long run a war can be won only politically. The failure of Germany to appreciate this world-historic truth is the reason for our downfall.

"Justice, however, demands that mention be made of the consistent efforts of the German Foreign Office to avoid these very errors. Unhappily these efforts were of no avail, as every issue was decided by the army and naval authorities. The German diplomat who tried to fight against the situation was dismissed, as for instance Herr von Jagow, who until the last, fought against the submarine warfare and worked for American mediation.

"Students of history will realize how apropos is reference here to Bismarck's insistence that political leadership must remain in the hands of statesmen. Had Bismarck not persevered in this policy, it is doubtful if the war of 1866 would have been won."

With this astonishingly frank analysis of the reasons for Germany's defeat finally concluded, Count von Bernstorff next directed his remarks to a consideration of Germany's future relations with America.

"The fact," he began, "that there is sufficient interest in the subject to warrant my views being published means, I hope, that there is at least some degree of mutuality in the peoples of both countries wishing to see the relationship of

America and Germany develop favourably in the future. Those who, like myself, share this hope with all their hearts cannot look into the future alone. If we Germans wish to resume the good old terms with citizens of the United States, we must realize the mistakes of the past, admit them with unrelenting sincerity, and guide our conduct accordingly. Only thus can we approach the subject conscientiously.

"American traditions gave rise to the supposition that America would remain neutral in the war. President Wilson's policy coincided with this supposition in spite of the unfavourable sentiment arising in the United States out of our violation of Belgium's neutrality.

"From August 1st, 1914, to February 1st, 1917, Mr. Wilson pursued the same course. He wanted to spare his country from participating in the war, and to terminate the conflict through mediation. In following this policy, Mr. Wilson had the support of the majority of the American people, as proved by the election in November, 1916. This does not alter the fact, however, that in America there existed a war party which co-operated with the Entente against us.

"But the war party never would have been successful if our resumption of submarine warfare had not changed the whole situation.

"The truth of what really has been happening during the last few years is still so well hidden under the propaganda of all the countries as to make it possible only in some future unbiassed era to separate the historical wheat from the chaff.

"Those who lived in the United States during the past five fatal years will not be deceived by any offensive or defensive propaganda, but know that the one thing which brought about our break

with the United States and consequently our defeat—was the submarine warfare.

"Even so, the whole disposition of the American people in February, 1917, was so completely against war as to make necessary a two-months' campaign of propaganda before war could be actually declared. But it must not be forgotten that Germany supplied the material for this propaganda. We made it all too easy for the American Government to lead the crusade against the autocratic, militaristic, and double-tongued German Government.

"Having now put aside the last remnants of autocracy and militarism, I need not waste words on those subjects, but even to-day we have to defend ourselves against the charge of being double tongued. Wherefore consideration of this charge is necessary, if we truly wish to create an atmosphere in which resumption of friendly relations with the United States can eventuate.

"Two souls lived throughout the war in Germany's policy. One was military and naval; the other civilian and political. All our Government's actions which during the time of American neutrality came to the attention of Washington were directed by one or the other of these two groups or were the result of compromise. One can therefore speak more justly of a division of German policy than of Germany's double-tongueness.

"The one party demanded unrestricted submarine warfare even if it meant a break with the United States; the other was as insistent on peace through President Wilson's mediation. The fight between the two groups began with the *Lusitania* incident, and terminated in the declaration of unrestricted U-boat warfare.

"As one of the main participants in this fight,

I can state with authority that the German civilian policy always pursued its aim consistently. It did not, as is still believed by many Americans, negotiate to gain time in order to prepare for the submarine warfare.

"The civilian group launched no conspiracies in America. The worst things done in America by the military-naval group, as, for instance, the Rinteln mission, were done without the knowledge of the civilian group.

"The two chief sins for which Germany is reproached, and which are held to be proofs of our being double-tongued—the Adlon dinner in honour of Ambassador Gerard and the Mexico telegram—both post-dated the surrender of the Berlin civilian administration to the predominant military-naval party. Like the astrologer in Faust the German Government gave out then only such declarations as were whispered to it by the militaristic-naval Mephisto. That moment was the height of German tragedy. The plans of intervention then well under way in Washington were frustrated by our blind fault, and the war consequently lost. Every effort originating with President Wilson in the last hours to change the Berlin decision stranded on 'technical difficulties.'

"So much for the distant past.

"Germany expected, on November 19th, 1918, that Mr. Wilson would grant a completely beaten Germany what he had offered voluntarily in the winter of 1916—17. Whereas German public opinion had formerly abused him, now he was hailed as a Messiah. Germany expected complete salvation from him. From having formerly underestimated his power, we now overestimated it. With this much understood, the disappointment of the German people over the peace of Versailles is easily realized. But if Germany is to arrive

at an understanding with America, smarting memory and sense of wrongs done us must be obliterated. We must try to understand the American policy of the past few months *sine ira et studio.*

"The key of the seeming puzzle is to be found in Mr. Wilson's greatest speech when, on January 22nd, 1917, he expounded his peace programme and declared, 'it is a condition for the realization of an ideal league of nations that a peace without victory be signed.' At that time Entente and Alliance were equally powerful. How different the world looked in October, 1918! Germany lay supine and was at the end of her power of resistance.

"That one fact robbed Mr. Wilson of all his power.

"It is futile to-day to argue whether or not we should or could have resisted the armistice and peace terms. But it is a fact that in not doing so we robbed Mr. Wilson of every counterbalance against the arrogance of the victors. He had to fight the battle alone—against his own victory-flushed allies. And they surpassed him in exact knowledge of European conditions.

"Mr. Wilson could have accomplished more had he not gone to Paris. For there he succumbed to the influence of environment and immediately abandoned the first of his fourteen points. By consenting to secret negotiations, he lost his only remaining strength, public opinion. Had Mr. Wilson relied on the opposition in the Entente nations, it would have been a case of *flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*—and sentiment in his own country was in no mood for such a policy.

"In America at that moment the old indifference toward things European was again gaining the

upper hand. The average American was satisfied with having won a victory over autocracy and militarism. To prevent forever another ascendancy of autocracy and militarism was his only reason for wanting a league of nations. The American troops wanted to go home. Finally the disposition against Germany everywhere was still so hostile as to have made it incomprehensible if Mr. Wilson, for Germany's sake, had broken with his allies. Thus it was necessary for Mr. Wilson to be content with little. He still believes to-day that the peace terms would have been even harsher if he had not tenaciously defended his fourteen points. He still believes in the future of the League of Nations, which at least temporarily resembles a ' holy alliance ' against Germany.

" It seems grotesque that Germany's condition should be so little known abroad. The thought of a treaty to protect France against poor, starving, demoralized Germany of to-day is—in the German mind—as ridiculous as the employment of a body guard to protect a giant against an infant. Yet the treaty is as nearly an accomplished fact as it can be except for the purely formal and inevitable ratification by the American Senate.

" Contemplation of the past leads us to conclusions as to the future. Peace is signed, and the war terminated in an injustice which more than atones for our political errors. The bill has been presented and must be paid. But shall this fact make us sit down sulkily in a corner ? On the contrary, the German people must resume work and try to obtain a revision of the peace treaty. Such a revision is possible of attainment only through and in the League of Nations. Wherefore our foreign policy in the future must consist of an unremitting fight to be included in the League. If we are admitted we shall again

have equality of rights and reciprocity. Then we may hope for a universal political structure that restrains the imperialism of single powers and leads to a world's commerce that overlaps the boundaries of nations. Such conditions would help us overcome the territorial losses we have suffered. I scarcely need point to the fact that such a German policy would quite naturally lead us to the side of the United States. There the idea of a true, peaceful league of nations is very much alive. There alone is the money to be found to revive such a universal system of commerce. There the principal representative of the league of nations idea will be at the helm for eighteen months more.

"Wilson's nature inspires the certain expectation that he will lead the battle for a true league of nations with the greatest energy. To this fight he will surely consecrate his entire future. To this thought the German people must cling with all their might. But we must not deceive ourselves. In the United States the idea of democracy is quite different from the German conception of the term. There socialism is highly unpopular. Our thorough nationalization policy would be repulsive to every Am rican.

"The individualistic and capitalisitic features of the peace of might are not without a purpose. We shall, of course, be true to democratic principles; arrange our house according to the wishes of the majority of the German people, and in accordance with their wishes the new Germany will be anointed with a very strong drop of social oil. That, however, does not mean that we must use socialism as an export commodity. If Germany is not very careful in this respect, the League of Nations will remain a holy alliance against us. We must not forget how much our

future depends on admission into this League. Presumably the League of Nations, once ratified in America, will have the effect of America's granting large credits to German concerns and banks, whereas substantial loans will undoubtedly be withheld from the Republic. Such a procedure would be the death blow to our nationalisation policy. Many a hard battle will be fought in our government and national assembly on this point.

" It is sufficient for me to point out the problem that in future might mar our relations with the United States and for which a favourable solution must be found. If we wish to re-establish friendly relations with the United States, we must convince her citizens that the old militaristic Germany is buried and that the new Germany does not propose to act as the apostle of a socialistic world revolution. Without America's help it would be scarcely possible to re-establish German commerce. I do not doubt, however, that we shall gain this help, if we apply the right kind of policy.

" The watchword of the German nation now must be ' Work and don't despair.' Although we older German political fighters will not live to see the new flower of our beloved Fatherland, Spring must return to Germany's youth once more."

CHAPTER IV

IS BERNSTORFF AN HONEST MAN MALIGNED?

HAVING concluded his remarkably impersonal analysis of the reasons Germany not only lost the war but deserved to lose it, Count von Bernstorff—now my host at his home in Starnberg—addressed himself to the subject of his activities during the war as Ambassador to the United States.

To try to convince the American people of the truth about his activities in Washington, Bernstorff is now engaged in writing a book to be published shortly. His declared purpose is solely to attempt to rehabilitate himself as regards what he characterizes as infamous and unfounded charges directed against him.

Count von Bernstorff gave me several illuminating glimpses into some of the subjects he purposes treating in his book, and declared he would throw a white light on many matters which to date have been shrouded in darkness. Briefly Bernstorff will say in his book:—

1. That among the very few individuals in the United States who know the truth about his activities as Ambassador, none better than President Wilson himself knows that not one action unbecoming his diplomatic post was ever discovered by American Government investigators.

2. That Mr. Wilson knows that no alien of high or low degree was ever more unjustly maligned than he was.

3. That at the time Secretary of State Lansing demanded that he send the German military and naval attaches back to Germany, he offered himself to quit Washington if there was any suspicion that he was implicated in the activities of von Pappen and Boy Ed.

4. That Mr. Lansing insisted no such suspicion was being entertained against him, and earnestly requested that he remain at his post.

5. That agents of the Department of Justice ransacked the German Embassy and obtained every document in it, wherefore had there been the least evidence of his guilt, no one can doubt it would have quickly been made public.

Whether Count von Bernstorff will make public what I am able to state authoritatively is his firm conviction, that he was the victim of spite inspired by jealousy, or whether he will remain silent on this point I do not know; but the fact remains that he is convinced that one of the principal causes of the hostility created in the minds of the American people against him was the jealousy of Mr. Lansing, who felt the President had done him an injustice in appointing Colonel House to negotiate with the German Ambassador during the last six months prior to the severance of diplomatic relations.

This brief summary of Bernstorff's book includes only a portion of the many tremendously interesting things he told me. In itself it would seem to justify my beginning the series of interviews I had with Germans in high positions with this one. As it happens, it was first in point of time.

Before I left London I had determined to see Bernstorff as soon after reaching Germany as possible. I was thus determined, not only because I know him more intimately than I know any other German, and count him one of the brainiest individuals I ever met in any country, but also because I was sure I should discover him to be one of the biggest figures in the new Germany of to-day. And I was not mistaken. He is. But it took me more than two months and much strenuous investigation to make sure of it.

In seventeen years' active newspaper experience no other "assignment," self-given or otherwise, ever took me so long or so far to "cover." From the moment of making application for a passport in London, I bumped up against one interminable delay after another—in spite of the fact that my name and record were well-known in newspaper and political circles.

But to return to my meeting with Bernstorff. I had planned to take the train from Munich to Starnberg, and left the café, where Bernstorff had dictated the interview, to return to the station on foot. After we had bought our tickets, we went on to the station platform, and walked the length of the long train composed of third and fourth class carriages. On the Underground in London I have seen what seemed to me the limit of overcrowding, but it was nothing compared with this German suburban train. How so many people could squeeze themselves into so little space was past comprehension. One look was enough to show that there was no room for the Count or me. There would have been no room if those carriages had disgorged themselves of half their load!

Bernstorff shrugged his shoulders in characteristic fashion and made a gesture of helplessness.

"We'll have to give it up and go to Starnberg by taxi," he said. As he led the way out of the station and started back into the town he dwelt on the evil effects on the people of the frightful state of the German railways. And then suddenly he changed the subject abruptly.

"In Washington and Constantinople both I have very fine automobiles." In his eyes and voice was a curious mingling of pathos and humour.

Beneath that statement it was sun clear that there lay the kind of soul torture which realization of defeat can bring only to an individual as fine grained as this proud Bavarian nobleman. It was only a lightning flash, but it was enough for me to see into the heart of him and to know that no man in all Germany appreciates more keenly the real extent of Germany's vanquishment.

As we walked along two young American officers, fellow travellers with me from Berlin, approached us in a big touring car. On the trip to Munich we had exchanged confidences, and I had learned that they were "A.W.O.L.," as they put it. Now, seeing them, I had a sudden inspiration. In response to my signal, they pulled up to the curb, and I introduced them to Bernstorff. Enthusiastically they consented to motor us to Starnberg.

I couldn't help wondering as we rushed along in the high-powered car whether the Count appreciated the situation as much as I did. That car and three fourths of its occupants spelled victory. I didn't wonder long. Bernstorff raised his lowered lids and glanced towards me. Again I saw that queer mingling of pathos and humour. Again he shrugged his shoulders and made the gesture of utter helplessness that was more eloquent than any spoken words.

The following day, after a swim in the wonderful

lake beside which the Bernstorff estate lies, we took a walk through the terraced grounds chatting over old times in Washington.

"I'm writing a book about it," he said.

"*Et tu, Brute?*" I put reproach into the question. I was really sorry. I had hoped he would not follow the lead of almost every other German I had heard about.

"I understand," he replied, "but my motive is different from the others. I am writing my book for the sole purpose of trying to let the world know the truth about my doings in Washington. If it can be done, I intend to prove that I am not the hideous monster I am believed to be."

"I doubt whether you can do it," I said.

"Perhaps I can't," he replied, "but it is at least worth the effort."

For a space we walked along in silence, and then abruptly he stopped and faced me.

"Do you know what Colonel House told me one day?" he began. "We had been discussing the submarine issue. This was early in the war. I had defended the German use of submarines on the grounds that it was our only possible method against the British blockade, illegal and inhuman as that was. I had pointed out that Great Britain had given the United States repeatedly greater cause for declaring war than in 1812.

"'But we can't declare war on England,' Colonel House said. 'A war with England would be too unpopular in this country.'"

Later I brought up the exposé of von Pappen and Boy Ed and asked Bernstorff for his version of that scandal.

"The first thing I knew about it," he replied, "was when one day Mr. Lansing sent for me and told me brusquely that my military and naval attachés had become *persona non grata* to the

American Government, and that they must leave the country immediately.

"'I recognize your right to make this demand,' I told him, 'but may I not have your reasons for ordering their expulsion?'

"'No,' replied Mr. Lansing, 'you may not. We don't want them in this country, and they've got to get out, that's all.'

"Then I asked him point blank if I were in any way implicated in whatever wrong-doing my two attachés might have been guilty of. I added that if any such suspicion attached itself to me, I should immediately leave Washington with my attachés. But Mr. Lansing declared the State Department had absolutely no reason to implicate me in the matter, and the President himself would be sadly disappointed if I took any such step.

"'You are the only link between us and Germany,' he said.

"And then I went back to my Embassy and called von Pappen and Boy Ed before me. For the first time I discovered what they had been doing. I was amazed. On the other hand, they had spent countless tens of thousands of dollars, literally flung it away, and had built up a big organization. Their departure could not mean that everything they had planned and all the projects then under way could be stopped instantly. To clean up the mess and wind up the affairs of this organization I was compelled to take charge. But it was only for this purpose, and as quickly as possible I washed my hands of it. Every document in the case is in the hands of the American State Department. Mr. Lansing knows as well as I do that every evidence of my activity in this matter is dated subsequent to the exposure of my two attachés. There is no evidence that even faintly points to my having

known anything about the bad business before their exposure. There can be none.

"So it was that during all the time that public opinion held me actually responsible for every stupid, ill-advised act by German sympathizers—the United States Government authorities knew full well that I was absolutely guiltless of any participation in such acts. And this I shall prove up to the hilt in my book.

"Had my official actions been anything less than scrupulously correct, can any one believe for a moment that President Wilson, through Colonel House, would have been in almost daily conference with me during the very last six months of my stay in Washington? Yet this is exactly what happened.

"Colonel House came to me and told me of the great desire of the President to end the war by mediation. He wanted me to acquaint the German Emperor with his wishes. Day after day I sent imploring cables to Berlin trying in every way I knew how to show that America would remain out of the war and would actually force the Entente to accept a peace without victory—if only we would call off the U-boats. But Berlin would not see what it did not wish to see, and my pleas were in vain."

It was about this time that Bernstorff says he became aware of a distinctly unfriendly attitude on the part of Mr. Lansing. Up to that time there had been no diminution of cordial relations, even after the von Pappen—Boy Ed incident. From sources the former Ambassador considers unimpeachable he learned that Mr. Lansing was much upset because the President had chosen Colonel House to confer with Bernstorff regarding mediation—instead of allowing the Secretary of State to do so. Corroboration of Mr. Lansing's

hostile attitude reached Bernstorff during the latter part of 1916 from Washington newspaper correspondents, who unwittingly let him know that the repeated spreading of rumours concerning his activities was at least not discouraged by the State Department.

"It does not seem to have occurred to those who were spreading these charges against me," Bernstorff continued, "that if they were true, it was a sorry reflection on the Administration which permitted me to remain at my post. Had I had a less lively sense of honour, it is possible I might have caused much amazement by stating that at the very time I was being pictured as the head of the German spy system in America, and thus scandalously abusing the privileges of my diplomatic office, their President was engaging in daily conferences with me through his unofficial but wholly responsible representative! But as it was no one even guessed it at the time.

"All Germany knows now what a few of us realized then—that a peace without victory would have been—for Germany—a very great victory. For had we only gone so far a to postpone the resumption of the U-boat warfare a little more than a month, the Russian revolution would have eventuated exactly as it did. With Russia gone, the Entente would have been forced to do as Mr. Wilson wished.

"As a matter of fact, it was this very Russian revolution which history, perhaps within ten years, will prove beyond dispute was the actual cause of the war. Many versions of the causes leading to the beginning of the war have been told. In my opinion the facts are simple enough to be convincing.

"The Russian rulers had certain knowledge of the impending revolution, and knew that when

it came they would be helpless. They had known this for many years prior to 1914. Their only chance to postpone the evil day came with Germany's fatal blunder of allowing Austria to ride rough shod over Serbia. They seized upon that chance instantly. It offered the one way of escape out of the inevitable chaos that was fast coming over Russia. The revolution could be staved off if a victorious war were waged. And so Russia mobilized and the German rulers awakened to the enormity of their initial blunder —too late.

"From my post in Washington I was able to see many things more clearly and with less bias than the Government in Berlin. But I was unable to make the Emperor realize this. But, as for that, the less said the better."

"Is there any possibility of his ever returning to the throne?" I asked.

Bernstorff hesitated a moment and then said very quietly, "No, an Emperor does not run away."

Subsequently I heard this remark repeated in many quarters. Yet the surprising fact remains that I met no German who showed any of that kind of contempt and resentment one would naturally expect among individuals so completely crushed through his fault. There seems only a feeling akin to pity for him.

As a matter of fact, Bernstorff holds with many others who feel that the Kaiser treated his family very badly in running away. Had he remained in Berlin, Bernstorff believes, and abdicated regularly, Germany would have been a monarchy again within two months of the revolution. Bernstorff is of the opinion that neither the Kaiser nor the Crown Prince would have ascended the throne, however.

"The monarchical group in Germany to-day," he said, "is constantly growing in numbers and power. It is they who are keeping the former Emperor in seclusion and prohibiting his defining his attitude. They are keeping him mum for selfish reasons. As always, he is being badly advised. Opportunity after opportunity for him to do the big thing, the magnificent thing, has been thrown away. What might not have been the advantageous results accruing from his surrendering himself to the Entente instantly they announced it was their intention to bring him to trial? The whole world would have thrilled had he made such a grand gesture.

"While the Kaiser is the object of a kind of pitiful affection, the one real popular idol in Germany remains Hindenburg. Although the war is lost, the people believe it is not through any fault of his. The German people are with him to a man.

"Ludendorff is as unpopular as Hindenburg is popular. Although the people regard him as a great general, they consider that the war was lost through his insistence on interfering in politics and making all the blunders which caused our defeat.

"Broadly speaking, the German people have one wish uppermost in their minds. They want to be admitted to the League of Nations, and cannot believe the Entente will insist on branding them as pariahs unfit to be included in a coterie that embraces black and yellow peoples. Erzberger, the biggest man in the present Government, is working night and day to pave the way for the admission of Germany into the League of Nations."

Undoubtedly the German people want to be included in the League of Nations, but my observations lead me to differ from Bernstorff as to this desire being uppermost in their minds. The

one thing they want most, and, in or out of the League of Nations, the one thing they are determined sooner or later to have, is revenge on the rest of the world. The former Ambassador himself knows very well how great is this German capacity for revenge.

Bernstorff was in attendance at the conferences at Weimar preceding the signing of the peace treaty. One afternoon Bernstorff jokingly related a tale he had learned during his stay in Constantinople in 1917—18. His listeners included Erzberger and Müller.

"You know, Müller," Bernstorff said, "that every time the Turks are obliged to sign an unfavourable treaty they always send an Armenian!"

It was not until I returned to Berlin and journeyed to many quarters of Germany that I realized how truly modest is this man who now signs himself "Johann Heinrich Bernstorff" (having stripped himself of the *graf* and *von* in keeping with the new republican order of the day). He did not tell me, for instance, that he is president of the Demokratic Club, the most powerful political organization in Germany, including in its membership the brainiest men in the nation. He did not tell me that on three separate occasions since the Armistice he has had the Foreign Ministry portfolio offered him. He did not tell me that undoubtedly he will be the next Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and in that capacity will create the new German diplomatic service. He did not tell me that he had refused to accept the post until the Government were prepared to leave absolutely in his hands the naming of every ambassador and lesser diplomatic servant whom Germany will presently scatter to the four corners of the earth.

He told me none of these things, but all are true.

CHAPTER V

GERMANY'S GREATEST MAN

DURING my week-end visit with Count von Bernstorff at his home in Starnberg, he put me in possession of information which I knew no other newspaper man in Germany had. With the weight of his influence behind me, and that of the other eight Germans of high standing to whom he had given me letters of introduction, I was convinced that nothing less than downright perversity could cause the Kaiser to refuse to sign the statement which was to be prepared for him by these distinguished gentlemen. It was with the greatest possible confidence, therefore, that I left Bernstorff to return to Berlin and begin the difficult part of my task.

To my delight only six persons occupied my compartment on the midnight train, Munich to Berlin—at the outset of the long journey. Of these the most interesting were a woman of about fifty and a man who looked about twenty-five. The woman was literally ablaze with diamonds—ear-rings, brooches, necklace and rings. Her costume was of the most expensive kind, as was also her hat—even in the eyes of a mere man. The young chap wore clothes that would have done credit to a Bond Street tailor. In Germany to-day such sartorial perfection is startling.

For a time I took it for granted that it was mother and son—an especially affectionate mother. But when presently a dozen excited, jostling, bull-necked Prussians jammed themselves in on top of us—at a stop one hour out of Munich—things began to happen that made me suspect I had mistaken the relationship. One of the intruders landed with his great square-toed boot on the small foot of the young man, who promptly emitted a shrill cry of protest. Instantly the woman sat upright and launched forth at the offending Prussian, a veritable avalanche of denunciation in which "swine" was the least of her epithets!

Later in the night—probably as much to annoy the Prussians as for any other reason—both the woman and the young man entered into conversation with me. Both spoke perfect English. The rest of the compartment glared at all three of us. They didn't like it at all. As a matter of fact, I saw enough evidences in Munich of the hatred Prussians feel for Bavarians to be willing to believe what was told me on all sides in Munich—at the outbreak of the war Bavaria would have preferred to fight *with* rather than *against* France! Bavaria hates the Prussian arrogance hardly less than we do.

Out of the conversation I learned that the woman was a baroness—one of the richest and best known women in Germany, with a *penchant* for young men proteges. Her companion was Gutia Cassini, a Russian who had been interned in Germany during the first three years of the war. He was now only twenty-two.

American music lovers may recall the sensation that Cassini, then only sixteen and hailed as the world's greatest boy prodigy the concert stage had ever known, created on his tour throughout the

United States with Mme. Sembrich. Critics everywhere declared he was the world's greatest coming pianist.

On his way to rejoin his parents in Petrograd during the summer of 1914, the war's outbreak found him in Berlin, where he was promptly arrested and put in an internment camp. For three years he was unable to touch a piano. Then the baroness learned his fate and exerted her powerful influence to effect his release. For two years he had been living under her protection at her magnificent home in Leipzig, where he had regained the technique lost in three years of lack of practice. He plans to return to America this spring and subsequently will be heard in concerts in London. He takes it for granted that his family, from whom he has heard no word in five years, has been wiped out by the Bolshevists.

One of the eight men Bernstorff had advised I see was Doktor Walter Rathenau, President of the A.E.G., the world's greatest electric power corporation at the outbreak of the war, and still to-day an organization employing 57,000 men in Germany. At this time Rathenau was living at his summer home in Freienwalde-am-der-Oder. In the week that elapsed before my interview with Rathenau was arranged, I took occasion to make enquiries about him—and found a greater diversity of opinion concerning him than about any other German I investigated.

"But, above all, don't leave Germany until you meet Dr. Walter Rathenau—the most interesting individual I have ever known."

Thus Bernstorff had brought to a conclusion an hour of advice-giving as to how best to employ my time in arriving at the truth about the Germany of to-day. And now, having followed his advice, and having interviewed Dr. Rathenau,

I am more than willing to agree with Bernstorff—enthusiastically. More than "the most interesting" Rathenau is the keenest, most versatile thinker in Germany, or at least is head and shoulders above any of the German leaders I met—and so far as I know I overlooked none.

To begin with, I learned he had bought the Schloss at Freienwalde—one of the fifty-six castles belonging to the Kaiser—in 1908. Rumour had it that Rathenau, a bachelor, had bought it with the intention of presenting it as a gift to the Empress—a subtle commentary on the well-known miserliness of the Kaiser. Colour was lent this rumour by the fact that the Schloss was originally built for and occupied by Queen Luisa of Prussia in 1790—and would certainly have made a gem of a home for any woman, its entire atmosphere being distinctly feminine. Several months later, when I had come to know Rathenau well enough to broach the subject, he wrote me a letter in which he not only denies the rumour, but explains that on his death the Schloss is to be bequeathed to the German people!

The Conservatives consider Rathenau the most radical kind of Socialist, and a distinct menace to the privileges of their caste.

The Socialists call him "the saviour in the frock coat"—their opinion of him being that whereas his written utterances support them, he is, in fact, a wily fox actually working in the interests of the hated capitalistic class. Isn't he a capitalist himself—one of the very richest of Germany's rich men? No matter what his professions, he must be hated!

One of the proofs adduced against him by Socialists, that he is at heart a Monarchist, is the presence on top of the square cupola on the Schloss of the queenly crown set up there at

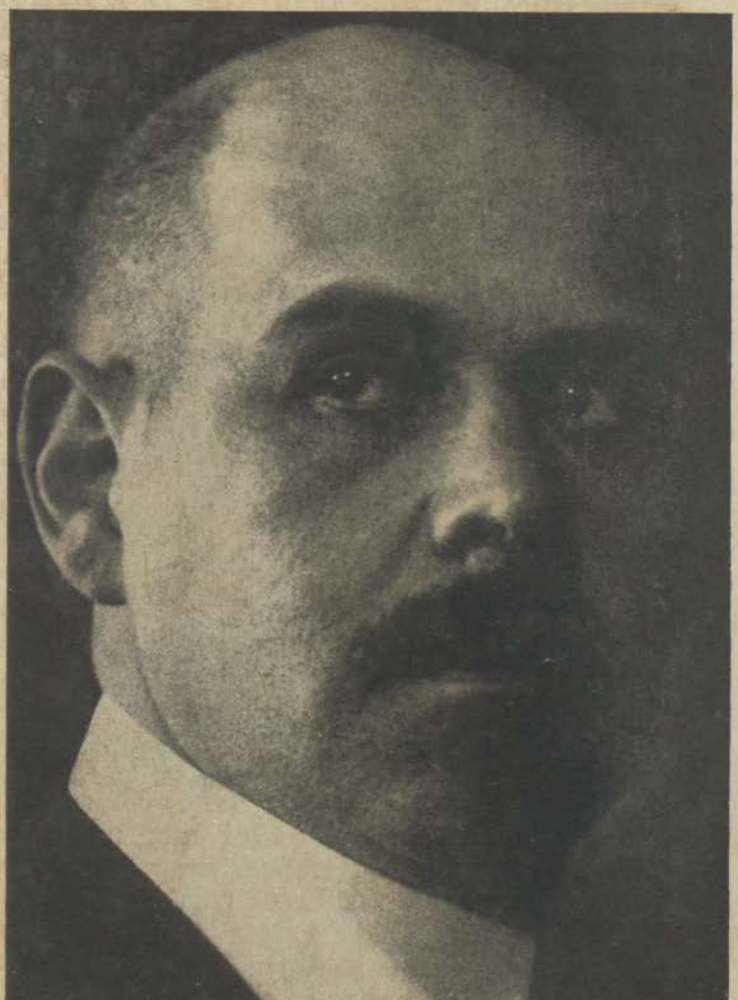

Photo Exclusive News Agency

DOKTOR WALTER RATHENAU, FOREMOST OF GERMANY'S INTELLECTUALS AND PROPHET OF HER DEFEAT

the time the Schloss was built. Coming to know Rathenau intimately, I never needed to ask him in order to be sure that that crown remained on top of his home purely and simply because of his appreciation of the artistic. The entire castle is perhaps the finest example of restoration in all Europe, even the original wall paper having been perfectly restored. Of course he would not remove the crown!

There is only one point in which all opinion about Rathenau strikes a common note—he outglooms the gloomy Dean of St. Paul's!

"I am very sorry you are going to see Doktor Rathenau," said one of the cabinet ministers of the present German Government. "He will fascinate you and will hold and interest you as probably no other man in Germany, but I very much fear he will also overwhelm you with his pessimism. We want optimistic things written about Germany. After you see Rathenau, I am afraid your outlook will be inky black."

Far from being a pessimist, I found Rathenau the shrewdest, clearest-visioned, sanest man in Germany. He has startling views, and his outlook is quite different from any other individual's I met in Germany. But if the Kaiser had had Rathenau among his advisers in July, 1914—the world war would never have started!

Among other things Rathenau did for me at that first lengthy interview was to paint a word picture of the world as it will be in 2,100—quite the most remarkable thing of its kind ever given utterance by a responsible individual.

When I arrived at the little station at Freienwalde I appealed in vain to each of the two coachmen to drive me to the Schloss. For a moment I supposed it was the usual Prussian refusal to have anything to do with an obvious "enemy,"

but when a young, well set-up Prussian, his commissioned rank as plainly to be seen as if he were not in mufti, repeated the same request and was flatly turned down, I began to suspect the truth.

"You are going to Doktor Rathenau?" asked the young man in excellent English.

I told him I was. He offered to show me the way on foot. He explained as we walked along that Rathenau's guests are as unpopular with the proletariat in Freienwalde as is the great philosopher himself. Then he explained that he was an officer in a Hussar regiment, and had fought on every front and straight through the entire war. His peace time profession was play-writing, and he had come out to see Rathenau to get his advice on his newest play. Dr. Rathenau received us cordially and I was immediately struck by the bigness of the man.

Not the least convincing proof of his giant mental stature was his ability, a dozen times expressed, to think—not as a German, but as "merely a human being," to quote his own, descriptive phrase. I am quite prepared to believe his own statement that, on various occasions, he has earned the contempt and hatred of every class in Germany—by his merciless, logical, truly-helpful criticism of each class in turn. Not only, like Bernstorff, does Rathenau admit that Germany deserved the defeat that overtook her; he boldly courted dire punishment by foretelling the disaster—during the war—at General Headquarters—to Germany's military chieftains! Among a great many other superlatively fine qualities, courage is not the least of Rathenau's assets.

It was in his display, however, of his imaginative prowess—based, mind you, on the keenest sort of acquaintanceship with world economic con-

ditions—that I found it easiest to understand the fascination his admirers feel for him. A lightning-like flash of this quality of his came suddenly, unexpectedly, in the course of my interview with him when he abruptly changed the conversation with a show of something akin to impatience—as if the mere matter of the League of Nations were too inconsequential to concern either of us!

"Not yesterday nor to-day matters," he said. "To-morrow is all that matters."

And a moment later I discovered that by "to-morrow" he meant—2,100 A.D.!

"With the coming of the Twenty-first Century," he continued soberly, "the world will include exactly three great powers—America, Russia and Japan. By or before the year 2,100 there will come a conflict that will decide which one of these three Powers will cease to function. All three cannot continue to exercise their sway, the extent of which in each case will be infinitely vaster than anything the world has ever known. There will be room for only two of them. One must go under.

"At the moment the odds favour Japan to win. The reason is obvious. Russia must prove the determining factor. The nation which allies itself with Russia will emerge victor from the inevitable conflict. For the Russia of 2,100 will be an immeasurably different Russia from her present people—and there will be a hundred millions more of them. And at the moment Japan's opportunities of sowing the seeds of a future alliance with Russia are distinctly better than America's. Incidentally—and of greater importance—Japan's statesmen are more keenly awake to their opportunities than America's. Japan foresees—and prepares. America lives in the past and present, the immediate past and the immediate present—and is prodigally careless of

the future. Yet in 2,100 it must be Japan and Russia against America—or America and Russia against Japan."

But before quoting him further let me introduce the most remarkable man I found in all Germany in order that his record may be known, as I knew it before approaching him at his home in Freienwalde-am-der-Oder.

I had read an estimate of Rathenau by Gaston Raphael, a French writer, who recently published a brochure entitled "Walter Rathenau, Ses Idées et ses Projets d'Organization Economic." At the time I had not realized the unconscious humour of M. Raphael's feeling it necessary to begin his eulogy with an apology—an apology based on the fact that the subject of his text is a German. But the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* saw its incongruity, and said editorially: "No apology is needed for the study of a remarkable man because he happens to be a German."

I knew also—more or less vaguely—it was Rathenau who organized the economic resources of Germany during the first months of the war, and had heard he was planning now her economic revival. From one authoritative quarter I heard that without Rathenau Germany would have succumbed under the effects of the British blockade before the end of 1916. More than one high authority frankly admitted that when the whole truth becomes known Rathenau, more than any other living German, will stand out as the saviour of his country. I knew in a general way that before the war he had evolved a philosophy of his own—not a metaphysical system, but a theory of man and nature and God.

A German of Jewish ancestry, Rathenau is that strangest of all combinations—a profoundly re-

ligious and keenly shrewd business man. He himself attributes this unusual double strain in his mental composition to the singular combination of impulse towards the real and longing for the spiritual that is expressed in his work and his ideas. Although he did not say so to me, I have reason to believe he holds the Jewish element responsible for the second and the German element for the first. A disciple of Gobineau, he believes in the theory of the blond race, is keenly appreciative of the virtues of the primitive German peoples, and considers the results of modern materialism as " de-germanization."

The German conception of Kultur—not the idea arising in Entente minds by mention of that word, let it be added—finds personification in Rathenau. He is a finished product—a superman. In him is a perfect example of high native talents developed along the most modern lines to the most modern ends. Art, literature and natural science appealed most strongly to him at the end of his school days when faced with the necessity of choosing his lifetime work. In the end he chose none of these, but decided in favour of applied science and business. Thus he began fitting himself with the study of experimental and mathematical physics, chemistry and philosophy at the Universities of Berlin and Strasburg, and took his degree with a thesis on the absorption of light by metals. Following a year devoted to applied chemistry and mechanical engineering at the Munich High School of Technology, he made his debut in the business world in the works of a Swiss firm as technical expert. His choice of an alien business house is the more interesting in view of the fact that at that time his father was president of Germany's greatest industrial concern, the Allgemeine Electrizitats Gesellschaft—

the vast electric power corporation created and developed by Rathenau senior and known all over the world as the A.E.G.

While in the employ of the Swiss concern young Rathenau discovered and perfected an electrolytic process and started a company for exploiting it. Eventually he built large factories in Germany, Switzerland, Poland and France, and took out numerous patents for electro-chemical processes. After six years of this experience he became a director of the A.E.G. Rapidly he rose to a dominating position in his father's business and, of greater importance, became a man of mark in the higher circles of German industry, commerce and finance. One firm after another offered him a seat on its directorate, until he was connected with nearly a hundred. Finally the Government made use of him. In 1907, when he was only forty, Chancellor von Bülow appointed him assistant to the Colonial Secretary, Bernhard Dernburg, to carry out an inquiry into the future of the German territories in East and West Africa —a task which it is worth noting Rathenau amplified by visiting South Africa as well.

So much for purely biographical details as showing the manner of man this is. But a word in addition is necessary. Three days after the outbreak of war Rathenau went straight to the German War Office and told the then all-powerful military chieftains several most offensive truths. Among other things he told them—bluntly and in straight-from-the-shoulder fashion—were :—

1. Embarking on the mad adventure was the most tragic blunder in all history.

2. Final defeat was almost as certain as commercial supremacy had been up to the moment of declaring war.

3. Germany's economic condition was not even faintly understood by these war lords, but he knew it perfectly, and showed them what it was.

4. If Germany were not to be suffocated because of lack of raw materials, there must be prepared at once a scheme for organizing all resources available.

5. Unavailable resources must be offset by substitutes at any cost because the war—which all Germans then were sure would be over by Christmas—was going to be a long war.

It is a monumental tribute to the power of Rathenau's eloquence and giant intellect that his hearers—instead of hurling him bodily out of their presence—promptly made him economic dictator of Germany and entrusted him with the carrying out of his scheme. He held the job less than a year, handing over the task to a military successor in April, 1915, but it was the system of his invention that enabled Germany to hold out as long as she did. Like his friend Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American Line, he foresaw the inevitability of Germany's defeat—but unlike Ballin he did not blow his brains out—he worked like a Trojan to forestall the evil hour as long as possible.

His purpose in postponing the final outcome—at the cost of lives and money to an extent the consequences of which none knew better than he—he told me himself. I shall set it down here in his own words presently. He did not say he made possible a continuance of the war in order to effect this purpose. He merely pointed out to me the cataclysmic results of the four and a half years of destruction. But when one considers the man's brain and powers of provision, it will be

sun clear that he did foresee the inevitable consequences and deliberately made them certain.

Ludendorff and all the other German military chieftains had frequent cause to appreciate the courageous qualities of this civilian of no official rank whatever. For Rathenau was too well informed and too wise to mince words with these mighty ones. While others were busy trying to find justification for optimism, Rathenau was telling blunt and unacceptable truths. He is getting ready to do it again, this time addressing himself to the German people. And he is a man to be reckoned with, for there is no better-equipped nor better-balanced brain in Germany, and at 52 he has hardly yet arrived at the full maturity of his power.

"Tell me about America," was the first thing my host had said after welcoming us both and leading us out onto a charming balcony where a simple luncheon was awaiting us. And so it fell out that for the first hour I found myself being interviewed. But presently, as we started a tour of the wonderfully laid out grounds, Rathenau himself began to talk—stopping me abruptly in the middle of an inconsequential sentence, putting both hands on my shoulders and wheeling me around to face him.

"You have heard too much about 'poor Germany,'" he said. "It has distorted your point of view. It is not only Germany that is broken—it is all Europe."

And later as I pondered this statement I began to understand the Rathenau purpose—in prolonging the war to the last possible moment!

"The so-called 'Crime of Versailles,'" he went on, "is not the harshness of the peace terms under which Germany must stagger, but the Balkanization of all Europe—the results of which must work

to the undoing of France and Belgium and Italy no less than to Germany. It is sadly to be regretted that President Wilson and those of his countrymen who are animated by equally idealistic motives could not have seen and become acquainted with the "small peoples" they have fought so valiantly for and for whom they have won the right of self determination. One has only to look at America, with its ever present and at the moment increasingly important negro question, to realize that Americans could have easily grasped the real significance of the true crime of Versailles—had anyone there thought to compare these peoples with the African descendants of whom 16,000,000 inhabit the United States.

"Germany has been Europe's arch keystone, and now it is destroyed. The destruction is not like the German destruction of Northern France and of Belgium for reparation is possible in those cases—and not only possible, but will be done. In the case of Europe, and especially the European keystone, the destruction is complete and irreparable. That is the crime of Versailles. For, once having been done, it can never be undone—by all the modifications in the world. One cannot give a people self-determination and liberty and nationality only to take it away from them. The Balkanization of Europe is an accomplished fact. Great powers, strong within themselves and adapted by centuries of experience to deal with these flea-infested groups of individuals of the lowest conceivable order of intelligence, have suddenly been robbed of their strength—and the races of humans whose moral and mental status is little better than those of beasts are as suddenly thrust into positions of power of which they are wholly ignorant and which they are incompetent to exercise.

"The economic condition of Germany is no worse than (if as bad as) that of England, France, Italy or Belgium. Potentially Germany is in better shape than any of them—for German labour will work, and German labour has become accustomed in five years to take for granted hardships which are unknown and would not be put up with in the Entente countries. But that is not the only factor working to Germany's advantage.

"France is broken along with the rest of Europe—but France doesn't know it. England is broken—and does know it—here."

And with the last word Rathenau indicated his forehead.

"Germany," he went on, "is broken—and knows it here," pointing to his forehead, "and here," pointing to his stomach.

"And in her knowledge lies Germany's strength.

"But at best it is only relative, this matter of strength—and all Europe is as nothing at all when compared with America and Japan at the moment. What is of greater importance is the fact that there is no possibility of the recuperation of Europe. We are too old, all of us. We must give place to youth. And the world's three youths now are America, Russia and Japan. What does it matter that the Russia of to-day is in a state of chaos? Wise men ignore to-day in contemplation of history's to-morrow.

"The Russia of 2,100 is not going to be in a state of chaos. It is going to be one of the world's three great powers. By that time the present Europe will not exist at all, except in the sense that a Holland or a Montenegro exists—by and with the consent of the dominant nations. England also will have gone to her grave—a respectable death at a ripe old age. And then—

"The inevitable conflict must come!

"The outcome of that conflict can be determined within the next half score years!

"It depends absolutely and wholly on America's attitude in this period 1920—30 whether she, with Russia, shall become the world's ruling people —or shall lay the foundation of her vanquishment.

"Unfortunately the war came too soon for America—fifty years too soon. For the United States is still too young, too provincial, too ignorant of world affairs, too sure, even yet, in the magnificent strength of her splendid isolation (which, in fact, of course, is no longer true)—to understand or to be able to grasp the opportunities now presented to her. Could the war have been staved off another half century, then it would have been a different America that would have entered the world arena and proceeded to reap the fruits of victory so largely hers. As it is, the next few years will tell the story.

"America—partially as a result of her association with the Entente, but more largely through the instrumentality of Mr. Wilson—is now a world power, with all the responsibilities of a world power. Yet the American people have neither the inclination nor the education to appreciate even the meaning of the expression. To a vast majority of Americans Fiume or Jugoslav means about as much as the etymological history of a Sanskrit verb. When the city of Cleveland, Ohio, is so much concerned about letting the rest of the United States know that it ranks sixth in the list of American cities as to have no time to learn as much basic information about Pittsburgh as the average fifteen-year-old schoolboy in Tokio knows—how can the citizens of Detroit (completely wrapped up in turning out a greater number of automobiles per day than any other two cities can turn out) be

expected to take a lively interest in the future of the Lithuanians?

"Yet, due to the acquiescence of the President of the United States at Versailles, America is committed, deeply committed to have the affairs of Lithuania and every other nation in the world at her fingers' ends. It is like asking a schoolboy suddenly to direct the destinies of a great industrial corporation.

"But in this situation lies Germany's opportunity, peculiarly Germany's because of all the European nations none has had such vast experience in Russia and the Orient as have the Germans. America is going presently to realize that either she must begin now to build the foundation of a lasting alliance with the Russia of to-morrow—if when the inevitable day of clash with Japan arrives she is not to find a Russo-Japan alliance against her—or find herself anticipated by the Japanese. It is a question of who gets into the country first. It is as simple as that—as most great issues are."

CHAPTER VI

THE BLUNDER OF THE MARNE.

ON my return to Berlin that night with the playwright officer, I led the conversation into war channels. To get at first hand the opinion of a Prussian officer of the war's conduct might prove interesting. He gave me his card and address in Berlin, but for obvious reasons I respect his wishes to leave him unidentified here.

"The chief thing about the whole war to my way of thinking," he said, "is the blunder the French and British made at 'the first Marne.'"

"Blunder?" I echoed. "We have never considered it a blunder."

"It was, however," he replied. "If they had only realized it, they would have known what we all knew. We were not only stopped at the Marne. We were absolutely smashed! They could have turned it into an absolutely crushing defeat—if they had only known it!

"Now that everything is over, there isn't any use in concealing the facts. And the fact is that in that first battle of the Marne we were absolutely, completely, thoroughly thrashed! We officers knew it. We took good care to see that the men did not! No two units were in touch. Our communications simply did not exist. We officers knew that we were retreating pell mell—

but our men did not. All the way back to the Aisne every guide post was turned about in order to make our troops believe that they were still advancing on Paris! We were afraid of the consequences of letting the soldiers know the truth. Of course, I realize now that the French and British must have been as badly demoralized as we were—there is no other way to explain their failure to follow up this victory and end the war then and there!

"Later, thanks to the magnificent work of Doktor Rathenau, a rank civilian, as you know, but the greatest genius we have, our resources were organized and made possible our continuing the struggle which otherwise would most certainly have ended within six months—with our defeat. As it was, we felt always, up to the end of June, 1918, that we were absolute masters on every front. Time and again I have been in the front line trenches four and five weeks without relief and with insufficient food. We officers have frequently wondered at what seemed to us the absolute stupidity of our enemies in remaining quietly in their trenches when they out-numbered us at times as much as ten to one. Under these conditions I am sure you will understand why every German soldier is convinced that in a strictly military sense he is superior to any other soldier in the world."

Here was no Ludendorff nor Hindenburg. His rank corresponds with that of a captain in the British army. But I am sure he spoke the truth as he saw it—and the truth is what I was seeking in Germany.

Like Bernstorff and Bonn, Rathenau had also entered into the plan of making the Kaiser talk—with enthusiasm. Author of what is generally considered in the Entente countries as the finest

monograph ever written about the Kaiser, Rathenau appreciated perfectly the true extent of the Kaiser's influence as personifying Germany in the opinion of the entire world outside the Fatherland. On leaving Freienwalde I had his promise to co-operate with Bernstorff and Bonn and the others of the group of nine intellectuals in preparing the statement for the Kaiser's signature.

The first of the Monarchists I went to see was Ludendorff—with what results I shall presently describe. My experience with Ludendorff disheartened me not a little. If the rest of the men bent on re-establishing the Hohenzollern dynasty were as crude, as contemptuous, as over-bearing as Ludendorff, I should have little chance of ever getting the statement to Amerongen.

It was just about this time that I made the acquaintance of "The Master Spy"—I. T. Trebitsch Lincoln. Although he is the sort of man I would not care to believe, it is necessary to devote a little space to him because of the fact that he is unquestionably one of the most dangerous of the many irresponsibles now in Central Europe.

He came to me in my room at the Adlon—after a mysterious telephone message. He had refused to give his name, but had insisted it was very much to my advantage to receive him. I was overlooking no chances, and invited him to come up to my room.

The first thing he did after he shut the door was to look under the bed and then examine the several closets and the bathroom—all before he spoke a word. Then he backed up against the wall and lowered his shaggy eyebrows.

"Do you know John Sampson, 374?" he demanded.

I replied I had not that pleasure.

"I am surprised," he said. "It is my code name. I am Lincoln!"

Suddenly I recalled the pictures that were printed in the New York newspapers at the time of his escape from the American authorities. It was indeed the self-styled "Master Spy."

"What's on your mind?" I inquired.

My flippant manner annoyed him. His self-importance grew visibly as he replied:

"I am only three days out of England, where they had me in jail almost three years," he said. "The fact that I am out is the best proof in the world that they are idiots. They should have shot me, of course." He grinned. "I am writing revelations that will astonish the world. My book will be called 'Dead, Buried and Descended into Hell.' It will show up conditions in English jails in a way that will make the whole world realize that Frightfulness is an English, not a German, product."

"But just what do you expect from me?" I asked.

Then came the truth. "The Master Spy" was broke. He wanted money, and to this end would have me deal with a certain weekly publication in London, and a certain group of newspapers in America, for the sale of his "revelations." Since he had hinted darkly of another matter that interested me keenly, I agreed (with certain mental reservations) to act as his intermediary. I hoped to take advantage of his pronounced tendency to boast, and thereby find out exactly what he had up his sleeve. First, I insisted that he send, with the two letters he wished me to deliver to the London and New York publishers, a covering letter setting forth just what he wanted me to do for him. He was stupid enough to agree to do this. A few days later I had (and still have)

in my possession a letter in his own handwriting thanking me for consenting to break the law and carry on my person letters that should go through the post.

In my negotiations with him I finally discovered exactly what he intends doing Suffice it to say here that the British authorities now in Berlin might do well to exercise their legitimate rights—and demand that the German Government put Lincoln where he can confine his activities to writing "revelations"! For so long as Lincoln is at large he is working night and day to further his one and only ambition—the infliction of as great damage as possible on England.

Lincoln was only one of many interesting individuals who came to me in my room at the Adlon. For a time I could not understand how it happened that men who surely had never heard of me managed to find me. Presently I discovered that they all came through one man—the German Government's official press agent, Dr. Carl A. Führ. Americans will recall that Doktor Führ was the actual working head of the German propaganda organization in the United States, and figured prominently in the United States' Senate's investigation of those highly ingenious individuals. Führ knows America thoroughly. He has an American wife. A better man for the post could not have been chosen, from a German point of view. He knows how to treat American newspaper men—"treat" in both senses! There is very little in the way of privileges which he will not obtain for any accredited correspondent from an Entente country. The "*Ausweis*" he gave me let me go anywhere and do anything—with almost the same degree of immunity that attached to a member of the Royal family in the days of the Empire! Such treatment of jour-

nalists would be unthinkable by the British Government. Your German has a lively sense of the value of publicity! However, there is another side to the Führ picture. Every line written by correspondents in Berlin comes under his scrutiny—and there have been occasions when a too-truthful newspaper man suddenly found all his privileges stopped!

It is perhaps not altogether inappropriate to remark here that I did not write a line while I was in Germany!

During these days of arranging interviews with those in both the antagonistic and helpful groups I had dozens of visitors at the Adlon—sent by Doktor Führ. Among others was a trio of German civilians who had been interned at Fort Oglethorpe in America, and who had just arrived with 800 others, including Commodore Ruser of the *Vaterland*, now the *Leviathan*, the world's biggest ship. The tales they had to tell of their treatment at the hands of the American authorities were remarkable. True or false, their statements have no inconsiderable interest in showing the fundamental German characteristic—inability to see any view point except their own.

A recent report from Paris that Germany now has 20,000 aeroplanes and is developing an organisation—wholly commercial on the surface, but which can be transformed in the twinkling of an eye into a magnificently efficient offensive air squadron—is more than borne out by facts that came under my observation. Most of these facts were told me by Carl Vogelsang, head of the Hamburg-American Line in Berlin. Here I may only mention it—but presently I shall tell the whole story of Germany's aerial activity at the present moment—and it will prove perhaps the most amazing of any of the astounding tales

I investigated and found true. I cannot leave the subject, however, without reciting one fact about Germany's plans in the air. Nogotiations are now under way for the erection on Long Island of a great turntable hangar, capable of housing super-Zeppelins. By next summer, so Vogelsang declares, dirigibles of a type as far in advance of the wartime Zeppelins as those monsters were superior to balloons will be plying regularly between Berlin and New York—and making the passage in 48 hours! If this sounds chimerical, let me state that I have ridden in the first of these marvellous airships, the Bodensee—and I know it is not at all chimerical!

Finally, as to the present wails of the German Government anent the desperate need of German children as regards milk—and the plea that the German cows given France under the terms of the Peace Treaty be returned to the Fatherland forthwith! I have in my possession a transcript of German vital statistics copied from a report prepared under the supervision of Herr Schmidt, Minister of Economics and Food Control, which has not yet been made public. They will prove, as nothing else less authentic could, just exactly what the situation is in Germany to-day, and to just what extent outside aid must be forthcoming in order to make her as aggressively efficient as she was before she started to prove that Might is Right! But it seems to me it is only pertinent to ask if milk is so vitally needed by German infants, why is it that half of Germany's cows to-day are doing oxen's work?

CHAPTER VII

PROFESSOR BONN ON GERMANY'S ECONOMIC STATE

ANOTHER of the eight men Bernstorff had suggested to me to help in preparing the statement which was to be submitted to the Kaiser for his signature was Professor Doktor Julius Moritz Bonn, of the University of Munich, and Director of the School of Commerce in the Bavarian capital. He is regarded throughout Germany as one of the first authorities on economics in the new Republic. It was in his capacity as a savant that I approached him in Munich before returning to Berlin.

Professor Bonn received me cordially and expressed a lively interest in the scheme. Bernstorff's introduction, in itself, seemed sufficient to justify the Professor's enthusiasm.

After we had arranged the details of the statement in a general way, Professor Bonn changed the subject abruptly by asking me how much I knew of the truth about Germany's economic condition. I admitted almost complete ignorance of the subject. This admission led, unexpectedly, to my obtaining first-hand information from this former Exchange Professor, who for many years held the chair of Political Economy at the Universities of Wisconsin and California. In short, he made me realise that, in common with almost

every other German of note, he believes that the economic salvation of his country rests with the attitude that America adopts toward Germany.

He admitted frankly that this one fact made him eager to address himself to the American people—sincerely of the opinion that all that is necessary to effect the desired responsiveness in the United States is to let the truth be known.

"The conditions of the peace have made Germany the economic corner stone of Europe," he said gravely. "And this is a position she never occupied before. The huge indemnity she is expected to pay is meant to prevent Western Europe from becoming bankrupt. This being the case, the question is whether she is able to pay or not."

"A question," I interjected, "that surely was given due consideration at Versailles."

"Undoubtedly," he replied, "but let us consider the facts as they are, not as we would have them. Germany's liabilities as fixed by the treaty amount to about £5,000,000,000, or a yearly payment of about £250,000,000. That means about £4 a year to be paid by every man, woman and child in Germany. At the present rate of exchange this is about 720 marks.

"These payments, moreover, must mainly be made in kind, for German assets all over the world are not nearly large enough to cover an appreciable part of the debt. This means that Germany must export every year about 5,000,000,000 marks in gold—for which no return is due. Up to now Germany has never exported all told as much as 10,000,000,000 marks in any one year."

"But is it not possible that a large part of this gold thus exported will be returned in payment of German manufactured goods?"

"Obviously it must be so returned if Germany,

and thus all Europe, is not to become bankrupt. But again the facts speak for themselves. German territory, and with it her resources, have been diminished by the terms of the treaty. Her production capacity has been impaired. Yet she is expected to pay out fifty per cent. of the total export value of her best year, otherwise France and Belgium will become bankrupt."

Professor Bonn's continued reference to the impending bankruptcy of France and Belgium prompted me to ask for further details.

"There can be no question about it," he explained frankly. "For instance, take the matter of coal. Germany was expected to export 40,000,000 tons as part of the indemnity. It was insisted upon by both France and Belgium at Versailles—this staggering total—as the only means of preventing these countries from freezing this winter and of making possible the restoration of their industries. Now that it has been conclusively proved to the Entente that Germany—bereft of the coalfields in the Saar basin, Alsace Lorraine and Upper Silesia—could not possibly furnish this amount of coal, the total has been cut down to 21,000,000 tons. The earlier figure was 10 per cent. more than Germany had ever exported in the days of her greatest prosperity and with all her coalfields producing at the highest rate of efficiency."

"Can Germany, then, fulfil the peace terms?"

"Yes. She can do it if she consumes less and produces more than even during the five years that have just passed. But to do it her imports must be restricted to the barest necessities, and her exports raised to the highest level possible. And this is not all.

"The German people cannot work at top speed to-day, for they are underfed and overwrought.

German machinery cannot run at top speed because it is out of gear. German mills cannot operate, as there is no raw material. The British blockade, continued during the Armistice, has not only dislocated all work; it has greatly affected the will to work.

"Yet Germany can foot the bill—and will—if only the bare possibility to do so be allowed her. If for no other reason, self interest demands it. Germany's future is as inextricably interwoven with the economic future of France and Belgium as their's is with Germany's. A bankrupt France and Belgium would mean, not only a bankrupt Germany; it would mean a bankrupt Europe.

"But the important thing for all the world to understand is that the German Atlas on whose shoulders the Versailles Conference has placed the burden of the world is very much underfed and very much unsettled. He expected a great improvement in his affairs when he changed his government and threw up the sponge. He is not very keen to begin work, especially when he realizes that the benefits of his work will go to other peoples.

"He is quite willing to believe that his born leaders were partly responsible for the war, but that does not make him more inclined to work for the French. The one and only benefit the revolution has brought him so far is the shorter working day. Does one think it likely that he will give up this benefit because he has been forced to accept a treaty the execution of which seems to be beyond his strength?"

The question made Dr. Bonn's statement that Germany would fulfil the terms of the treaty seem paradoxical, and I asked for a further explanation.

"Help from America is the answer," said Dr.

Bonn. "Help from America in the form of credits and raw materials and foodstuffs will restore the German will to work. This, coupled with such modifications of the treaty as to make it within the strength of the German Atlas, such as the reduction in the total tonnage of coal demanded by France, will serve to hearten him to go at the gigantic task.

"But the crux of the whole situation is work, work, work. It must be the gospel of the new Germany. Yet no class of men have ever done work without the hope of better days, without any benefit held out to them. Communism promises better days; hard work as stipulated at Versailles means benefits for somebody else.

"So the German Atlas has not yet made up his mind what to do. He does not see clearly where the road leads. All he feels is that the burden is growing heavier every day. If he cannot make up his mind quickly, it will be an evil day for the world. It depends on him and on him chiefly whether the world will go on in the ways we knew or whether we are to be the suffering spectators of the decline of the old world.

"And it would be a wise thing for those who have the welfare of the world at heart to say a few kind words to tired old Atlas—words which might help him to carry his load which he is now all but too willing to drop."

CHAPTER VIII

AN EPIC INSTANCE OF COLOSSAL INSOLENCE.

WHEN I reached the Adlon on my return from my visit to Count von Bernstorff, at Starnberg, and asked for my key, the room clerk handed me an exquisitely bound booklet, with a bow and a smile. It was not until I got to my room that I looked at it. On the cover, printed in three colours on exceptionally fine quality heavy paper, appeared the title, "An Open Letter to an English Officer and Incidentally to the English People." A well-drawn reproduction of the head of a poisonous snake, its neck pierced by a quill pen, further embellished the cover.

This booklet, undoubtedly given to every guest of the hotel (except possibly members of the Allied military missions in uniform) is probably the most virulent attack on England ever penned. For nearly a hundred pages the writer carries on his vituperation and leaves nothing unsaid to paint the English as the prize monsters of civilization. It was written six months after the signing of the Armistice, and defiantly calls on the German people to repudiate the actions of their Governmental representatives at Versailles. Although every newspaper correspondent in Berlin, to my positive knowledge, received a

copy of this pamphlet, so far as I know not one word about it has ever been printed in any newspaper!

For downright insolence I commend this action on the part of the management of Berlin's leading hotel—presenting to Allied nationals this compilation of more flagrant charges against the British than were ever included before within one volume!

In handing me my copy, the clerk gravely said, "It is very good written."

For two hours in my room I read and re-read the amazing document. It was quite the most intemperate attack on the Entente that I ever saw in print—and I have read more than one of the vituperative, vile screeds emanating from the lowest German-Socialistic sources. But it was not so much this aspect of the thing as the very fact of its having place on the desk of the Hotel Adlon that astounded me most.

At that moment there were occupying suites in the hotel members of the British, American, French, Italian and Japanese Military Missions. The Adlon was—as it has been ever since the Armistice—headquarters of all the Allied missions in Berlin. And here, being distributed gratis to all and sundry, was this "Open Letter," which very openly indeed promised a resumption of hostilities at the earliest moment the German people could find their opportunity!

Not the least surprising parts of the whole affair was my discovery that Hansen, author of the scurrilous screed, is not a German at all. As to his nationality, it is interesting to note his own statements—themselves suggesting that he was not altogether insensible to the fact that what he had to say wrote him down a renegade of the first water.

AN OPEN LETTER TO
AN ENGLISH
OFFICER
AND INCIDENTALLY TO
THE ENGLISH
PEOPLE
BY
FERDINAND
HANSEN

THE COVER OF THE BOOKLET NOW BEING DISTRIBUTED GRATIS THROUGHOUT GERMANY

For Hansen is an American citizen!
This is the way he puts it himself:

"I regret, Sir, that I cannot call myself a full-fledged German. I have spent almost two-thirds of my life in the United States and other countries."

And then, after 28 printed pages of vile accusations against the Entente, perhaps inadvertently he refers again to his own nationality as follows:

". . . . . apropos of things Asiatic . . . . whilst in Siberia and later in European Russia just before the Russo-Japanese war, I enjoyed an excellent opportunity as an American citizen of Danish ancestry, and as one well-introduced, to analyze the spirit and the thoughts of the Russian war party, and the Government circles."

Here are a few gems from this mysteriously financed masterpiece:—

"No matter what changes may be made in this horrible and hellish document, the mere conception of such terms and their mere presentation in the face of an outraged and disillusionized world has shown such monumental hatred, greed, ferocity, such petty and despicable meanness, such monstrous folly and blindness, that all hopes of a lasting peace or a real reconciliation are strangled at birth. No gleam of humanity, of understanding, of good-will to mankind, no trace of democratic sentiment or Christian sympathy is visible in this abortion of cruelty, revenge and robbery."

* * * * * *

"The Great Crime now stands bare in all its hideousness! And nothing proves more clearly how just, how unavoidable was Germany's war for the defence of her mere existence. The

monstrous lie about Democracy is nailed to the mast. The equally monstrous lie about not warring upon the German people has been stripped bare during this year of torture and starvation, and now it is confessed to shamelessly before the whole world. The right of self-determination? A murderous weapon put in the hand of rapacious and backward nations to tear tracts of German land and millions of Germans out of the bosom of the Motherland. The 14 Points? They are something for mankind to weep over—the death trap prepared for this unhappy people, whose faith in promises and treaties was so great that they believed even the words of such enemies. The hopes which not only Germany but the whole world had placed in the promises and solemn pledges of one man—promises and pledges accepted by friend and foe alike—have gone down in a delirium of evil passions and cold-blooded savagery. And this one man, who might have rescued humanity—who might have saved the world from centuries of bloodshed and horror, is to-day the most absolute figure of defeat in all the world. For never before was there such a defeat of human hopes, never before such a betrayal of mankind.

"America derived more good from Germany than from any other land, and it is America, through her chief representative, who has made this gigantic slave-deal possible. The great masses of America I exempt from blame, for they, too, are but slaves, the slaves of ignorance and falsehood—they know not what they do. But even they, it seems, are beginning to realize the horror of this pact between the four big Arch-Conspirators who sat behind closed doors killing and mutilating the child of Peace in the

womb of its mother; so that it was not only still-born, but born a monster. Some 25 American delegates resigned because they would have nothing to do with this unspeakable wrong.

"No, Major White, we shall not meet again in better days, for only evil days can follow upon the Crime of Versailles. Autocracy, secret diplomacy, militarism, capitalism, imperialism, criminal journalism, oppression and exploitation of the people will flourish more than ever. The world has been so stifled with lies, poison and brutality during the past five years that all the evil instincts of the men in power have been reinforced a thousandfold and unfortunately the lawlessness of their example has taken root everywhere. Their lust and greed have grown beyond all computation and control.

"England has realized her short-sighted wish. She has ruined her chief competitor, and has stolen his possessions—it was her chief incentive in this war, as proved by her share in the "peace." But her war-makers have made a faulty calculation after all. In place of the German competitor two others have arisen, far more powerful, more unscrupulous and less assailable than Germany ever was or could have been—America and Japan.

"If the freedom of the world, if peace be not rescued now from the clutches of the huge vampires of capitalistic imperialism, generations to come will pay for this day in oceans of blood and tears. Your children and grandchildren, Major White, and those of millions of Englishmen, Frenchmen and Americans, will bleed and suffer for the Crime of Versailles."

Without attempting to give even a partial summary of this infamous defamation of the

Allied Governments—its excesses of hate making large parts of it unprintable in civilized communities—but also appealing to the German mind as being "very good written"—it is necessary to quote further from the thing in order to drive home the point I have in mind. He begins with a description of what he pleases to call "Englischer Tag"—twelve hours spent with Major White and his adjutant, Lieutenant Morgan, of the British Army, visiting the British war prisoners' camp at Altona, a suburb of Hamburg. According to his own statement, the prisoners included 1,468 non-commissioned officers. He adds:

"The fact that 1,468 non-commissioned officers, among which were 42 regimental-sergeant-majors, should be confined in one camp, may appear somewhat surprising. Yet there were no privates among them. Most of them had been taken prisoner along with tens of thousands of English common soldiers during the great 'drive' of the German army in Flanders in March, 1918. The bagging of great masses of English prisoners in those days became so commonplace that when the news of the capture of 16,000 Englishmen and 200 English guns reached Hamburg on March 23rd, not a flag was raised to celebrate a victory which, had it been on the English side, would have set all the bells ringing from Land's End to John O'Groats.'

"I am writing these lines because I feel it to be my imperative duty to let in the light upon certain questions and phases of this war. My deepest, inmost sense of justice has been outraged and I must speak out . . . . I shall tell you many things, Major White, truths which will ring not only unaccustomed to your ears, but unpleasant and even offensive. For that you must not blame me. You must blame the

press and politicians of your land—the men who have glorified the British cause to the skies whilst damning the German to the lowest pit of Tophet, and in both instances by the most shameless lies . . . . I do not doubt, Sir, that in reading what I have to say, you will frequently, as a gentleman and an officer, be constrained to feel ashamed of these things. And with you all those whose sick vision is gradually recovering from the horrible poisons instilled into their blood by their known and unknown rulers."

* * * * * *

"When I remarked that the English newspapers were still employing the lowest, most blackguardly language towards the Germans, in spite of the fact that the old régime was gone and a free republic founded, you had no better excuse to offer than this was done to sell the newspapers.

"I wonder whether you really thought what a reflection this was upon the moral and mental character of your people? You gentlemen seemed to think there was nothing wrong in an infamous press of this sort because the war was on. And yet England's gigantic slave-driver and poisoner of the people, your execrable newspaper tyrant, Lord Northcliffe, flung his mud against Germany even in times of peace, laying then the basis for his unparalleled campaign of hatred and vilification. Were real justice possible, could justice pin down and punish the real criminals in this war, then Lord Northcliffe and several hundred other owners and editors of the Anglo-American press would be charged with debauching the morals and the mentality of mankind to the level of the Darkest Ages, and wrecking for generations

the culture which had been painfully built up by school, church and family."

* * * * * *

"A terrible charge must be levelled against the responsible men in your country. They permitted that arch-criminal, that blood-stained scourge of mankind, Lord Northcliffe, to saturate the entire nature of the English people with his slime, to kill every compunction of conscience, every humane sentiment, every impulse towards peace. They permitted an infamous press to murder and blaspheme humanity in picture and in print . . . . The papers which Tommy reads are still keeping up their satanic preaching of hatred, still wallowing in the same rank abuse as before, still clamouring that Germany must receive the severest possible punishment. Insults are heaped upon an heroic but unhappy people . . . . Because the Germans do not gnash their teeth and go about with lowering brows, the caddish correspondent of the *Times*, whom this far too-tolerant government permits to insult the German people from his post of vantage at an elegant Berlin hotel, writes home columns of abuse to edify the rabble of his readers . . . . . These are the English, who, under the domination of Northcliffe, are daily preaching and praying for the complete annihilation of Germany, for the murder of a nation the marvel of whose achievements held an entire world in awe."

* * * * * *

". . . . . let no Englishman delude himself that America entered the war out of burning love for the Briton, or his civilization. America entered the war because the boundless greed of a small group of already over-rich Americans hungered for still more gold, more power and

'glory,' and because these men realized that they could attain to these only by pretending to come to the rescue of John Bull, and then using him as a ladder . . . . The American tiger has tasted the blood of imperialism, and he is out for more blood."

Decency forbids further quotations from this booklet, but enough is here to make it plain that its continued distribution throughout the length and breadth of Germany constitutes an offence which should render the author liable to punishment at the hands of the German Government. Yet nothing is being and nothing has been done in the matter. To members of the Allied Military Missions to whom I spoke about the booklet, it seemed too trivial to require their attention. Correspondents of British and American newspapers with whom I talked all admitted having read the screed, but saw no reason for sending it to their home offices. Of course, it may be merely a matter of opinion—but it strikes me as just one more indication of the Allied willingness —now that the war is "won"—to make certain the eventual losing of the peace!

For Hansen is not the only firebrand now being permitted to spread his trouble-making propaganda. There are many others of similar ilk. And not the least of these is that self-styled "Master Spy," Lincoln, who openly proclaims his intention of "making England pay"—for his three years in an English prison!

Finally, it must not be supposed for one moment that men of the Hansen type are the exceptions in Germany to-day. They represent a large and ever-growing class. Those who doubt this statement might, with advantage, read the daily reports now coming out of Germany—of the

militaristic demonstrations inspired by the public appearance of Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

It is not a defeated people that produce these openly defiant mob demonstrations. A greater part of Germany at this moment honestly, fervently and wholeheartedly, believes every word of Hansen's lying defamation of the Entente countries. Believing it, they are more than ripe to go to any lengths to gain revenge. It is, perhaps, not altogether unwise for the "victors" to realize this fact—and to act accordingly while there is yet time to convince this unrepentant people that they are in fact defeated!

CHAPTER IX

LUDENDORFF "EXPLAINS" HIS BOOK!

GENERAL LUDENDORFF was on Bernstorff's list of the nine junkers whom I must placate and interest before I could hope to make the Kaiser talk. Before I actually met Ludendorff, I came into possession of information concerning him which it seems to me worth while to put before the reader as a preface to what occurred when I actually met him face to face. In this way, the reader will have a basis of estimating the real Ludendorff exactly as I myself had.

To explain Ludendorff, the self-blinded Prussian, to English readers, I must go back a few years and tell for the first time a remarkable piece of German secret history.

On a bleak December morning in 1916 a man of about fifty in civilian clothes entered the presence of General Ludendorff at G.H.Q. at Pless. If his own calm dignity had not already established the fact that he was a person of no inconsiderable importance even here in the heart of Prussian militarism, the reception he now received at the hands of Germany's military dictator would have swept away all doubt.

Quickly rising from his chair, Ludendorff extended his hand and shook the other's warmly.

"I have had you come," he said, "to get your

opinion of the most momentous decision I have yet been called upon to make."

The civilian remained silent. A close observer might have noted the bare suspicion of a twinkle in his clear, steady blue eyes.

"Unless we can nullify the damnable British blockade," Ludendorff continued, "our military victories will not bring the speedy end of the war which, of course, is the first wish of all of us. I am of the opinion the way has been found to beat the blockade. I want to hear what you think.

"Within a short time we are going to resume the U-boat campaign on a vastly larger scale, and by this means prove to England that starving the civilian population is a game two can play at. Granted we shall have sufficient U-boats to accomplish the destruction of food ships bound to England to make starvation there as nearly a reality as it is in our own country, do you not think that political pressure will be brought to bear on the British Admiralty to negotiate with us and put an end to this inhuman form of waging war?"

"No."

The monosyllabic answer was uttered in a tone hardly above a whisper. Its finality took on added force by this very fact. It was the unalterable opinion of a man who knew that of which he spoke.

"You do not know our military plans," Ludendorff protested. "You do not know what we purpose doing in France simultaneously with the beginning of the unrestricted U-boat campaign. You do not know that this time we are going to smash through to Calais. And that is not all. We are going to——"

"It makes no difference," interrupted the civilian, still very quietly. "Take Paris and

Photo Exclusive News Agency

GENERAL LUDENDORFF, WHO STILL INSISTS THE GERMAN IS THE ONLY REAL SOLDIER IN THE WORLD

London with your armies, and the defeat of Germany is still as inevitable as it has been since the day the war began."

"You are alone in your opinion," thundered Ludendorff.

"Alone, perhaps," replied the other, "in so far as I am willing to tell unpleasant truths to you. I alone, perhaps, of all the men you come in contact with have nothing to gain by saying what you want to hear. But I am by no means alone in the opinion I hold. Resume this unrestricted U-boat campaign, and there will be added to the numbers of those who are determined that the German army must be defeated one hundred and ten million Americans."

"They don't count," Ludendorff sneered. "They are not soldiers, and never will be. Our U-boats will see to it that they never reach France, and if any of them do manage to get across, they will simply be a rabble and useless against my troops."

"You are mistaken," replied the civilian.

This, I know is substantially what was said on the occasion of Ludendorff's meeting with the brainiest, most resourceful, highest-powered intellectual in all Germany, Doktor Rathenau. It was one of a dozen such meetings, always arranged by Ludendorff, who, for all his contempt for civilians, realized better than almost any other man that it was Rathenau who enabled Germany to continue to fight after the first six months of the war. It was Rathenau who organized Germany's resources on a scale that any less genius would never have dreamed possible. It was Rathenau, with his superb knowledge of electro-chemistry, who had devised ways and means of obtaining nitrogen from the air, thus providing an inexhaustible quantity of one of the principal elements of ammunition.

This especial meeting, interrupted only by an hour for luncheon, lasted all day. In the late afternoon Rathenau put one question to his host.

"Having sent for me to learn my opinion, and having found it diametrically opposed to yours, may I ask why you pin your faith to a renewal of the U-boat campaign?"

"I feel it—here!" and Ludendorff tapped his left breast.

Rathenau shook his head reproachfully. "That is not permitted you," he said quietly. "A general may never act on emotion. So long as you confine yourself to cold calculation and scientific analysis, I grant that your technical knowledge of military matters puts you on a plane far above any civilian, but when you come to talk of pure emotionalism, then you are wandering in a realm in which you are an utter stranger. The resumption of the U-boat campaign will indeed bring more quickly the end of the war—but not as you would have it. It will add to the number of our enemies. It will add to their spirit of righteous indignation that will make their eventual triumph absolutely certain.

"Even here in Germany, with our lack of raw materials, I can build more ships and more quickly than our U-boats can sink them. If cold figures can prove this—and they can—what do you suppose the enemy can do in this direction? Force America into the war and, within a year, it will be turning out three ships for every one we can sink. It will take a year for America to arrive at this stage of mass production. We could do it here in Germany in half the time. But America is careless and a plunger—with all the costly mistakes of carelessness and plunging. However, after she has made the mistakes, she will begin to turn out shipping in quantities and

at a rate of speed such as the world has never known.

"These are scientific facts. They are all you should consider. They outweigh any instinctive feeling you may have. You have no right, in your position as leader of the German armies, to blind yourself to these facts."

"The U-boat campaign will be resumed the moment we feel we have a sufficient number for our purpose," declared Ludendorff.

I was fortunate in having had an indisputably authentic account of this meeting before I myself met Ludendorff. It gave me an idea of the man.

I found him in an exclusive apartment house at 26, Viktoriastrasse in Berlin, where he is living under the name of Henry P. Newman. The brass plate on his front door is engraved with this distinctly English name. It is doubtful if half a dozen Germans in Berlin have the slightest idea of Ludendorff's present address, or that he is living under an assumed name. Few Germans ever see him these days. It is a fact, of course, that for the first seven months after the Armistice Ludendorff must have spent most of his time indoors in order to have turned out his Memoirs in that length of time. But there is a very much better reason for his present seclusion. He knows that he is probably the most unpopular man in Germany to-day and fears, not without justification, the consequences that might easily follow his appearance in the street. The German people, stolid and accustomed as they are to passive acceptance of brutal treatment from their appointed war lords, put all the blame for Germany's defeat squarely upon Ludendorff. The mob spirit has shown itself more than once in Berlin since November, 1918, and, after all, a general does not fight!

Ludendorff's public appearances with Hindenburg in November, 1919, involved no personal risk, as the popularity of the Field Marshal was itself sufficient protection.

My first interview with him was very short. His reception of me was hostile, to say the least. As a matter of fact, I was in his presence probably less than two minutes. When the maid ushered me into the library, in which he was then engaged in finishing his book, he did not offer to rise or even to greet me. Pushing himself back in his chair, his thin hands sprawled out at right angles on the sheets of manuscript that littered the top of his desk, he glared at me for perhaps ten seconds before he spoke.

"I know what you want me to say," he began, with thinly disguised contempt. "You want me to say that the Americans were the best troops my army faced in the war—*which they were not!*" There was no missing the chip on his shoulder.

As a matter of fact, I had intended asking Ludendorff, among other things, his opinion of the relative merits of the various troops he fought, but I knew enough about the facts never to have suggested that any one nation among the Allies had won the right to first place in the matter of military prowess. However, Ludendorff's voluntary remark opened the way for the question.

"Who do you consider were the best soldiers your armies faced?" I asked.

A sneer formed itself on his thin, cruel lips. "There is only one *soldier* in the whole world," he said. "He is the German soldier. The rest are not soldiers."

"But as between the British and the French and the Americans and the Italians and the Belgians and the Serbs, and the rest of the Entente Allies," I suggested, "surely there

must have been varying degrees of military *incompetence?*"

The irony of the last word escaped him entirely.

" The French," Ludendorff said, " surprised us."

The admission was made in much the same spirit as might animate a giant referring flatteringly to the accomplishment of some precocious ten-year-old.

" They fought well," he continued. " But it was not the fact that they fought well that astonished us so much as the fact that they fought at all!"

" By singling out the French," I persisted, " am I to understand you consider they fought better than any other troops you faced?"

" By no means," replied Ludendorff.

" Well, how about the British?" I enquired.

" The British did not surprise us. We knew what British troops would do. They did it."

And that was all he would say on the subject.

I had my photographer waiting for me in the reception hall, in the hopes of inducing Ludendorff to pose for his picture. I had forgotten his disinclination to appear in public. When I asked him if he would be good enough to step downstairs into the sunlight to have his picture taken I found the interview suddenly at an end.

" Absolutely no," he said, and this time he rose. " You must appreciate the awful position Germany is in. Destruction and ruin prevail in Germany. Every German should live privately, plainly, quietly. I intend so to live until I die. It is absurd to think of such a thing as you suggest."

And so I found myself invited to leave.

I was not quite finished with Ludendorff, however. It took several weeks and half a dozen attempts before I finally persuaded the gentleman to see me again, and before I describe the results

of that second interview I shall take this opportunity of letting the people in the Entente countries know what I know about this individual.

First of all—Look out for him!

He is one of the most active, dangerous plotters in Germany to-day. I have reason to believe that Ludendorff at the moment is planning to resume a military dictatorship that will include under his sway not only the German people but a vast majority of the non-Bolshevistic Russians. I have authentic information that the whole scheme behind the presence in the Baltic provinces of Von der Goltz's 60,000 Germans is nothing less than to prepare the way for Ludendorff's coup!

Ludendorff's idea of his own importance makes the monster wooden statue of Hindenburg look like a miniature. If, as has been stated in many quarters, Hindenburg is a myth—Ludendorff is a joke. His own book proves him responsible for the failure of the German military machine, and proves the German people right in holding him responsible. His is the typical Hun egotism raised to the *nth* power. His one aim now is self-justification. Thus to-day he still underestimates everything except the smashed German military machine, and that he over-estimates. He hates the German people because he considers that they let him down. He is still absolutely blind to the real cause of Germany's defeat. In his own personal and self-inflicted banishment he sees in Germany an outcast nation. His patriotism is egoistic. He can conceive no interests so important to the Fatherland as his own. He has learned nothing in five years. He honestly believes that the British encompassed his defeat, as much as by the blockade, by their practice of what amounts to evil spells!

He goes so far as to make the charge that the British made use of the alleged powers of Freemasonry against him!

He insists that more damage was done to the fighting spirit of his troops by the insidious propaganda spread broadcast by the Northcliffe Press than by all the Allied military offensives put together!

In all these respects, it must not be forgotten, he mirrors the majority opinion in Germany where, even to-day, no one can make believable the heresy that the German army was not invincible in the field.

Of course Ludendorff is grotesque in his insistence that Germany was overcome, not only by the Northcliffe propaganda, but by a kind of witchcraft. Admittedly possessed of great technical ability as a soldier, he is nevertheless quite uneducated. In a word he is a common scold—a double-dyed Prussian of the middle classes. He is clever and, in an essentially Prussian fashion, subtle. From the beginning of his association with von Hindenburg he dominated that gentleman.

But the important fact to bear in mind is that if he had his way he would have the German people and the Russians as well in a state of slavery with himself as absolute despot!

He has no use for the Kaiser. But he is one of a group sedulously working for the restoration of the Hohenzollern dynasty. His own pet scheme is to put the Crown Prince on the throne. He can dominate the Crown Prince.

I learned in an authentic quarter that on August 8th, 1918, after the British had begun their advance in the West, Ludendorff sent a telegram to the Kaiser, then in Berlin, in which he declared that there was nothing left except

surrender within twenty-four hours. So far as I know this is the first time the existence of such a telegram has ever been made known. He admits himself in his memoirs that he proposed to the Kaiser, on September 26th, 1918, that President Wilson be approached with a plea that he arrange an immediate and honourable peace. But the truth is that forty-nine days earlier Ludendorff "had the wind up!"

Ludendorff's treatment of me from beginning to end was as contemptuous and hostile and overbearing as I have ever experienced. And as a newspaper man I have had the pain of meeting some champion boors!

However, I finally got word to him through my interpreter that, whether he saw me or not, I was going to print everything that had occurred, and that, in view of what I had learned, he might find it advisable to reconsider his repeated refusals to receive me. At the same time I submitted a list of written questions.

I have his answers to these questions in his own handwriting. Here at least is one instance where there will be no Hun repudiation. There can't be.

My first question dealt with his statement in his memoirs that "the onslaught of enemy progaganda" had much to do with Germany's defeat. Here is his answer:—

"I can only point to what I said in my book. The enemy countries prepared this war years ahead. Lord Northcliffe speaks of twenty years. As our press came into the foreign countries, our enemies knew exactly how things looked here, and made much of our weakness to decompose (sic) us. It started with the pursuit of militarism which was nothing else but the iron performance of duty and putting aside self-interest

to the interests of the State, and it ended by propaganda and the revolution." [I am quoting a literal translation of Ludendorff's own words. I suppose he knows what he intended to convey. I shall not attempt an interpretation of my own].

"The catch words of our Social, Democratic and Social-Democratic Parties were telling it over and over again. These speeches were welling up continuously and undermined our power. Propaganda came into Germany by way of neutral countries, and finally from the air, by aviators throwing propaganda down. I know that it happened by way of Holland and Heligoland. The neutral countries and America all had the same impression of Germany by reason of the Northcliffe poison. Germany became defamed. The neutral countries turned away. What has become of those fairy tales inspired by the hostile propaganda? For instance, what has become of Northcliffe's foul charge that the General Staff wished for the war? Everybody knew then that it was not true and yet—they believed it Now nobody talks about it any more. Lie has done its duty."

My second question was directed to his statement that the Germans had reached their "very last resources in men." Ludendorff's answer follows :—

"The question of reserves was serious. It became severe through desertion and those people who were shunning danger at home, and in consequence all this shirking spirit at home had effected the spirit of the men in the field and grew always in a stronger measure. If the fighting spirit could have been kept up, there would never have been any question about reserves of men."

My third question was a request for him to

explain what he meant by this statement that "the desire for peace became stronger than the wish to fight for victory." Ludendorff's answer to this is :—

"This started soon after the outbreak of the war from a small circle who were afraid that their interests would be harmed through victory. With the length of the war and the diminishing of enthusiasm, the craving for peace became prevalent." [Again I leave it to the reader to try to decipher Ludendorff's meaning. Perhaps he refers to those German business men who had great commercial interests outside the Fatherland.]

My fourth question had to do with Ludendorff's statement that "the General Staff always addressed itself to the Constitutional authorities." To this Ludendorff replies :—

"The German people were lacking in understanding of the essentials of the war—namely that the war would be won or lost at home. The power of leading the men lay at home. The administration of power was all that rested with the troops on the hostile front. The Government and the people at home had to assist directly the Oberste Heeresleitung (the High Command) in conducting the war. The General Field Marshal (von Hindenburg) and I were aiming at that equally. The propaganda turned against me—to separate me from the Field Marshal. This propaganda was home-made by those who believed that he would act differently if I were gone."

My fifth question asked his meaning of his statement that he is "neither a reactionary nor a democrat." Ludendorff's answer to this is :—

"I don't know what you mean by this question. Germany's future lies neither the way of reaction nor on the way of democracy. These are outlived terms. Not the so-called political but the

economic questions will come to the front. Therefore I believe that we must have professional representation which alone can carry through the necessary social (not Socialistic !) measures, and that under a strong Government inspired by the same spirit."

My sixth question had to do with his naive admission that he " repeatedly asked the Press to leave him alone." Ludendorff's answer, in view of his treatment of me and of all other newspaper men who ever approached him, is amusing to say the least :—

" I esteem very highly the opinion of the press and consider its help most essential for the salvation of the Fatherland." [I didn't ask General Ludendorff whether he had changed his opinion of the Northcliffe Press.]

My seventh question asked his reason for saying " the General Staff which meant myself." Ludendorff's answer is :—

" This must be a bad translation of my book. The General Field Marshal and I always worked in accord."

My eighth question had to do with his statement that there was " no time when the attitude of the enemy justified our hope for a fair and just peace of understanding." Ludendorff's answer to this is :—

" Wilson approached the warring nations with his note of December (18th ?). It was rejected by our enemies. Other attempts are unknown to me."

My ninth question asked his meaning of the phrase " The direction of the Press became mere patchwork." Ludendorff's answer is :—

" Because all unity in the Press as well as in the supreme power of State was missing. In face of this confusion, everything the General Staff did could be nothing but patchwork."

My tenth question was: "What is your opinion of Rathenau?"

Ludendorff leaves this question unanswered!

My eleventh question was a request for his meaning of the statement that "the Germans some day will come together and think things over."

This also remains unanswered.

My twelfth question was a request for his meaning of the phrase: "The United States' favouritism towards our enemies." [Before America's entry into the war.]

Ludendorff leaves this question unanswered.

My thirteenth question had to do with General Foch's threat to re-establish the blockade if von der Goltz and his army were not brought back from the Baltic provinces; it also asked his opinion as to the probability of America's not ratifying the Peace Treaty. In his reply to this compound question it will be seen that Ludendorff ignores the first half:—

"I already said months ago that I see no reason for hostility between the United States and Germany. The United States stood up against us in a war that was intended to cost us our life. They enlarged the number of our enemies and brought our downfall on. The fault for America's entrance into the war lay not on the German side. It was the consequence of the English policy of the United States. Now we are beaten and chiefly through our own revolution. America knows that. We have not to express any regret towards America. It stands in our *Schuldbuch* (account book). Neither has Germany to make good to America, but America must make good to Germany for many a thing. And I do not doubt this is very difficult. We shall be glad if America helps us in our work of reconstruction,

which is altogether to America's own interest. If the United States does not help us, we must see how to recover in another way."

If this final answer is not of itself sufficient proof of Ludendorff's hatred of and contempt for the American people, let me add that when my interpreter went to Ludendorff to get his written answers, he told her that in his opinion it was very unwise to include this thirteenth question. He would like American help for Germany, but would not have it at the cost of admitting that Germany owed anything, morally or materially, to the United States. His hatred and contempt for all the Entente Allies are no less, although he makes no secret of the fact that the sale of his memoirs in England is bringing him rich rewards. His mental attitude is perhaps adequately described in a sneering remark he chose to make to me.

" Those stupid English ! " he said. " They know so little about anything outside their own little Island that they print in the magazine that publishes my memoirs my name with a '*von*' ! "

It may sound needlessly fearful—in view of the calibre of this petty, self-important, ignorant individual—but in leaving Ludendorff I must repeat :—

Look out for him !

CHAPTER X

THE STATEMENT THE KAISER WOULD NOT SIGN

THANKS to the information given me by the Dutch Consul-General in London that, so long as the Kaiser remains in Holland, no individual will be permitted to " approach " him, I never had the slightest hope in all my long stay in Germany of obtaining an interview with the erstwhile All Highest One. The only possibility of inducing him to break silence was to proceed indirectly—through individuals in whom he had confidence—and hope that thus he might elect to authorize some sort of statement.

From the start the job divided itself into two parts. First and most important was running down the personages, whose advice the Kaiser would heed. Second, and no less difficult, was persuading influential Germans to collaborate in the preparation of the statement itself. It took almost four months of continuous work to accomplish these preliminaries. Out of that period, however, I came with intimate knowledge of the present mental attitude of eighteen of the most important men in Germany to-day—and, of vastly greater importance, I know now what they are planning to do.

These eighteen are equally divided as monarchists and anti-monarchists. Sixteen of them I

shall name. Two of them, members of the present Constitutional Government and fearful lest Germans discover the fact that they had anything to do with me, I shall not identify at this time. This pair rendered invaluable service that worked out to my advantage, and I respect their wishes and let them remain anonymous. With these two exceptions, the personel of the opposed groups was as follows :—

Monarchists :	*Anti-Monarchists :*
Hindenburg.	Rathenau.
Ludendorff.	Bernstorff.
Tirpitz.	Harden.
Hintze.	Bonn.
Goltz.	Warburg.
Kriege.	Bartholdy.
Dernberg.	Wengersky.
Bethmann-Hollweg.	
Noske.	

If including Noske in the Monarchist group occasions any surprise, let it be understood that there is absolutely no question about it. For all his professions as a Moderate Socialist and his position as the dominating influence in the present Government, the fact remains that Noske has gone over to the Monarchist crowd and is pledged to deliver up the 400,000 troops still under arms in Germany—whenever the time is ripe for the coup to restore the Hohenzollern dynasty that is now being planned. Perhaps not the least of the motives prompting Noske is the indisputable fact that a huge majority of his soldiers are themselves in favour of restoring the monarchy.

From the Monarchists I got little assistance, and that little was given grudgingly. They are all bitter, suspicious, hostile. More than that, they are brimming over with confidence of early success, and consequently opposed to any public

utterance by the man they are plotting to put back on the throne.

From the other group, I obtained invaluable aid and information and expressions of complete accord with my basic theory that, if Germany is ever to resume anything like her former economic position in the world, she must first of all put an end to lying and treachery and make a frank avowal of her past crimes. Count von Bernstorff and Walter Rathenau, Maximilian Harden and Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy—all nine of the men in this group, in fact—admitted frankly that Germany had been guilty of criminal offences against the rest of the world. All of them did not make these admissions for publication. Only one of them gave me permission to quote him directly on this point. But the fact remains that there are a few Germans, world-travelled and not afflicted with the disease common to almost all Germans, complete and complacent ignorance of world standards of morality, who appreciate fully the extent of Germany's crimes.

The biggest man in Germany, whether judged on his material success, his brains or his morality, was Herr Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American Line. He fought against the crimes being committed by the dominating figures in Germany until, finally, he found the contest too unequal—and blew out his brains. Without suggesting that they are many, at least there are a few men in the Germany of to-day who feel as Ballin did, and who are willing to make almost any sacrifice to establish a new Germany in which the Ballin brand of decency in world relations shall become an actuality.

There seems to be an insuperable difficulty in the way of accomplishing this result, however. Professor Bonn, of the University of Munich, and

Max Warburg, Germany's first financier, together with the rest of the nine anti-monarchists, all voiced helplessness in the face of the program of the monarchist group. Although these men knew better than most Germans how close at hand is the planned coup, and although they realize how welcome to the majority of the people would be the restoration of the monarchy, they also know it will bring in its train a revival of all the old criminally stupid schemes which brought about Germany's present condition. Yet, admitting this, they count themselves powerless to prevent it.

In a word they know the present Government, made up for the most part of ignorant, incompetent, weak individuals with no capacity whatever for establishing the machinery of government, is destined to be swept aside at any moment. They know that the only two forces in Germany who have any chance of success are the monarchistic group and the extreme radicals who have allied themselves with the Russian Bolshevists. In the one case is the assurance of domestic order, in the other chaos. In neither case is there any hope for a Germany fit to be admitted into the family of nations. These facts they know.

But, above all this, they know that reason, consideration of other peoples, the spirit of give and take, ability to recognise and confess past misdeeds, genuine desire to atone—these are qualities of which the German people at large are wholly ignorant. They know also that the German people are chronically incapable of self-government and must be ruled with an iron hand.

So it was, when repeatedly I suggested it was paradoxical for these really big men of brains to sit idly by and see plots ripen to fruition which meant further harm to their country, that they confessed their helplessness. A Rathenau, em-

ployer of 57,000 men and in his own way as much the idealist as Henry Ford, could never embrace the despotic methods which he knows a German ruler must embrace if he is to rule the German people successfully. Because they are all reasonable, rational, truly democratic men of character—these nine Germans count themselves too greatly handicapped by those very qualities to be able to attempt to lead the German people into the realm of international comity.

They were all agreed, however, that the one chance to save Germany, in a political sense, lay in persuading the Kaiser to put an end himself to the plot to re-establish him on the throne. It was a nearly hopeless task from the beginning. But it was worth the chance, in their opinion. And so they set about helping me obtain the statement I sought. For this statement was to have been but the first step in the consummation of their own plan—to head off the unscrupulous band of monarchist plotters.

It is generally known that for years Maximilian Harden has been one of the bitterest antagonists of the Kaiser in or out of Germany. It is perhaps not so generally known that the Kaiser hates Bernstorff almost as intensely as he hates the English people. His feeling toward all my nine collaborators ranges from limitless contempt to choleric hate. It was out of the question for any of them to dream of addressing him in my behalf directly. And so it was they put me in touch with the individuals of the other group. And even here, of course, they could not proceed directly. For me to have gone to Ludendorff, for instance, with an introduction from Rathenau (who is about as popular with the military leader as small-pox) would have been to bar myself automatically from the presence of every member

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MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, ONE OF THE NINE ANTI-MONARCHISTS WHO HELPED PREPARE THE STATEMENT THE KAISER WOULD NOT SIGN

of the monarchist crowd. All these gentlemen could do for me was to suggest ways and means of reaching the Kaiser's confidantes.

This was not quite all, however. They could, and did, prepare the kind of statement they commonly considered was the kind which, issued by the Kaiser, would at the same time make impossible his return to the throne and in other ways work to the lasting good of Germany. For success, they counted on two indisputable facts: the Kaiser's paranoiac conviction that he is in working partnership with the Divine, and the gross stupidity of the men surrounding him. Unfortunately, as the event proved, the ascendancy of these advisers amounts now to absolute dominance. The Kaiser is absolutely in their hands. And stupid as they are, at least they know what they want—and that is a continuance of the Kaiser's present silence up to the one great moment they are so busily preparing, when he may issue the royal proclamation that will tell his people of his return!

Therefore, the statement which took so many weeks to prepare and which finally was laid before the Kaiser for his signature has at best only academic interest. Yet it is not to be dismissed so summarily. For, after all, it is a symposium of the thoughts of nine of the brainiest Germans now living. More than that, it was actually taken to Amerongen and submitted to the Kaiser. And he refused to sign it. To appreciate fully the tremendous influences at work to keep him silent, it is necessary to know something about the statement itself. For when it is seen that it is an exposition of ideas which no German, worthy of the name of patriot, could possibly refuse to subscribe to—then the true significance of the Kaiser's refusal begins to appear.

Here then is the statement which is so clearly a document that must work to the good of Germany as to have compelled the Kaiser's closest adviser to carry it himself to Amerongen for fear of the public consequences of his refusal so to do.

In effect, it is a combined appeal for help and an exposition of the one great, good quality possessed in common by all Germans—the capacity for work:—

"Nine months of solitude . . . the only period of inactivity of my entire lifetime . . . have brought in their passage ample opportunities for introspection, retrospection and reflection. Out of this period has been born a conviction that, at last, the time has come for me to break my long continued silence.

"It must be understood at the outset that no ordinary motives prompt my speaking. Surely it is self-evident that I am beyond all personal ambition and selfish desires, such as govern the conduct of men in every walk of life. For me, life has ceased to have the meaning other mortals attach to it. I speak, therefore, as I have until now maintained silence . . . for the reason that has ever influenced my every action . . . for the good of Germany.

"Moreover I speak, not as the former German Emperor, but merely as a son of the Fatherland. I hope I shall be accepted not in my former capacity but as merely a German, matured and ripened as much by these past nine months' removal from the world's activities as by the kaleidoscopic experiences of that preceding forty years. At least there has come to me that calm serenity which ever accompanies the arrival of white hairs . . . if in the days of his life's stock-taking a man can tell himself that he has honestly sought to do his best.

"Although I realize that my audience will be the world, I address my appeal to the American people . . . primarily because America is the only nation in the world able to respond to the appeal. But a further reason lies in what I know to be the inherent goodness of the American people. I am sure it is necessary only to make known the truth about Germany's present condition in order to obtain her salvation at the hands of America.

"Wherefore I now address myself to the American people. Of what I have to say I ask their earnest consideration.

THE DEMORALIZATION OF GERMANY.

"Germany . . . socially, morally, economically . . . is demoralized. The extent of this demoralization is like unto nothing in all history. If Russia's demoralization seems greater, it is only seemingly so, for relatively the present state of mind of the German people represents a vastly greater charge than Russia's. From being the world's most completely co-ordinated people Germany has become the most hopelessly disrupted people . . . from the very limit in one direction to the opposite extreme. Unhappily restoration of the morale of the German people . . . were it a fact accomplished . . . would still leave them in a hopeless economic condition. A change of mental attitude will not of itself ameliorate the desperate plight of the German people. Whatever that mental attitude Germany can hope for nothing better, if her present economic condition continues unchanged, than extinction. Every German knows this. This knowledge accounts for the demoralization . . . for most Germans see no reason to hope that the aid so desperately needed will be forthcoming from any outside source. And Germany, as a nation, cannot exist if wholly self-dependent.

The question, then, is whether Germany shall live or die. *Can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

What Germany Needs.

"Germany has insufficient food stuffs, virtually no raw materials and no money. If she is to obtain them they must come from without. If she does not obtain them she will disappear from among the peoples of the world. For five years the German people have been underfed, their capacity for work, by reason of this long-continued malnutrition, is only a fraction of what it was. They have been reduced by semi-starvation to a state of physical and mental inefficiency that makes them incapable of anything more than the feeblest efforts at self preservation. And this applies as well to the brain worker as to the labourer. Constructive thinking . . . with the brain matter as impoverished as the body structure . . . is impaired no less than muscular activity. The very first step then in saving the German people from extinction is to feed them. Thus fed they will regain their capacity for work. Germany's industrial plants were never more numerous and most of them are in condition to operate efficiently . . . but without raw materials they must remain idle. Having fed the worker it is still necessary to give him work to do. Finally, to obtain food products and raw materials Germany must have financial credit extended to her. The total cost is almost too great to be computed . . . much less paid for in cash. It can be paid only as the imports are fashioned into manufactured goods and exported to the world's markets. These are Germany's needs. *Can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

WHY AMERICA?

"This appeal is made to America not only because America is the only nation able to respond, but also because in America now are two million young men who recently had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the young men of Germany. Unless reports which have reached me are incorrect there have been added to the numbers of the much-abused German propagandists a great many of these two million Americans. It is the fond hope of all Germans that the difference between the American who has sympathy for the German people to-day and the American who has no such sympathy is the difference between knowledge and ignorance. Produce an American soldier who has met a German soldier in the field and who yet speaks disparagingly of him and the soundness of this reasoning may well be questioned. Yet I do not hesitate to leave in the hands of these two million Americans who have had such intimate . . . and character-testing . . . contact with Germans the case of the German people. Let these two millions say whether Germany shall live or die! And having heard their answer . . . *can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY.

"It is not necessary to depend on the magnanimity of American soldiers nor on America's altruism . . . to ensure the response that must be made if Germany is not to cease to be. There is present the element of self-interest. For the simple truth is that in coming to the aid of Germany, America will be rendering herself and the whole world an unparalleled service. All the world is more or less demoralized. Excepting only America, the Entente nations are scarcely

better off economically than Germany. Unrest, under-production and ever increasing costs are rapidly approaching a climax, the results of which may easily be cataclysmic. Thus far not even America has found a satisfactory solution of the tremendously grave problem. But in Germany's tragic plight lies America's opportunity. For Germany, vanquished and tragically burdened by imposts such as no people ever before were forced to stagger under, can still give to the rest of the world the solution of the world's most pressing problem. It rests with America to enable her to do so. Given the necessary assistance Germany will prove to all the world the self-evident but none-the-less deliberately ignored fact that the one certain cure for every present day economic ill is . . . work. The peoples of the world have not heard their leaders proclaim this fact. The reason need not be set forth here. Sufficient to say that I am not influenced by considerations which so effectually muzzle the world's statesmen. I am beyond the plane on which men dwell and act and even think . . . for the sole purpose of reaping material rewards from their people. So it is that I can say that all those shrewdly conceived schemes that have as their aim the substitution of impracticable cures for the one real panacea are at best only schemes . . . and can never serve any good purpose. The only cure is work. Given the bare opportunity Germany will work . . . and in such a fashion as to furnish overwhelming proof of the efficacy of the cure. This is America's opportunity. *Can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

THE RESULT.

"America's experience at war amply proved the effectiveness of appeals to patriotism. Such

appeals were no less effective in one country than in another. Patriotism is the one certain quality on which every nation may count. To cure the economic ills from which the world is suffering only two conditions are requisite . . . Germany at work and the rest of the world resorting to appeals to patriotism. These appeals could be based on the obvious fact that unless labour the world over accepts Germany's prescription . . . work . . . then Germany may regain to some degree at least that proud position of commercial greatness which marked her in pre-war days.

"Let labour see the truth of this assertion . . . and there must follow a settlement of the world's labour problem. Primarily it is America which will make this possible. Wherefore in helping Germany the American people will not only help themselves, they will be the means of restoring all the world to sanity. This will be the result of America's response. *Can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

WHY GERMANY WILL WORK.

"When labour in other countries will not work . . . for wages and under conditions so favourable as to have been called chimerical a decade ago . . . how can the German workman be expected to do labour, the fruits of almost of all of which must go to swell the coffers of other nations? It is indisputably the most difficult task that ever confronted a people since civilization's beginning . . . yet Germany will work under these conditions. Is this open to doubt? Let me dispel it. Five years of malnutrition have admittedly worked demoralization in Germany, but offsetting this unhappy fact is the birthright of the whole German people, a heritage as old as the race itself . . . the will to work. I myself have that inheritance.

Whatever else may be thought of me, there can surely be no division of opinion as to my capacity for work. In Germany, as nowhere else in all the world has work ever been the guiding principle of every man and woman. From youth to old age, all Germans have always lived to work . . . never worked to live. The vast majority of Germans have been born of working mothers. So deeply ingrained a quality cannot be wiped out; it can only be stunted. But this is not the sole reason that Germany, given the bare opportunity, will work. There is another factor operating to this end. For five years, Germany has suffered privations unknown in the Entente nations. Rich and poor alike have become accustomed to doing without things that in the Entente nations are counted absolute necessities. In what country in the world outside Germany would a suitor . . . striving to make the best impression on his future parents-in-law . . . bring to the mother of his destined bride a cake of laundry soap? Where else in all the world would a seven-year-old child view with wide-eyed wonder, and taste with pitiful timidity . . . sugar? Yet in Germany to-day there are many children who have rarely ever seen soap or sugar. A people who have not seen white flour for four years may be reasonably expected to accomplish the impossible . . . if by the accomplishment they can hope once more to taste real bread. This is why Germany, if America makes it possible, will work. *Can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

THE LESSON GERMANY HAS LEARNED.

"Self-interest demands that the American people come to Germany's aid . . . for otherwise America's avowed purpose in entering the war, the compul-

sion of Germany to make restoration and reparation . . . will not be possible of realization. Without the aid of the American people Germany cannot fulfil the peace terms. This is obviously true, since unaided by America the German nation will cease to be. As for the peace terms, discussion now is profitless, yet one may at least suggest their intolerable quality in ways doubtless never intended by the framers. Consider, for example, the problem confronting the present German Government as regards the restoration of Belgium and Northern France. The German Government cannot coerce German labour any more than any other government . . . and German labour has no wish to expend its efforts on foreign soil for the benefit of recent enemies, especially after the years spent away from their own homes and dear ones. To persuade them to do labour in these lands is a task of gigantic difficulty. Yet it will be done. It will be done because Germany has learned a lesson the rest of the world has yet to learn . . . the value of substitutes . . . the virtue of compromise. The natural and reasonable disinclination of the German workman to do this work will be overcome by compromise . . . by compensatory wages that will suffice to induce him to leave the country he loves and would work for . . . to go to another land for which he has no such regard. The cost to Germany will thus be much greater than could have been contemplated by the framers of the peace terms. Yet, given the aid of the American people, Germany will foot the bill. *Can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

"DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES."

"The German people have yet to understand the world's misinterpretation of their century-

old song 'Deutschland Uber Alles.' Many Germans believe it was a deliberate misinterpretation. I am sure it was not. Consciousness of nationality is a trait no more common to mankind than is its corollary, provincialism. In this respect the German people were the worst offenders . . . if intense love of country and the accompanying ignorance of other countries be held an offence. The world learned of 'Deutschland Uber Alles' for the first time in most instances after the outbreak of the war. How many Americans to-day know that this patriotic song . . . less offensive by far than the third and fourth stanzas of 'The Star Spangled Banner' . . . less aggressive than 'Rule Brittania' . . . was composed in the early part of the nineteenth century? The world instantly accepted it as a challenge . . . misinterpreting it to mean 'Germany Over All' (nations understood) . . . when every German for more than a hundred years had known it meant 'Germany Above Everything' (the singular of 'Alles' proving this). Like so many other tragedies chargeable to ignorance 'Deutschland Uber Alles' led to results never dreamed of by the German people who regard it now as they have always regarded it as a profoundly noble rallying call. No American misinterpreted 'America First.' To him it meant no such blatant self-exploitation as that America should dominate the rest of the world . . . but only that America should be first in the heart of every American. To the German that is all 'Deutschland Uber Alles' meant, and . . . thank God . . . still means. If it meant anything more, it would hardly now be sung in Germany. And it is sung from one end of the land to the other. And because of its true meaning, there is no incongruity in its still being sung. If

the American people can have been mistaken about Germany in this matter, is it not possible that other equally tragic errors still have footing? Can the American people take exception to the German people's love of country? *Can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

"Since Germany has been prohibited from entering the League of Nations, it may be held presumptuous for me to include reference to it here. Yet I must make such reference for reasons that will appear in the next succeeding paragraph. Do the American people truly want world peace? Do they truly think it best insured by making seventy million human beings outcasts and pariahs, unfit to be accepted in a coterie that includes black and yellow peoples? *Can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

ANOTHER AND A BETTER LEAGUE.

"Outside the League of Nations Germany, with the aid of the American people, can become the greatest factor in ensuring world peace. Germany can rise to this proud height in spite of her lack of offensive and defensive armament, and though she remain for all time as completely denuded of war equipment as the peace terms have left her. If this can be proved true what more potent argument could be adduced to show once and for all the fallacy that only in a continuation of mad rivalry in building engines of war can security from war be obtained? Yet it can be proved true, and with America's aid Germany will prove it. All the elements for this proof are at hand.

"In London, Rotterdam, Copenhagen, at the present time are thousands of American business men awaiting permission to enter Germany in

order to re-establish pre-war business relations. In Germany every business man is ready to make any sacrifices necessary to the consummation of such business arrangements. Herein lies the first element of a true League of Nations. Peace can be most surely secured by work. And if labour will only understand that we are all workmen . . . with brawn or brain . . . and that a world brotherhood of workers must include the one as well as the other class . . . then can universal peace become an accomplished fact. For work feeds on work no less surely than war on war, and if all the world will turn its consciousness of nationality, its patriotism, to thoughts of work . . . then all future wars will be peaceful wars, wars between workers fighting for victory as workers. Though such wars be bloodless and lacking the martial inspiration of gun fire, there can be created no less inspiration in the rat-a-tat of the rivetting machine and the thunder of the heavily laden commercial trucks . . . all feverishly engaged in the new constructive warfare which in itself is the finest kind of peace. So every nation can retain its consciousness of nationality and yet by virtue of this very nationalistic spirit be inspired to refrain from the old destructive waging of war in order to gain the greater victory through work. Above all such a League of Nations would require no covenant as between nations, but would become automatically operative through thousands of individual business contracts between workers of the world. So let world peace come through the bloodless warfare of work. *Can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

THE VICTORS.

"America won the war. Lest this statement offend other Entente nations, let it be added that

the blockade by the British Navy . . . illegal and inhuman as we Germans hold it to have been . . . played no small part in contributing to Germany's final defeat. But it was America which brought down the curtain on the conflict. And in just so far as it was America's victory so also are the consequences of the victory America's present grave responsibility. It was America which encompassed Germany's defeat. It is for America now to play the role of victor . . . magnificently. And because the American people can be magnificently great, it is with confidence I submit to them on behalf of seventy million souls this appeal. *Can America fail to respond to this appeal?*

"Such is the case of Germany. So I leave it in the hands of the American people. And now that the curtain is rising on the last act of the world's greatest drama, let me set down for posterity to know that if the final curtain discloses that this tearful tragedy has been only the fore-runner of a vastly more hideous tragedy to come . . . the disclosure will mean less to me, the individual, than to any other living man. For I seek only peace . . . a boon that may soon again be denied mankind . . . and to me . . . despite every mortal effort to prevent it . .. eternal peace must shortly come."

CHAPTER XI

THE KAISER BREAKS HIS SILENCE!

AS I have stated, the prime purpose of my trip to Germany was to do what fifty journalists for six months had been trying to do—make the Kaiser talk. In a negative fashion, I succeeded.

At the end of six months and after having travelled over a greater part of Germany, I brought back to civilization the first authorized statement the Kaiser has made since his abdication.

The details of this part of my task will be told, not only for their intrinsic value, but in order to forestall the numerous and highly ingenious enemies I managed, quite unintentionally, to make in many quarters as soon as the nature of my mission became known. In seventeen years' experience as a globe-trotting man, I have had my share of strange adventures, but never before has the mere fact of my trying to obtain an interview of itself given rise to so much and such baffling hostility as I found directed against me almost from the outset of my sojourn in Germany. As for this I shall have more to say presently. Let it suffice now that amongst the agencies used to defeat my realising my purpose was the Foreign Office in Berlin, and among other charges brought against me, in an attempt to discredit me, were statements that I was selling naval secrets of my

country! But treason was only one of my alleged crimes.

Not the least of the many reasons why I was *persona non grata* in Germany was the fact that I refused to be a propagandist and join the chorus of well-paid singers of praise of all things German.

But at last I found myself seated in a magnificently furnished library in an apartment house in the most fasionable quarter of Berlin, with the most remarkable man in all Germany standing over me, dictating the statement I had come four thousand miles to get.

About this man I shall have much to say before I am done. At the moment it is enough to say that he had gone to Amerongen as my courier, carrying with him the typewritten statement printed in the foregoing chapter. With the return to Berlin of my very distinguished courier, word reached me to come to his apartment. On my arrival there he said :—

"The Emperor refuses to sign the statement. In its place he has authorised me to give to you the only statement for publication he will make *so long as he remains in Holland.*"

And then, standing over me, carefully watching my pencil, he dictated the Kaiser's statement to the world. It follows :

"Under the existing conditions it is unthinkable that I should make a public statement, although I appreciate the offer and the spirit that prompts it. There is no course for me to follow other than that which I have followed for almost one year. Until conditions change I shall continue to maintain silence. The American people, through their Government, are about to approve officially the acts of their President at Versailles and thereby align themselves with my enemies and make it impossible for me to address, much less direct, an appeal to them."

At first blush this struck me, as it must the reader, as a point-blank refusal. But I hadn't

spent six months of hard work—and in that period acquired an intimate knowledge of certain secrets concerning very high German circles—to be dismissed in this summary fashion. This negative statement was not good enough.

A definite promise of some sort of statement from the Kaiser had been guaranteed me a month earlier. The same reasons that won for me this promise were still potent enough, in my opinion, to warrant my refusing to be content with what in effect was no statement at all. My *vis-a-vis* knew very well indeed the exceptional grounds I had for demanding something better than this. But now, as I finished writing the last word of the statement, he strode away from me to a far corner of the room, where he stood, with his back toward me, looking out of the window, as though thus to intimate that the interview was at an end. He was mistaken.

"It seems to me," I said, "this statement requires considerable explaining."

For a space the other man remained motionless, and then, of a sudden, wheeled about and glared at me.

"In what way?" he demanded.

"You know, and the Kaiser knows, that the statement you carried to him was actually a symposium of the opinions of nine of the biggest men in Germany. From these men the Kaiser received urgent requests that he should sign the statement. He has refused to do so. He must have a reason. That reason does not appear in the statement you have just dictated. Why?"

And then, quite as much to my astonishment as my delight, this man who was my intermediary with the Kaiser launched forth into a word-picture of the present mental attitude of the All Highest, as illuminating as it was astounding.

"The Emperor will never address himself to his own people, much less to his enemies," he began, with a sudden access of towering rage. It seemed as if he had become abruptly the very embodiment of his former monarch, reflecting in his own violence the choleric attitude of the man whose views he was presenting.

"The Emperor," he continued, "feels that his own people have been, and are being, misled. He knows better than any other that the German people must have a ruler with an iron hand. They have never known how to rule themselves. They never can.

"The Emperor is not as other men. He lives on a plane far above the rest of mankind. He is a deeply religious man. His belief that he is in actual active touch with God is as profound to-day as it ever was. If his actions, affirmative or negative, seem, even to his closest intimates, incomprehensible, to him they are all consistent and part of his life's one aim—the good of his people.

"The Emperor will not speak to his own people '*under the existing conditions*,' as he himself expresses it, because he cannot command them—and in no other way will he ever speak to his people.

"As for the rest of the world, it is a world arrayed against him. To such enemies nothing he could possibly say could work to the good of Germany. But that is not all. The Emperor knows the hopelessness of the position of the Entente Governments in so far as their widely-advertised intention to bring him to trial is concerned. He knows that the Entente Governments have no intention of carrying out this threat. He knows the real motive behind the speech made by Lloyd George in Parliament in July, in which that gentleman repeated his determination to let

nothing prevent his bringing the Emperor to England. He knows that the English Premier hoped by that speech to arouse such a storm of protest by the thinking men of England against going on with such a barbaric plan as to make it possible for him to appear to bow before the force of public opinion, and so escape from the hole of his own digging. Unfortunately for Lloyd George the hoped-for storm did not arise. So it is he finds himself now in the uncomfortable position of having to make good a 'bluff.' The Emperor knows he will not make good.

"The Emperor knows further that the British Government is aware that no blunder of all the many tragic blunders of the past five years would be as great as this. Nothing else would so unify Germany and so effectually inspire a new hatred against England in the heart of every German. The Emperor knows that the British Government naturally does not wish Britain to be the exclusive object of German hatred for generations to come. The Emperor knows the British Government will never allow itself to be placed in this position.

"Wherefore the Emperor, realising these facts, remains silent—a country gentleman, enjoying peace and contentment."

So this, then, was the Kaiser! I had, and have, no doubt as to the accuracy of the portrait. The intense feeling of the man precluded the possibility that he was acting. His own defiant attitude patently mirrored his Kaiser's. To minds like these an appeal to "enemies" was indeed "unthinkable." But there was still the matter of the German people's welfare. I broached this phase of the situation.

"The Emperor regrets the softness of his people," my informant replied. "He regrets that their

capacity for hatred of their enemies is so small. England, America, Japan, Italy—above all, France—are the German people's enemies. The Emperor regrets the tendency among his people to forget this fact. But *under the existing conditions* it is impossible for him to address them. To plead is not the role of an emperor.

"So far as the American people are concerned, the Emperor feels that their Government represents their temper accurately, as do all the Entente Governments. He knows that the American people are behind their President as regards the Peace Treaty, for all the fact that it is a complete denial of all his earlier programmes. So the Americans are one with the rest of Germany's enemies, and will sanction the Entente endeavour to bring the Kaiser to trial."

The man stopped abruptly. It was necessary. He was speechless with consuming rage.

All the time he had been talking an idea had been formulating in my mind. Now I sprang it.

"This is all very well, Excellenz," I ventured, "but after all is said and done, these views are very strikingly similar to those you expressed as your own six weeks ago. At that time you will remember you told me frankly that you would advise the Kaiser not to sign the statement, although you admitted my right to have it laid before him. The reasons you gave me then are almost identical with the sentiments you say now the Kaiser holds."

"All I have told you now is the Emperor's own opinion!" he replied gruffly.

"But," I protested, "you must be aware that the world generally believes that the Kaiser is very much in the hands of his advisers at this time. Whereas your personal views are undoubtedly interesting, it is, after all, the Kaiser's

views in which the public generally have the greatest interest."

"I tell you," the other responded hotly, "these are the Emperor's views! He has spoken them to me!"

It was what I had been waiting for.

"Very well, then," I said, "I shall print them. I am fully justified in so doing."

"Ach, no!" thundered my quite-disturbed host. "You have only the authorisation to print the statement I have already dictated. If you publish anything else I shall deny it!"

"I shall print that also," I said.

And so I here anticipate the repudiation which may, or may not, now issue from this gentleman.

And now to introduce him.

He is Geheimrath Johannes Kriege, Dr. Jur.

Less than a dozen Germans, and a lesser number than that outside Germany, know that Excellenz Kriege has been for thirty-five years the one man in the world who could dominate the Kaiser. He is still dominating him. He is the head of the daily courier service between Berlin and Amerongen. He himself makes frequent trips over the Dutch frontier. Through him filters all the news of the world which reaches the Kaiser, or, more accurately, it is Kriege's interpretation of the news which the Kaiser accepts.

In my several visits to the Kriege apartment in Kurfurstendamm—one of Berlin's show thoroughfares—I have had opportunities to examine more or less closely the furnishings of several rooms. I have seen, among other things, three different photographs of the Kaiser, all taken within the last six months at Amerongen, and autographed in the most lavishly extravagant fashion. Kriege is more than the Kaiser's adviser—he is one of the very few individuals in the world

Photo Exclusive News Agency

THE MAN WHO IS PREPARING THE KAISER'S DEFENCE, DR. JOHANNES KRIEGE, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE EX-EMPEROR FOR THE LAST 35 YEARS

for whom the former German ruler entertains something akin to human affection. So much for Kriege's present status.

For thirty-five years every treaty made by Germany has been written by Kriege. It was his hand that penned the last treaty formulated by the Imperial German Government—the infamous Brest-Litovsk treaty. Yet in all this time the fact of his existence was not even suspected by most of the German Cabinet Ministers!

The fact that for almost two-score years this man has been able to occupy a position of actual power second only to the Kaiser's own—and this while he posed as a private individual, styling himself an "international jurist"—is a striking proof of the Teutonic supremacy in practising subterfuge as a fine art. By comparison with Geheimrath Kriege, Colonel House is an open book!

Incidentally, what I have had to say about this gentleman may afford a slight hint as to the real purpose behind his present journeyings about Germany, with Amerongen always the final destination!

Kriege's usefulness to the Kaiser will be very much circumscribed by this introduction. He knows it. He will do his best to attempt to minimise the effects of this introduction. But, in so far as the present purpose of this chapter is concerned, the simple truth is that no man living can possibly give as accurate and authentic a description of the Kaiser's mental state as can this Privy Councillor, who has outlasted half a dozen Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, the chief prerogatives of whom he has continuously usurped under the protection of the Kaiser.

It was because I knew these things were true that I went to Kriege in the first instance. How I made the discovery will be told in due course,

but at this juncture it is only fair to say that my reaching Kriege, and persuading him to act as my courier to the Kaiser, would never have been possible had it not been for the invaluable assistance of a German of high station, for whom I have great admiration, and to whom I consider, not only I, but all the world, owe a debt of gratitude. For much of the truth about Germany which I unearthed came as the direct result of this man's helpful guidance.

Back in my hotel room, I set about summarising the details of this interview with Kriege. Candour compelled the admission that, after all, the authorised statement was a sadly negative thing. At best, the description of the Kaiser's present mental attitude was a second-hand description. It seemed insignificant fruit of six months' labour. But is it?

What is behind the Kaiser's statement that he will continue to maintain silence "until conditions change?" What do these words really mean?

Not only from what I know of the Kaiser and of Kriege and of a dozen other plotting Monarchists, but from what I unearthed in other quarters, I can deduce what they mean. They mean this:—

The Kaiser is the same old Kaiser, only more so. He is as lofty, as relentless, as bitter, as proud, as contemptuous of all other men, and as sure of his partnership with the Divine as he ever was in his most blatant days on the throne. Physically, he is not the same. He is an old man, bodily broken under the tremendous strain of the past five years. But the impressions given the world by imaginative and misinformed newspaper correspondents of a senile, babbling, harmless, beaten, humble, cowed monarch, stripped of his egoism as completely as of his crown, are absolutely

at variance with the facts as I know them. One fact is that the Kaiser still remains, and will continue to remain while he lives, the King-God of the German people.

Three days before I left Berlin I was bidding good-bye to a German nobleman, an outspoken Monarchist, whom I had known for years in London before the war. We were standing in the Hotel Adlon lobby, dominated now, as always, by the marble bust of the Kaiser in its niche above the massive fireplace. To this bust my friend pointed.

"One of these mornings," he said quietly, "either my body will be found hanging beneath that bust of my Emperor, or I shall be of the people who line Unter den Linden singing 'Deutschland Uber Alles' as our Emperor rides through the Brandenburger Thor on his triumphal way back to the palace which awaits him."

In the light of what people think they know about Germany's "utter defeat," this is fantastic. They will laugh at me—and they will laugh because they do not know.

Something is going to happen soon in Germany. I am no prophet. I don't pretend to be able to forecast accurately what that something is going to be. But it is going to be one of two things.

Either the Hohenzollern dynasty is to be restored, with Wilhelm II. again Kaiser, or—

There will sweep over Germany chaos of a kind that will make present conditions in Russia look like a well-ordered Sunday-school picnic.

I have my own opinion as to which of these two eventualities is the more probable, but I shall not express it here. Rather I shall present all the facts as I have found them bearing on this situation, and leave conclusions to be drawn by others.

But in arriving at a conclusion it must be re-

membered that, in spite of surface conditions, in spite of the amazing way in which the German people have turned from war to peace, in spite of their tremendous will to work, in spite of their too-little understood, silent, savage determination to recover their seemingly-lost commercial supremacy and, finally, in spite of all they have suffered at the hands of the old Potsdam crowd, the fact remains that Germans are still willing to be ruled with a heavy hand. Not only are they willing; they miss it now. A Germany in which "verboten" has been supplanted by "angestattet"—not the least of the significent results of the revolution—is not the Germany most Germans want. And this is what the two schools of plotters know. It is on this characteristic trait of the German people that Monarchists and Teutonised Bolshevists are counting for success.

And now, before I conclude this chapter, I want to make one or two facts clear.

I am no alarmist. I am not writing for the sake of sensationalism. I am as keenly anti-German as the day I enlisted in the United States Navy. In all the six months I was in Germany, recipient though I was of many courtesies and kindnesses at the hands of individual Germans, nothing happened that even faintly erased the memories of the nine days and nights I spent in Queenstown after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. My two names are two of the oldest family names in the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In forty-five generations there has never been in any branch of my family a drop of blood that was not pure-strain Anglo-Saxon. Wherefore it is not easy nor pleasant to be compelled to pay tribute to the excellence of anything German. But I hold that I should be a bad Anglo-Saxon, and a corrupt journalist, did I not now do my best to let the

allied peoples know the truth about the Germany of to-day.

The most important truth is that there is a fundamental difference between Germany and most of the rest of the world at the present time. And the difference is all in Germany's favour!

In Britain and America to-day, one understands, there are upwards of 1,500 separate strikes, with each fresh day bringing a new one. In France one hears on every side that two years must elapse before the war-weary labourer can be expected to do a full day's work. Poor little Belgium is spending much too much of its time on street-corners bemoaning its failure to consummate an economic alliance with Luxenburg. In Italy dissension and unrest are at the climactic point. England knows the seriousness of her labour problem.

Yet in all these countries there is little evidence to show that the Governments do not worthily represent the people. In most cases a disinterested observer feels that the Governments are considerably better than the people deserve.

In Germany to-day the Government is bad, weak, and in almost every way unrepresentative and unworthy of the people. For the German people to-day are strong, efficient, and—conscious of their united power—are engaged in an unremitting, magnificent, marvellous effort to rehabilitate their Fatherland.

Germany has discovered the one panacea—work—and, alone of the world's white races, is proceeding with ferverish speed to cure itself.

Germany is a nation teeming with workers—a nation that has stepped out of uniform and gone back to work with that fine subordination of self that made it a perfect fighting machine; a nation that is one vast workshop, in which there is no

overtime, because it operates *all* the time; a nation whose men, women, and children go into the fields with the break of day, not to leave them until darkness falls; a nation in which no one questions that the devastation of war can be repaired only with the sweat of work; a nation in which they strike for, not against, the country that gave them birth; a nation which makes milch cows do oxen's work, and then milks them at the end of the long day's toil; a nation, finally, in which the minister and mechanic, mistress and maid, landlord and labourer, are one in a twofold purpose:—

Winning economic supremacy for their Fatherland, and eventual revenge on all the rest of mankind.

CHAPTER XII

THE GERMAN VERSION OF THE *LUSITANIA*

CHANCE has given me opportunities of obtaining facts and opinions regarding the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* . . . opportunities unique in so far as they have enabled me to gain a comprehensive estimate of all sides of that most hideous wholesale murder.

It was more or less by chance that I was in London that lovely day in May, 1915, when news of the sinking of the great Cunarder was announced. Ordinary newspaper routine was responsible for my going to Queenstown as fast as train and ship could get me there. But in the nine days and nights of ever-increasing horror, I got something more of the infinite wickedness of the thing than I could ever put on paper.

Again, less than a year later, chance found me in Washington where, for a year . . . as a newspaper correspondent . . . I saw Bernstorff every day at the German Embassy. When, finally, I had become intimate enough with him to discuss the subject, I asked him one day just what he thought of the *Lusitania* tragedy. The question led to my obtaining the first information to come from a German source dealing with the "incident" . . . the word used, not only by Bernstorff, but by all Germans who have talked with me on the subject.

Finally, in Germany, chance came my way with an offer to meet a young Prussian girl who was the fiancée of the man who gave that order to torpedo the *Lusitania.* From her lips, I got what is probably the nearest approach to first hand information, in so far as the actual perpetrator of the crime is concerned, that will ever be told. For the U-boat commander himself is dead. Subsequently, I obtained corroborative testimony at the German Admiralty . . . from a brother officer in the U-boat flotilla to which the *Lusitania* sinker was attached.

Although I may be re-telling facts already generally known, I must go back to that afternoon in May, 1915, when word reached the British Admiralty of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* by a German U-boat. I happened to be at the Admiralty at the time, the result of a cable from New York suggesting I meet the *Lusitania* at Liverpool and question officers and passengers as to whether any untoward incidents had marked the passage. I was trying to ascertain the time of her arrival in the Mersey. Thus it was pure chance that made me the first newspaper man to learn the news of the most cowardly, most inhuman wholesale murder of all time.

The taxi I took to reach my office in Fleet street became stalled in a traffic jam at Temple Bar. I started to run the rest of the way. It was unusually hot for May. A fat, short, old man hurrying along in the opposite direction stopped in front of me. He was a friend, an American newspaper man. The perspiration was running down his chalky white cheeks. His eyes blazed. His voice was strangely thick. For a moment I feared he had gone mad.

"Thank God it's happened," he said.

"Thank God?" I echoed.

"Thank God!" he repeated. "Now we've *got* to be men—and fight!"

Then I understood. For nine months most of us Americans on this side of the water had been praying for enlightenment to come to our Government and have an end to the impossible neutrality between right and wrong. My friend was justified. As I ran on to my office, I, too, thanked God! American children, women and inoffensive men had been murdered. The murderers would come to know the American way of avenging such a crime!

An unusually interesting group of friends had engaged to meet for tea that afternoon at the Carlton. They included Elsie Janis and her mother. Laurette Taylor and Hartley Manners, Constance Collier and my wife. Suddenly I recalled a promise I had made that morning to let nothing interfere with my joining the tea party. (The wife of a newspaper man has to be forgiven much scepticism in this direction!) But as it turned out I was able to get to the Carlton. The first train to Holyhead did not leave until 6 o'clock. At four-thirty I had heard direct from Queenstown that survivors, if any, would be landed there. I had a clear ninety minutes.

They had heard the news when I reached the Carlton. But beyond the first brief announcement nothing authentic had reached London. Yet, as always on such occasions, the news tickers were running at top speed, grinding out yards of tape circulating a hundred wild rumours. The ship was still afloat. It had sunk in three minutes. Every soul on board was safe. The loss of life would probably exceed 3,000. So ran the rumours.

The Duke of Manchester arrived straight from the Admiralty. A score of women and men sur-

rounded him begging for news. He knew only what we all knew.

That little group in the Carlton had its replica, of course, in every corner of the civilized world. During those first few hours Brazil and Japan, Kansas and Caithness, Rome and Calcutta—all the worth-while parts of the earth stopped still and held its breath under the shock of the most dastardly crime of all ages. But our group differed in one respect. All of us had intimate friends aboard the ship. Suddenly someone suggested they all go to Queenstown to try to help these friends. The idea gripped them all. I had to telephone Euston to have a saloon carriage put on the Holyhead train. So we started—women as well as men without so much by way of luggage as a tooth brush.

It is not that this tiny incident has in itself any special interest that I have recited it here. It is simply as reflecting the state of mind of all civilization at that moment that it is told.

The first thing I did on the following morning on my arrival at Queenstown was to try to find a 23-year-old newspaper man, an Englishman, who had chosen for his holidays a round trip to New York on the *Lusitania* He had left behind him in London his 19-year-old wife and a baby of five months. Fired with unusual ambition the young chap had gone to see the head office of the publishing house in which he had hopes one day to become an important figure. If he were among the survivors he would have a wonderful first-hand eye-witness story to tell.

In the first of the five morgues I visited I found his body. Beside it lay another body, the personification of the American theatre, Charles Frohman. Up to this time Frohman's body had remained unidentified.

Incidentally, five days and nights went by before there appeared anyone directly interested in the man to whom the American stage owed more than to any other one individual—with the exception of an English actor-manager and his wife, then playing in Cork, who came on the afternoon of the fifth day and deposited two pitiful little bouquets of wild flowers on the manager's breast and with them a card which read : " He was a gentleman." It was not until another Englishman—Webb Ware, Alfred G. Vanderbilt's solicitor—telegraphed London representatives of Charles Frohman that finally, on the sixth day, his body was put in a coffin.

I shall never write the details of the horrors of those days. They are unwritable. But I must make passing reference to a few incidents that are forever fresh in my memory. It is necessary to do this, in view of what is to follow, lest the German side arouse forgetfulness-breeding sympathy !

They had three eight-hour shifts of big, husky, Irish dockers transferring the bodies from the decks of trawlers, destroyers and other craft to the improvised morgues. Stretchers were employed for this purpose—but not for the babies. Never once, so far as I know, was a baby brought ashore and into the morgue—except in the arms of those giant dockers.

The fourth day I went out on one of the trawlers to be able to describe the work of searching for the dead. I noted that the look-outs did not scan the surface of the water, but kept their eyes trained on the sky. Presently I discovered the reason. A great flock of sea gulls were circling high in the air. Of a sudden they swooped down to the water and almost instantly rose high again. When we arrived at the spot I found the shock-

ing explanation of this phenomenon in the mutilated up-turned faces of the floating corpses.

In Washington in 1916 after my relations with Count von Bernstorff had become sufficiently intimate to warrant my doing so I asked him one day, point blank, his opinion of the sinking of the *Lusitania.*

For a space the German Ambassador said nothing. Twice he walked the length of the room. Then, suddenly, he said :—

" It is the world's most tragic blunder."

This was the introduction of his version of the tragedy. So far as I know it is a story told here for the first time.

During the first year of the war, according to Bernstorff, and thereafter up to the severance of diplomatic relations, there were held in New York weekly conferences in the offices of the Hamburg-American line. At these conferences Bernstorff was almost always present. Early in 1915 the conferees discussed the feasibility of preventing Americans from travelling back and forth to Europe with almost the same degree of safety as in peace times. Out of the discussion came the decision to issue a series of paid advertisements in the more important American newspapers—from Maine to California—warning Americans against making use of belligerent liners.

When I put the question to him squarely Bernstorff made no attempt to deny that the very issuance of such advertisements was in contravention of every known precedent of international law. He frankly admitted it was a case of expediency and determined upon in a spirit of doing anything if they could " get away with it."

And so it was that the first warning advertisement—intended to be part of a series that was scheduled to run over several months—was duly

drawn up and sent to all parts of the United States for simultaneous publication, April 15th, 1915.

"You will see from this," Bernsto ff explained, "that the advertisement was not directed specifically to the *Lusitania* at all. At that time the *Lusitania* was not in American waters. An error in the proof of the advertisement necessitated recalling all of them for correction and resulted in a delay of two weeks."

"Then the advertisement," I said, "was not issued from Berlin, but altogether on your authority, and was therefore not part of the plan to sink the *Lusitania.*"

"Berlin knew," Bernstorff replied, "that we were going to issue such a series and it was with Berlin's approval, but at no time had I the slightest idea that there was any plan on foot to sink the *Lusitania* or any other especial ship.

"Do you think—had I known it—I should have allowed three of the best friends I had in America to take passage on the *Lusitania*?"

As he spoke tears came into his eyes and his voice shook.

"I not only let them go. I gave them friendly letters of introduction to certain gentlemen in London. Those three men were Mr. Vanderbilt, Charles Klein, the playwright, an Englishman, and the young son of Melville Stone, head of the Associated Press. No one will suggest that any man could be such a monster as deliberately to send three human beings, his friends, to their graves!"

From what I know of Count von Bernstorff I am prepared to believe this is the truth. I believe that he had no idea of the plot to sink the *Lusitania.* I should have to have irrefutable proof before I could believe there was any such plot in existence, not that it matters especially whether

there was a plot or not. But my investigations lead me to believe that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was exactly what Bernstorff called it, viewing it from the German standpoint, a "blunder."

I believe that the appearance of the advertisement on the day the *Lusitania* sailed from New York was pure coincidence. Of course it has always been regarded—that coincidence—as proof that the German Embassy in Washington had advance knowledge of the planned tragedy.

In Berlin a few weeks ago I came face to face with Captain-Lieutenant Kiesewetter, one of the most notorious of the U-boat commanders and suspected of having sunk more than one hospital ship. He had been interned in Spain and, after the Armistice, had received a safe-conduct from the French authorities to return to Germany. The ship he took put in at Falmouth. The British authorities promptly placed him under arrest and took him to the Tower of London where he spent eighty days in solitary confinement. The court martial which was to have tried him was abandoned when the British decided it was necessary to recognise the French safe-conduct. Thus Kiesewetter was released and allowed to continue on to Berlin.

When I learned of his presence at the German Admiralty, I went to see him. I had learned he was an intimate friend of Schwieger and had belonged to the same submarine flotilla. He was not adverse to talking about the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

"Very shortly after it happened," he began, "Schwieger related to me the whole incident. He told me he had no special instructions to sink the *Lusitania* and that, in fact, he had not the slightest idea of the identity of the liner until

he discovered the name, after the torpedo had been discharged. Schwieger further told me that only one torpedo was fired. This of course is contrary to British statements. It has been claimed in the British press that there were two detonations. Schwieger was of the opinion that the second detonation was caused by the explosion of ammunition stored in the holds of the *Lusitania.*"

This story has emanated from German sources on a number of occasions and interested me less than that part of Kiesewetter's statement that Schwieger had not had instructions to torpedo the *Lusitania.*

I persuaded Kiesewetter to return to this point.

"Schwieger is dead," said Kiesewetter. "He cannot speak for himself. He and his entire crew failed to return from a cruise. It is presumed their boat struck a mine. But I am positive he had no instructions to sink the *Lusitania.* Technical reasons alone would have made it impracticable for any U-boat to go out and lie in wait for any particular steamship. Such an undertaking would have compelled the commander to be inactive for several days and we had so few U-boats that each had to be continually on the move, trying to find and sink as many vessels as possible. Any such special mission would thus have seriously detracted from the effectiveness of the U-boat campaign.

"Our U-boat losses were frightful. Between 90 and 95 per cent. of our U-boat officers and men were killed. The number of U-boats was fairly well sustained, however, by new construction. But death was not all on one side, you will see. All we officers, of course, think it regrettable that so many women and children were killed by the sinking of the *Lusitania.*"

And now, at the risk of inviting the charge of

indulging in mawkish sentimentality, I must record a final phase of the *Lusitania* tragedy. After all, it is legitimately part of the document, another instance of soul-torture resulting from civilization's most monstrous crime.

To two women in Germany to-day, one a white-haired, bent, crushed old lady, the other young in years, but with the suggestion of beauty marred by a century of suffering—the *Lusitania* tragedy means as much if not more than to any other two individuals in the world.

The elder woman, a widow, was the mother of Captain-Lieutenant Schwieger. The younger was his fiancée. From pinnacles of joy and pride, these two women, slowly and with ever-increasing horror, sank into hellish depths as little by little realization was forced on them that the man they loved was not a hero, but the world's greatest murderer.

Their own people do not ostracize them; they have voluntarily chosen to be alone, to exist through endless days of living death with actual death their only hope. Their original transports of joy, shared in common with all the rest of the German people on receipt of the first news of the monstrous crime, serve now and always to emphasize the blackness of their despair.

They say in Germany that the *Lusitania* tragedy was the direct cause of the suicide of Germany's greatest civilian, that realization of the consequences of the act drove Herr Ballin to blow out his brains.

And so now the world will learn for the first time that all the misery and anguish that came to those innocents whose dear ones lost their lives when Prussian culture spoke did not quite end the tale. Punishment of the crime has come—not only to the actual perpetrator—but to others who would have sublimated the deed and idolized

the doer. Would have, that is to say, if a world outraged had not forced upon their inner consciousness the fact that final triumph could never rest under the aegis of the German god!

Apart from my attempts to make the Kaiser talk and my several extraordinary interviews with Excellenceze Kriege, one of the most amazing experiences which befell me during my six months in Germany was meeting the fiancee of the man who sank the *Lusitania* From her lips I obtained a version of that tragedy which I am convinced is the true story.

Undoubtedly the reason I was permitted to meet the young woman was the reason governing all intelligent Germans who arrange interviews for foreign newspaper men. There is in Germany, whether organized or not, a remarkable unanimity of willingness in all quarters to forward any scheme that serves propaganda purposes. Obviously it was hoped I should furnish new excuses for the sinking of the *Lusitania* as a result of meeting the young woman.

I could not help feeling a very great pity for her and for the old lady whose present wretchedness she so poignantly described. But neither during the half hour I spent with her nor at any other time could I efface from my memory the scenes I witnessed at Queenstown in those first agonizing days immediately after the tragedy itself. Even as she was telling me about young Schwieger (he was only 28)—proud and brave and courteous and all that a naval officer should be—my mind reverted to the little Irish port and its five improvised morgues—to that afternoon on the hill back of Queenstown where, in an old, lovely, flower-bordered cemetery, we watched 465 coffins of *unidentified* dead lowered into their final resting places.

She looked very frail and in her expression there lurked a melancholy that has haunted me ever since. The woman who served as my interpreter brought her to me in the public lounge of the Hotel Adlon. Accustomed as I had become to evidences of the physical ravages on erstwhile German corpulence of the one factor to which Germans attribute their defeat—the marvellous effectiveness of the British blockade—this white-lipped, sunken-eyed, colourless-haired, prematurely-old young woman shocked me by the very sight of her. Her voice, as she acknowledged the introduction in perfect English, was as dead as her lack-lustre eyes. It was my first experience in the presence of a human being whose power to feel or express emotion had long since died. It was not pleasant.

We went to a table in the far corner of the room and here she told her story. It was evident my interpreter had done her part of the work well. The girl who had dreamed dreams of becoming wife of Germany's one naval hero showed no hesitance at any time as she unfolded her pitiful narrative. It was not until afterwards that I learned she was one of a family of ten—daughter of a physician living in the suburbs of Berlin. That morning she had been to the butcher's—it was the weekly meat day—and had received her meat ration for the week, one pound of beef for ten persons!

"It was only the very best and bravest officers in the Navy who got U-boat commands," she began, with just a trace of justifiable pride in her otherwise emotionless voice. "And of course his mother and I were very proud and happy when he got one of his own. It took a big man to handle the crews of the U-boats. The men did not like to go down in them. It was almost

certain death. But good officers could make them realize it was all for the Fatherland.

"When word came that he had sunk the *Lusitania*—it came from the Admiralty to his mother and then she telephoned to me—we were all very glad. The Americans were sending ammunition to the English to kill our boys with. The English were fighting us. The *Lusitania* was an English ship. Why should it not be sunk? At first we did not know there were Americans on board. If we had known it, it would have made no difference. Could Americans have walked between the two armies and expected the firing to cease? What right had they to expect the war to stop at sea because they chose to ride on enemy ships? These are thoughts we should have had at that time, had we thought at all about it; but we weren't thinking of such things then. All we thought of was that one of the fastest and biggest English ships had been sunk—and we were all very glad.

"My engagement to him had not yet been announced. I was not yet of age. But now it was decided to make the announcement, and a little dance party was arranged at which our friends should learn the news. Of course we didn't know how long it might be before he would return, but we quickly got from the Admiralty permission for him to come to Berlin from Kiel on leave whenever he did arrive. There was nothing the Admiralty was not ready to do for him—then.

"He came much sooner than we expected—two days after the sinking of the *Lusitania* At first we couldn't understand how he could have managed to do it. He had been gone only a little while. We had supposed it would be ten days before we should see him. Even when he arrived in Berlin we didn't know the truth. Of

course his mother and I saw right away that something dreadful had happened to him. He was so haggard and so silent and so—different.

"But in every part of Germany he was a hero. The newspapers wrote wonderful things about him. In the street everybody was talking about him. It was an honour to know him. His mother and I were very proud. Then came the dance."

She stopped. Her distress made me feel a brute. But before I could speak she was continuing.

"Of course I had the first dance with him. But we didn't get half-way round the floor before he led me right out of the room—almost roughly. In the hall he told me what was wrong with him. It was the first time in my life I was ever frightened. The look in his eyes frightened me terribly.

"He hadn't sighted a single vessel near enough to have a chance of hitting it until he saw a big one coming along on a course that would bring it close to him. He could see it was a big ship, but he had no idea what ship. And then, at the proper moment, he gave the order!

"He was curious to see what effect a single torpedo would have on such a big ship—because now he could see that it was a very big ship indeed—so he didn't submerge, but watched everything through the periscope. There were two explosions. The only reason he couldn't be sure that the second one was from the ammunition was that it seemed to him too long a time elapsed between the two. It might have been a boiler explosion. He wasn't sure of it. But then—oh it was very dreadful as he told me about it. Of course he couldn't hear anything—*but he could see*—and the silence of it all in the U-boat was worse than if he could have heard the shrieks. And of course he was the only one in the U-boat

who could even *see*. He didn't dare let any of the others know what was happening.

"'And then he gave the order to submerge—and laid a course straight for Kiel. There were three torpedoes yet undischarged, but he was not thinking of them. He wanted to get away from what he had done. He wanted to get ashore. He couldn't torpedo another ship.

" This is what he told me that night. And he never went back in to the dance room. It was very sad. I didn't mind so much. It was his suffering that mattered. I was glad only because his mother didn't know.

" And then, after a little while, he went back to his U-boat and started off another time. He never came back."

The last words were uttered with as little feeling as had marked all she had said. After all pity was misplaced here. She was beyond pity, a long way beyond pity.

It was from other sources I learned the rest of the story—how very gradually it began to dawn on her and on the mother that the man they had seen a whole people acclaim as their idol had actually committed a deed so foul as to have no parallel in all history. And now they know something even more crushing—they know they loved the one individual who above all others made inevitable the defeat of their Fatherland!

And let it never be forgotten that the inhuman beasts who sent young Schwieger out into everlasting infamy are to-day plotting a return to power and new opportunities to prove their lasting faith in Frightfulness!

CHAPTER XIII

THE U-BOAT "STUNT" THAT TIRPITZ SCORNED

ALTHOUGH Admiral von Tirpitz has ample justification for his statements, repeated frequently throughout his book, that he did not have a free hand in the administration of the affairs of the German navy, it is at best only a partial truth. Had Tirpitz made good with the U-boat campaign, there would have been no interference with him from any quarter. It was not until he had had plenty of rope with which to hang himself that, first, the Kaiser began to ignore him and make decisions regarding the navy without his knowledge and, eventually, put him on the scrap heap.

In 1914 and 1915, Tirpitz was as completely master of the destinies of the German navy as Hindenburg was of the Army. Both men had the solid support of the whole German people. The Kaiser knew better than to interfere with either of them. Whereas the people generally idolized Hindenburg and merely respected the aged Tirpitz, in the Kaiser's eye the Admiral was far less displeasing than the General. Of the two men Tirpitz, in the beginning, had much the better chance to win the imperial approval.

To-day Hindenburg is still the great popular hero of all Germany. Tirpitz is as unpopular as

Ludendorff. Like the latter he is a voluntary recluse, keeping close to his house in the outskirts of Berlin. Tirpitz has a well-founded suspicion that his appearance in the street might lead to untoward results. There are altogether too many widows and mothers and sisters and daughters robbed of their men folk because of the Admiralty's persistence in continuing the U-boat campaign. And these hysterical women know now that the U-boat was not only a ghastly failure ; ninety-five times out of a hundred the submersibles were coffins ! (Statistics prepared by the German Admiralty itself show that the loss of personnel was between 90 and 95 per cent.)

Rightly or wrongly the people hold Tirpitz to blame, not only for the utter failure of what was loudly proclaimed as Germany's sure way of beating England into submission, but also for having undertaken the campaign in the first instance.

Such criticism is patently unfair. There were many times in 1915-16-17 when the Allies were none too sure that the U-boat campaign might *not* achieve its purpose. Of course its very inhumanity foredoomed it to inevitable vanquishment, but until defensive and offensive methods of overcoming the menace were perfected the U-boat did succeed to a far greater degree than even naval experts, before the event, would have cared to predict. And during this period naturally, the German people sang Tirpitz' praises morning, noon and night.

But Tirpitz is to blame, none the less, for a far greater blunder (as Germans count it) than the failure of the U-boat campaign. Few Germans know about it. It has been zealously kept from the man in the street ; for, after all, the Kaiser and the General Staff are quite as much implicated as Tirpitz himself. But primarily it was

the fault of Tirpitz as the then supreme head of the German Imperial Navy.

One day there came to the Admiral a young aviator, one of Germany's most daring "aces," and laid before him a scheme which, had Tirpitz adopted it, might have revolutionized the use of U-boats and crowned the campaign with glorious triumph in place of inglorious failure. Had Tirpitz accepted the suggestion, as any member of the Allied naval forces will surely be only too ready to admit, there is little doubt that success, in the German sense, must have inevitably followed and, what is of far greater importance, this success would have been untarnished with the stigma of cowardice and inhumanity attaching to the methods actually adopted by the U-boat pirates.

Naturally, my information did not come from Tirpitz. As a matter of fact the Admiral was the only one of the big figures of the war who refused, point blank, to see me while I was in Germany. In response to a letter, written in German by my interpreter, carefully explaining who I was and for what purpose I wished to interview him, the wily old Admiral responded, also in German, that his contract with his publishers prevented his talking for publication! Tirpitz was not to be led into doing anything that might interfere with the sale of his book!

My informant, whose identity I may not divulge because of a promise, is one of the most important personages in Germany to-day. His knowledge of the episode was obtained first hand. Here is the story as he told it to me:—

"It might be well called a tragedy of the German lack of that sense the English and Americans call 'sportsmanship,'" he began. "I am sure this will be apparent in the mere recital of

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ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ, WHOSE CONTRACT WITH HIS PUBLISHERS FORBIDS HIS TALKING FOR PUBLICATION!

the facts. Had the Admiralty had any appreciation of the meaning of sportsmanship there would have been instant acceptance of the scheme. But not only was this appreciation lacking in the Admiralty; it had no place at Great Headquarters.

"The young man with the idea had done great work in the air before approaching Tirpitz. He had fought over the lines in France and had taken a leading part in the airplane raids on London. He had proved a score of times his quick wit, courage, skill. For all his youth he was not a person to be treated with anything less than large respect.

"When finally he obtained an audience with Tirpitz he outlined his scheme in short order. This, substantially, is what he told Tirpitz :—

"'As at present conducted the U-boat campaign is not a success. England is not being starved. Arrivals and departures of merchantmen, as shown by figures published for all the English ports, continue to be altogether too many. With each succeeding month the total amount of tonnage sunk decreases. Improved methods of dealing with the U-boats make it certain that sinkings will continue to diminish in number, so far as enemy merchantmen are concerned, and will continue to increase in number, so far as our own U-boats are concerned. This is the present situation.

"Tirpitz did not deny these statements. He couldn't. They were all facts. He did, however, offer an explanation.

"'It is because we have too few U-boats and too few crews to man them,' he said.

"'And six months from now,' the young man declared boldly, 'if you go on with the present campaign, you will have fewer U-boats and fewer crews.'

"'What do you propose?' asked Tirpitz.

"'Stop using the U-boats as offensive weapons,' said the young man calmly.

"'What?' demanded Tirpitz.

"'Stop their sinking enemy merchantmen,' continued the other.

"To the Tirpitz mind the proposal was as ridiculous as asking a soldier to cease using his rifle!

"'And then?' demanded the Admiral.

"'Then,' said the young aviator solemnly, 'begin to use them *effectively*. Then—win the war with them. Then—make the British blockade a complete failure. Then—absolutely prevent the United States from entering the war on the Allied side. Then—change the very attitude of Americans, making them take off their hats and cheer us instead of considering us cowardly assassins!'

"The young man was indeed brave. It required bravery in those days to talk to Tirpitz like that. It may have been rashness also. One is not inclined to look with favour upon any proposal introduced in this fashion. Acceptance might too easily be construed to mean acknowledgement of previous error!

"'And how will these miracles be accomplished?' asked Tirpitz.

"'By appealing to the imagination of the English and the Americans,' began the younger man earnestly.

"Tirpitz snorted his disdain. This, then, was was all the young man had to offer. The German Navy to bother with such shadowy things as other people's imaginations! Thunder and lightning! It was high time the head of the German Imperial Navy concerned himself with matters of real importance! He rose. The interview was at an end.

" But the aviator would have it otherwise. He remained seated!

" ' I have not told you my plan,' he said simply.

" Tirpitz sat again, an almost as involuntary action as was the astonished blinking of his eyelids.

" ' You know,' the young man went on, ' how in England and America, the commanders of the *Moewe* and of the *Wolf* were praised. Their newspapers editorially praised them. Yet the *Wolf* and the *Moewe* both sank many merchantmen and captured many prisoners. It was *the way* they did it that appealed to the Anglo-Saxon imagination. It was what they call sporting.'

" Tirpitz thought at last he understood. The young ass was actually suggesting the U-boats go out and do likewise, as surface craft, using only their guns mounted on deck! He had heard enough! It was a waste of time. But even before he could frame the words of dismissal the younger man was continuing.

" ' You have facts and figures before you,' he said, ' that show positively that more new tonnage can be and is being built than your U-boats can possibly sink. You lack and will always lack the men to man enough U-boats to swing the balance in our favour. Every month there will be more Allied ships afloat and fewer U-boat crews alive. This condition can be changed, by an appeal to the Anglo-Saxon imagination!

" ' And it can be done by one U-boat on one voyage! '

" There was no doubting the sincerity of the young man. Even Tirpitz could not blind himself to it. He must have the secret now. It sounded ridiculous, but ONE U-boat—to accomplish such a thing! The Admiral demanded that the other explain himself.

"'And it can be done,' said the young man quietly, '*without the discharge of a single torpedo or the use of a single deck gun!*'

"'How?' demanded Tirpitz impatiently.

"'Simplicity itself,' replied the other. 'Let your next U-boat go out and prove it. Give instructions yourself. Let the U-boat lie in wait as it does now. Preferably let it pick out a big ship, one of the biggest. A Cunarder like the *Lusitania* would be best—with a big passenger list of important Americans and English aboard, and with a cargo of things England and Germany both need most! Your U-boats have before now lain in wait for these big ones, I believe.

"'When the ship is sighted, if the distance permits, let the U-boat remain on top of the water. If the ship is too near to make this safe, let the U-boat submerge and get to a distance out of range of the ship's guns. Then let her emerge again and make use of her wireless. Have her message sent to the ship something to this effect:—

"'Unless you obey us we will put a torpedo into you.'

"'This message will constitute the warning which the Allies have so much to say about now.'

"'We will not warn them,' thundered Tirpitz.

"'Not doing so is not bringing Germany success,' replied the aviator calmly. 'And then let the U-boat give instructions to the ship.

"'The first thing the ship must do is to set her course for Kiel!'

"Tirpitz stared at the young man in stupefaction. Contempt quickly followed. 'You are mad, mad,' he said shortly. 'Our wireless would be picked up by other ships. The British Fleet would come.'

"'No, sir, it would not come,' replied the other. 'It would not come because the ship herself

would send a wireless to the Fleet begging it to keep out of the way! The U-boat would instruct the ship to wireless the British Fleet and state its exact course! The ship must then add that if so much as a speck of smoke appears on the horizon the U-boat will torpedo the ship!'

"'And you think ——?' began Tirpitz incredulously.

"'I know,' interrupted the aviator, 'that our U-boat could escort the ship straight in to Kiel—through the entire British Fleet! I know it, because I know the English. The captain of the ship would do as the U-boat ordered. He could not take on himself the responsibility of the sinking of his ship and passengers. No commander of a British naval vessel would dare to take on himself the responsibility—by appearing. The British Fleet would take care to see that no smoke on the horizon would give the U-boat an excuse!'

"'If it were possible, and it is not,' said Tirpitz, 'it would be ridiculous. It is too much a waste of time. Our U-boats can not be so used. Each one carries four torpedoes. Each one must account for at least that many ships each voyage. Every one gets more than four, with shell fire. One U-boat—one ship? It's no good.'

"'But that one ship would be enough,' said the aviator. 'It would mean more than 1,000 ships sunk without warning. In the first place the ship and its passengers and crew and cargo—instead of being at the bottom of the sea—would be in Germany! Not only would England be denied that cargo; Germany would have it! How long do you think American shippers would go on risking that? But above all else you would appeal to the imagination of all English and Americans. They would take off their hats and cheer. It would be what they call sporting.'

"'It is ridiculous,' said Tirpitz. 'The British Fleet would never let it happen.'

"'Even at the cost of sinking their own ship?' persisted the aviator.

"'Their own ship is better sunk than in Germany,' replied the Admiral.

"'So we might think,' replied the other. 'But with the English there is always the sentimental viewpoint about killing civilians. It would stop them from coming near. And then, in the end, there would be in our harbors hundreds of English and other Allied ships. We should have their cargoes. The ships themselves would be useful when the time comes for peace negotiations. At the bottom of the sea they are useless.'

"This in brief was the young aviator's scheme. Tirpitz was not the only one who turned it down. It met with no favor at the hands of the German Emperor. It met with none in other high quarters. It is a sad fact but a true one that few of us Germans are able to understand that a viewpoint different from our own can possibly exist. And perhaps the German navy would have preferred to see its own ship sunk and its own civilians drowned rather than to let the enemy score so signal a triumph! But some of us know the Anglo-Saxon—and his sentimentality!"

CHAPTER XIV

THE REAL HINDENBURG

FIELD-MARSHAL von Hindenburg's opinion of the executions of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt were expressed at the time substantially as follows:—

"The execution of the nurse-spy, Cavell, was absolutely in accord with German military law in time of war. She was a proved spy, using the Red Cross uniform to cover her spying. The proof against her was overwhelming. The German, like the French, military law knows no sex in matters of this kind. She was executed after a properly impartial trial. There is nothing in it for Germans to be ashamed of."

"The Fryatt execution was nothing less than judicial murder. The only evidence against the man was that he rammed and sank a U-boat which was attacking him. In this he was justified, as it was nothing more than self-defence. His execution was a blunder."

These opinions were, and still are, shared by all Germans who are acquainted with the facts, although of course the vast majority consider the Fryatt execution as completely justified as Edith Cavell's. But from a dozen well-informed quarters I obtained admissions that the execution of the gallant British sea captain for merely saving his own vessel and the lives of his crew was truly "judicial murder."

I begin this account of the real Hindenburg with these two quotations, given utterance to

upwards of three years ago and not spoken directly to me, because they are the only two *coherent* statements which I can authentically present as his. Yet I was in the presence of the great Field-Marshal at his beautiful home in Hanover for almost half-an-hour, a hot afternoon in August! And in that time he spoke volubly!

Hindenburg at 72 is a broken-down, inconsequential, garrulous example of senility. To hear him talk to-day would inspire pity in a heart of stone. In the words of one of the greatest living Germans:

"All that is left of Hindenburg is the *facade*!"

The Field-Marshal von Hindenburg is the one world-figure of German origin who remains to-day as completely a world-figure as at any time during the war. He is as much as ever the idol of the German people. In the Entente countries he is still regarded as the finest example of Prussian militarism personified. Although they have taken down his wooden effigy in Berlin, his place in the hearts of all Germans is as firmly fixed as during the days of his greatest victories.

Hindenburg could be the next President of the German Republic if he would accept the post. So great is his popularity as to make it necessary only for him to give his consent, to be elected by acclamation! This is solely because the German people to-day know as little about the real Hindenburg as does the rest of the world.

At the same time I shall risk the chance of being misunderstood and try to make the actual situation clearer—by referring to two parallel instances of hero-worship for men with gloriously great pasts—who unhappily lived too long!

Doubtless few remember the astounding truth brought up from Lima in Peru by the marine artist Reuterdahl, that the great battleship fleet

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FIELD-MARSHALL VON HINDENBURG—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE THE WAR, BUT STILL BEING SOLD THROUGHOUT GERMANY AS A PRESENT LIKENESS, WHICH IT IS NOT!

which President Roosevelt was sending round the world was not under the command of the ranking admiral, "Fighting Bob" Evans, the idol of every American school boy and girl! Admiral Evans was indeed nominally in command and was on board his flagship, the U.S.S. *Connecticut.* But he was desperately ill, and had been ever since the fleet steamed out of Hampton Roads. The actual command rested with Admiral Taylor. Reuterdahl's amazing news was published in newspapers all over the world, and it was amply corroborated later when Admiral Evans had to leave his ship and go to a sanitorium at Paso Robles, California, to remain there until, finally, death released him from his painful malady. But to this day, eleven years later, any American is proudly confident he is telling the truth when he says the world-cruise of the fleet was commanded from beginning to end by "Fighting Bob!" It seems to be a trait common to most of us to believe, in matters sentimental, what we wish to believe.

Admiral Dewey was the other. In all American history probably no man ever lived to know such idolatrous hero-worship as Dewey. The triumphal arch (of wood, let it be recalled!) that was erected in Fifth Avenue, New York, and the magnificent house in Washington which the people of the whole country presented to the hero of Manila Bay—these were but the surface indications of an adoration such as few men have ever been the objects of in the history of any country. Yet overnight this feeling changed to deep resentment. Admiral Dewey gave his wife the house that was the nation's gift to him!

These two instances are comparable to Hindenburg and Germany at the moment only in so far as they are historic monuments to the unhappy

results of willing blindness. In Admiral Evans' case it was only physical deterioration and bodily agony that tore him away from the realization of his proudest ambition. In other words "Fighting Bob" was an old man. So was Admiral Dewey. So is Hindenburg!

After my experience with General Ludendorff I approached the task of interviewing Hindenburg with natural lack of anticipatory pleasure. Had it not been that Count von Bernstorff had strongly urged me to see the Field-Marshal and try to win him over to the idea of the Kaiser's issuing a statement, I should never have attempted to see him. But the former German Ambassador counted Hindenburg one of the most important of the nine monarchists on my list. I am quite sure now that Bernstorff is as ignorant of the present mental state of the Field-Marshal as almost all the other Germans I met. He would never have suggested I interview him had he known the truth.

The event proved much less disagreeable—in one sense—than I had feared. The Field-Marshal was everything that Ludendorff was not, in so far as courtesy and kindly disposition are concerned. By return post his secretary replied to my request for an interview, the only condition being that I come "not too early."

Subsequently I learned that the Field Marshal these days rarely rises before mid-day—perhaps making up for sleep lost during the four years of war.

The trip from Berlin to Hanover, that quaint old-world city which presented Hindenburg with a magnificent house by way of proving its adoration, was as much of a nightmare as every other railway journey I made in Germany. But once in the Hindenburg home I forgot the evil-smelling, rude, swinish individuals amongst whom I had

had to stand for the entire five-hour trip. Kindliness is in the very atmosphere in the home of the great Field-Marshal. The smile in the watery pale blue eyes of Hindenburg when I entered his presence was altogether friendly. For a moment I was staggered by the thought that I should be able to count on his aid! This joyful surprise was intensified a moment later by his charm of manner as he greeted me.

But to my utter amazement, in the very greeting he showed himself what in fact he is—completely, hopelessly *non compos mentis!* Hindenburg is not to be taken seriously any longer! His mind has ceased to function!

He will not be the next President of the German Republic. He knows just enough to know that such a thing would be suicidal. When I asked him if he realized that he could have the office if he wished it, he merely smiled a vacuous smile and nodded his head slowly.

As a matter of fact in the half hour I spent with him he did not make one coherent statement which, by any stretch of the imagination, could be considered relevant to the question to which it was supposed to be an answer.

Having seen and talked with Hindenburg and Ludendorff, I can quite understand how it came about that the latter dominated his superior officer. Undoubtedly Hindenburg's mental faculties were working normally in 1914-15 when he was accomplishing the defeat of the Russian armies in East Prussia; but there is every reason to believe that his present state of senility arrived gradually and that throughout the last three years of the war his ability to direct the varying stages of the campaign constantly grew less and less.

"The *facade*" is truly all that is left of Hin-

denburg. Yet news photographers still go to Hanover and "snap" him as he walks the streets, always accompanied by his wife! And even up to my last day in Berlin photographs of the great, square-headed Field-Marshal were still the biggest sellers in every novelty shop on Unter den Linden.

Not merely sentiment alone but common sense prompts the hope that at a time when the good of the rest of the world demands that the administration of Germany's affairs be placed in the hands of her ablest men, Hindenburg will never yield to popular clamour and accept any public office!

Fortunately for all concerned the Field-Marshal's wife is a very level-headed woman in full possession of all her faculties!

I feel disinclined to enter into the details of my interview with Hindenburg. To deal with an empty shell of a man, especially when one knows how tremendously vital that man must have been in an earlier day, is at best painful. Lest this "interview" be entirely without any direct statement from the Field-Marshal, however, I shall include one example of the kind of answer I elicited from him.

"I understand," I said, "that you hold very decided views as regards the executions of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt."

Hindenburg's faint smile did not change in the slightest. It was quite as if I had not spoken.

"Would you tell me what you think of them?" I persisted.

"It's warm weather for August even," he said pleasantly.

He was not trying to equivocate. It was patent that this question, like all the others I put to him, meant nothing whatever to him!

Wherefore I speedily realized it was useless to

discuss my prime purpose in coming to Germany with this babbling old man. If the Kaiser really had any confidence in the Hindenburg opinion, it was a sorry reflection on the Kaiser! But subsequently I learned, from no less an authority than Excellenz Kriege himself, that the Kaiser is fully aware of Hindenburg's present mental state.

Kriege did not tell me what I am sure is the truth, that in the complete mental breakdown of the great Field-Marshal there is something approaching satisfaction for the Kaiser. The sulky, perverse recluse of Amerongen has never forgiven his son, the Crown Prince, for going in the full light of day to the big wooden Hindenburg statue in Berlin and driving several nails of gold into it! The wooden Hindenburg aroused almost as much blind hatred in the Kaiser's breast as did the English! But at best it must be a sorry kind of satisfaction, for after all it must occur to the Kaiser's mind that possibly the very defeat of Germany was in some degree attributable to the decaying mentality of the man he took out of retirement and put in supreme command!

CHAPTER XV

A DEMORALIZED PEOPLE

"IF there is a German in Germany to-day who is not a thief, it's because he's blind or paralyzed."

This is the assertion of an American friend, a newspaper correspondent who has been living in Berlin since shortly after the Armistice. I had gone to him to ask whom I should complain to about the disappearance of certain articles of underclothing from my hotel room.

"From top to bottom," he went on, "these people have adopted thievery as a practical way of exercising the first law of nature. Most of us these days travel with a portable safe, and we put in it everything we own from socks to cigarettes. Germans put hairpins under lock and key in their own homes—even where there are no servants!"

I should hardly like to go this far on my own responsibility, although I had more than sufficient evidence of the widespread tendency on the part of Germans of all ranks to appropriate for themselves anything they could lay hands on. The fact is, however, that probably never before in history has demoralization so utterly transformed seventy millions of people. In passing it is only fair to add that in a land where white flour has not been seen for almost five years, it is not easy to see one's recent enemies—English, Ameri-

cans, French, Italians and Japanese—eating white rolls and bread!

This much by way of preface to a description of night life in Berlin at the moment is necessary to enable one to understand the otherwise incomprehensible gaiety and abandon that characterize this people—supposedly vanquished and crushed under utter defeat. It is merely another evidence of demoralization. And before we set out from the quiet of our room at the Adlon, daytime centre of all that is smartest in Berlin's hectic joy-making, let us consider a few other epic instances of Germany's present degeneration.

There is that affair of Lieutenant von Pluskow, son of a former aide-de-camp of the Kaiser, discovered hanging from a hook over a door in a room at Potsdam. On the body was pair of white corsets, and a pair of women's long black gloves covered the arms to the elbow. It was ascertained that he bought the corsets himself at a Potsdam shop. At the inquest the theory of suicide was scouted. There was abundant evidence that the man had been murdered and then hanged. Rumour had it that a dozen other ex-officers fled from Berlin and sought temporary seclusion in the country—after the discovery of Pluskow's body. Berlin exchanged significant glances for a day—and then forgot it!

Then that elopement of a countess with a stone-mason! In less exciting times it would have set all Germany by the ears. Now it is a trifling matter. Yet it was important enough to receive large notice in the daily press and in the weekly scandal sheets. One of the latter, under a heading "Errors of a Countess," began its spicy recital with the statement that "Love overturns barriers erected by class distinction, as a child's breath blows down a card house." The facts are

few. The Countess Felicitas von Hohenthal und Bergen is 22 years old and lived with her mother, Countess Gisela zu Torring-Jessenbach, at Schloss Egg, in Bavaria. To work on the estate came a 25-year-old stone-mason from Munich. An intimacy developed quickly. At the end of a fortnight the Countess and the stone-mason eloped. Nobody seems to know yet where they went. Added piquancy is lent to the affair by reason of the fact that the girl's mother is the sister of Count Torring, brother-in-law of the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria and of the King of the Belgians!

Scandals arising out of attempts made by German nobility to smuggle valuables out of Germany have been increasing since the Armistice and the establishment of the Republic. Of these, none was more spectacular than the mysterious affair of the aeroplane which carried away parcels containing jewels, gold heirlooms, coins, and securities worth hundreds of pounds. One necklace was valued at £8,000. The parcels were dropped from the sky on the Swedish shore. An unknown couple, giving the name of Brockhausen, picked them up . . . by chance, they said. But in spite of the efforts of Baron Lucius von Stoedten, German Minister in Stockholm, to hush up the scandal, it became known that the man was not an engineer as he declared, but was a court official of Dresden. . . . his woman companion was a countess, 25 years old, and bearer of a famous German war name. It is generally whispered in Berlin that the wholesale air smuggling which has been going on for months was organized by the Prince of Wied (former ruler of Albania), and at Stockholm the German Minister declared that the jewels in this especial case could not be confiscated as they were royal property.

THE FAMOUS TRUNK THAT FIGURED IN THE NEWSPAPER EXPOSÉ OF CORRUPT CUSTOMS OFFICIALS AT THE DANISH FRONTIER

No less spectacular was the enterprising "stunt" of the *Neue Berliner Zeitung*—which appeared on the streets one afternoon with a blazing headline asking an apparently unanswerable question: "How did the Trunk get to Copenhagen?" For the trunk contained German money amounting to almost one hundred thousand pounds (at the normal rate of exchange) and passed over the German frontier into Denmark—*without being examined by the German Customs Officials!* The newspaper carried pictures of the trunk and of the emissary who accompanied it. It was perhaps the most convincing proof of the corruption among German customs officials that has yet been brought forward. Yet Berlin merely shrugged its shoulders, and sighed that there were not more customs jobs to go "round!"

It was about this time that a weekly illustrated paper appeared with its front cover a reproduction of a photograph of Ebert and Noske, nude save for a single pair of undergarments, standing in the North Sea up to their knees and grinning in unmistakable drunken fashion at the photographer! This was too much even for Berlin. After all, there must be some line drawn somewhere—even in Germany to-day. For the President of the Republic and his Minister of Defence to engage in this sort of thing was a little too revolting. As a matter of fact, the Government made a belated attempt to buy up the whole issue of the paper.

Finally, there is the case of Mrs. Ulysses Grant Williams, widow of a banker of Braddock, Pennsylvania, and unquestionably an American citizen. I include her story here, not only because she is the victim of the scandalous conditions in Germany to-day, but to suggest that, beneath the white-lighted gaiety of Berlin's night life, there is thinly

hidden a world of suffering and bitterness. Incidentally, I have hopes the telling of her story may work to her advantage.

She was born Martha Olga Behrens, May 19th, 1890, at Kiel. Her father, Johann Heinrich Behrens, now dead, was a German. Her mother, Emilie Dyda Behrens, was a Pole. When she was ten years old, her parents took her to the United States, where they settled in Pittsburg. A year later her father died. In 1903 her mother married in New York another German, William Wendt, who later set up a business in Pittsburg. Her stepfather and mother now live in Detroit, Michigan, where the former is in the real estate business.

The young girl, always delicate, began to show symptoms of heart trouble, and, in 1909, Pittsburgh physicians recommended a less harsh climate. Her mother took her on a long trip through the south-west, spending considerable time in Texas. At the end of eight months, they returned to Pittsburgh, where presently the 19-year-old girl met and fell in love with Ulysses Grant Williams, attending a bankers' convention in the Smoky City. They were married June 2nd, 1910, and went to live in Wilkinsburg, Pa. Seven months later he died in a hospital in Allegheny, Pa.

After a year and a half, her parents took her on a visit to Germany, returning to America in January, 1913, and setting up a new home in Detroit. The young widow was stricken with pleurisy and, subsequently, underwent a serious operation performed by a Dr. Frisch, of Pittsburgh. At a consultation of physicians which followed (two other Pittsburgh consultants, Drs. Frost and McCleary participating) it was decided that Mrs. Williams' health would be best restored by returning to Germany. Wherefore she made the

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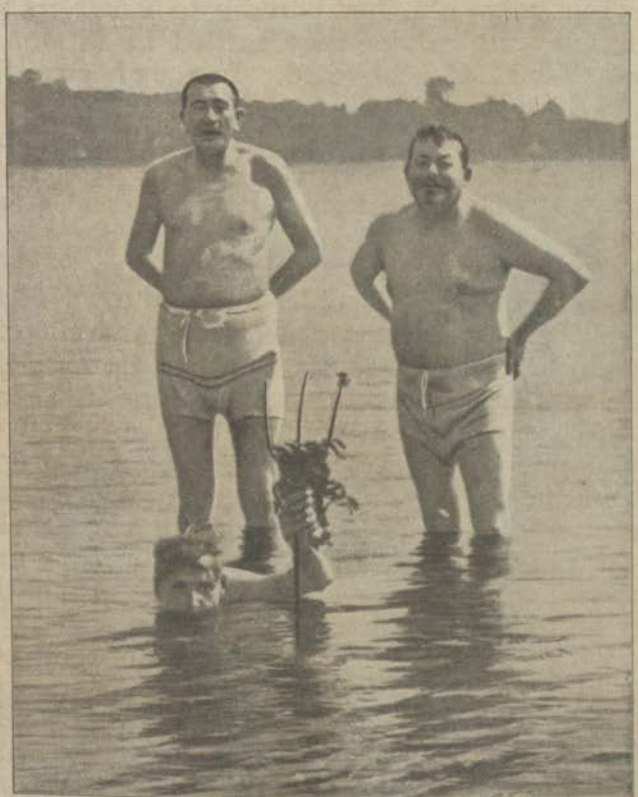

Ebert und Noske in der Sommerfrische

THE PICTURE WHOSE LEVITY SHOCKED EVEN GERMANY.
EBERT, PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC (RIGHT), AND NOSKE, MINISTER OF DEFENCE, ON THE COVER OF *THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE* WHICH LATER THEY TRIED TO CONFISCATE

trip, this time alone, in May, 1913. There she has remained ever since. Until April, 1916, she had ample funds from her husband's estate. Then the monthly payments from the Pittsburgh Trust Company suddenly ceased.

In July, 1916, Mrs. Williams went to the American Embassy in Berlin for advice as to what to do. The net result of her visit was the loss of her passport, issued in America in 1913, which the Embassy officials told her had "expired." She couldn't have another without declaring her intention to return to America. This she was unable to do. Her physician, Dr. Pedlowsky, insisted her heart was in no condition to enable her to make the sea passage.

For more than three years Mrs. Williams without relatives or friends and with her income suddenly cut off, earned her own living in Berlin. Then in September, 1919, she received a cheque dated July 22nd, 1916, sent by the Pittsburgh Trust Company, and held for more than three years by some Allied censorship. When she took the cheque to the Deutsche Bank in Berlin, they refused to cash it; reason unstated. Letters she sent to the trust company elicited the information that her husband's estate was in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian, to whom she must make her appeal. Meantime, recovered in health, Mrs. Williams found she could not get a passport from the Spanish Embassy in Berlin (in charge of American interests) because she did not take advantage of her opportunity, in 1916, to make application for one! And this in spite of the fact that not only is she an American citizen by marriage, but was naturalized in Pittsburg when she was 18 years old!

And this is the story of Mrs. Ulysses Grant Williams, who occupies a little furnished room in

a cheap lodging house at 24, Berchtesgadner-strasse in the Schoneberg district of Berlin. By way of authentication of the story—I have seen certain documents that prove that Mrs. Williams is the beneficiary of a very considerable income from a trust fund on deposit with the People's Savings and Trust Company of Pittsburgh, and that her case is docketed in Washington as "Report No. 6754—Trust No. C-4678."

As guide for our trip about Berlin's gayest night resorts, I choose Lily—Lily of the soulful eyes and the very blonde tresses. Lily is a Prussian girl—and proud of it! No cringing humility for her! British and Americans she will tolerate, although we are still "enemies." Italians she holds in utter contempt. The Japanese in her eyes—and yet they seem such tender eyes!—are "niggers." As for the French! We shall see!

I found her seated alone at a table in the luxurious lounge of the Adlon, packed to suffocation from tea-time until the curtain-rising hour. I had tea with her—very bad tea, without milk or sugar. Eventually we adjourned to the famous Adlon bar. Only since the Armistice and the arrival in Berlin of Allied officers have women been permitted to enter the Adlon bar. It is shocking in the opinion of Prussian officers who now and again enter the place. To the British, it is "a jolly good idea"; to the Americans, "some class." Just what Charley, the really remarkable bartender who has been mixing drinks at the Adlon as long as most European tourists can remember, thinks of the innovation is Charley's secret. Perhaps he is too busy to care.

What "Beefy" was to patrons of the American Bar at the Savoy Hotel in London before the

war, Charley is to the habituées of the Adlon bar to-day. Nowadays Charley finds it necessary to speak only English, French, Italian, Polish, Russian, and to be intelligible also to the Japanese. When occasion demands, he also converses in Danish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, and Spanish! It is said that more than one pair of foreign business men, fancying themselves safe in the little room conversing in their native tongue with only the bartender present, have discovered to their chagrin that their business intentions become quite well known in the very quarters where they would have them kept most secret! Charley, it might be mentioned in passing, is not a poor man!

The American cocktail we get from Charley's hands is not a good cocktail—it is *erzats*. The gin is not gin and the vermouth not vermouth. But one takes for granted in Germany these days—substitutes for everything. However, we begin the evening in approved fashion. Most of Berlin starts out for its evening joy ride from the Adlon bar!

Into a taxi—with iron tyres!—and out toward the Brandenburger Thor for a spin through the Tiergarten and up the Kurfurstendamm. Suddenly Lily turns her pretty face sharply to the right and glares out of the window, her eyes blazing with hate and her clenched fist shaking violently at some unseen object. We ask her what's wrong. Her voice is husky with emotion as she explains.

"It's the French Embassy," she says. "I always shake my fist at it every time I pass it. I always will. I shall bring up my children to do the same thing. Their children and their children will do it, too!"

With this exception, Lily behaves for the rest of the evening as almost any other pleasure-

seeking girl would behave. It would seem that Lily, like most Germans, just must have her little hate out just so often!

Of course the taxi man robs us. His metre registers 3 marks, 70 pfennig for the trip. He tells us the total charge is 22 marks, 20 pfennig! Lily explains. The Government allows them to charge three times the regular fare owing to the increased cost of benzol, the villainous substitute they all use in place of petrol After dark, she adds, the taxi men double this triple rate! Of course there is a certain element of grim amusement in the situation. The taxi man *thinks* he is doing us horribly. But, after all, what is 22 marks in real money? Actually, it is about three shillings and eightpence.

We dine at Nelson's, to the music of a quintette of mandolins and guitars, Tyrolians. The food is very good. There is sugar for the coffee, although there isn't any pepper. All the pepper in Germany went to the making of mustard gas long ago. Of course, we might have gone to Hiller's or to the Peltzer Grill, and there have had wonderful, rich Holland cream and butter and juicy steaks from Copenhagen. But at Hiller's and Peltzer's they seem to have some sort of X-ray apparatus that enables them to see just how much money you are carrying—the bill being dangerously close to that total, however great! We are all in favour of the "sneak trade," of course. One must be in Germany to-day. The lawful amount of rations would not keep a two-year-old alive. But Nelson's is a little less unreasonable in his overcharging than some of the others.

Out of the cosy dining room into the equally cosy theatre adjoining, the home of the famous Nelson's Kunstlerspiele, best of Berlin's Kaba-

rettes. Round the sides of the room, on two levels, are private boxes filled with women more expensively gowned than and altogether as smart as any Paris or London or New York gathering of any kind. We sit on the ground floor, at a table. Here we find champagne, the only beverage, a bottle of it in a bucket beside each table. Of course, one may eat during the performance. One does, if one is German. But we find the performance too interesting. There is a real stage, with scenery and a drop curtain. The various turns are all excellent. A one-act play —disgustingly low, of course—is mounted superbly and acted very well indeed.

At the conclusion of the show, the tables are rapidly taken away and dancing begins. The lawful closing hour is eleven-thirty. At Nelson's they dance until dawn. Everywhere it is the same. The only notice taken of the law is the darkening of the front of the place. But the back entrance is kept brilliantly lighted! We don't stay for the dancing. Lily knows a much better place.

Into another taxi and back down to Unter den Linden and thence to the Palais de Danse. Faintly comparing with this gorgeous place nothing I have ever seen exists anywhere. Viewed from any angle, it is more luxurious, more dazzling, more overpowering in size and magnificence of furnishings than any other pleasure palace on any continent. It adjoins the Restaurant Mascotte, run by the same management—a huge salon of regal splendour, where one dines on dainties that recall the long-forgotten days of Paris before the war! We get a ring-side table—allowing Lily to advise us as to the recipients of the blackmail payments! Two big Viennese orchestras provide continuous dance music. Lily's

evening gown—we had thought it quite elaborate and tremendously costly at Nelson's—is dowdy in comparison with the toilettes of these fairy creatures at the Palais de Danse. This collection of jewels and head dresses and Paris modes must represent a sum equal to a substantial part of the indemnity Germany must pay the Allies. The thought brings us suddenly to a shocking appreciation of the meaning of the whole situation. It *is* a fact that Germany is defeated!

In the small hours of the morning, Lily, her mission as guide not yet completed, leads us away from the drinking, dancing, brazenly love-making throng. We are off to a gambling house—the climax to every true Berliner's nightly dissipation. Since then the Government has made a genuine effort to close the gambling houses of which there were upwards of 300 running openly in Berlin. Of course, their effort was a failure. Perhaps to-day there are only half as many as there were, but defiance of the authorities continues and will continue until the present authorities are replaced by the only kind Germans respect—autocrats who back up "*verboten*"—with deeds!

There is no glamour about the gambling house we enter. Lily says they are all the same. For dancing, yes; dancing is fun. For gambling, no; gambling is a business! The attendants are dirty and in shabby clothes. The players are a motley crowd recruited from all classes—from the tall, thin, rigidly stiff Prussian officer with his inevitable monocle to the street cleaner in his grease-stained blouse (and whose salary is twice as big as the officer's!)—from the be-jewelled lady of title to the painted creature of the street who rubs elbows with her. They all have money, plenty of it. And they watch the spin of the ball with hawk-like eyes. The winners jerk in their

money with cat-like speed. The croupier has difficulty in avoiding the darting hands with his rake. He also scoops in the bank's winnings with a motion that would put a snake's strike to shame!

Very little of this suffices us. It is too sordid, too brutal. Everyone is suspicious of everyone else. All are openly antagonistic. Individual rows are breaking out on all sides. The attendants growl at the players and jostle them about much after the fashion of mob leaders in a colliery strike. There is no illusion here. It is, as Lily says, a "business."

And so back to the Adlon at the break of day. But we are not the only late-comers. As I was getting my key at the desk, two men hurriedly entered. One was tall and thin and walked with a rapid, jerky stride, his peculiar gait emphasizing his round-shouldered stoop and the noticeable bird-like forward thrust of his head. The other was considerably older, a thick-set, powerful-looking man with fierce moustaches! The clerk bends almost double and murmurs, "*Bitte sehr, Excellenz,*" as he hands the scowling one a key.

When they had disappeared in the lift, I learned their identity. The young man is Prince Joachim. The other his personal attendant. Rumour has it that Joachim may be the one of the six sons of the Kaiser to resume the Hohenzollern throne when the monarchists decide to re-establish the dynasty. One can never tell, of course. But in any event, Joachim is keeping close to Berlin these days!

And so it goes—even at 5 o'clock in the morning—from a hotel clerk—the never-ending round of whispered rumour and scandal! And not occasionally, let it be remembered, but seven nights a week—every week! Yet one understands that Germany is beaten!

CHAPTER XVI

MATING THE EAGLE AND THE BEAR

THE average Englishman—asked to give evidence of German intrigue in Russia—would doubtless refer to the only two outstanding, widely-published instances about which anything at all is known. Yet the notorious work of German spies in Russia during the war and the defiance of von der Goltz' German-Russian army in the Baltic Provinces were mere surface outcroppings of the secret organization which has been, and still is, working night and day to bring about an effective alliance between the two nations.

The question is—is the Entente going to continue to look idly on while these German secret forces crown their intriguing with success? And that success is much closer at hand than appears on the surface may reasonably be inferred from the boasting of certain highly placed Germans who made no attempts to conceal in conversation with me their conviction that, in so far as Russia is concerned, all the advantage rests with them.

Not only are there many Germans in Russia at the present time; in Berlin to-day, in constant touch with influential men in and out of the present Government, are Russians representing Lenin and Trotsky, as well as others of the Monarchistic school. Between Berlin and Moscow

continuous communication is maintained by a secret courier system as well organized and efficient as those operating between the Allied Military Missions in Berlin and the occupied territories. Nominally the whole German organization is sympathetically inclined toward the Russian Bolshevists. Actually the German scheme is to support and encourage Bolshevism up to the point where the worst possible form of anarchy shall have been reached—and only to that point! Then the Monarchists in Russia will receive the full weight of German support—and with all the country in chaos the re-establishing of the Romanoff dynasty will be a relatively easy matter.

Germans have no use for a democratic form of government—in Russia or in their own land. To rule (the rest of the world) is no more a fundamental characteristic of all German ideals than its seeming apposite—to be ruled! But Germany, having had a year of democracy, has had enough! There is a difference of opinion among men in the street as to whether it should be the Kaiser or the Crown Prince or one of the other five Princes who should take up the reins of government in Germany—but only as regards this minor consideration is there any difference. As regards Russia, there is no difference of opinion whatever. While the active organization is working in secret, the fact of its existence and of its aims is known to every German—and thoroughly, boastfully, heartily supported by the whole nation.

The first intimation I had of this secret organization's activities came from the Foreign Office in Berlin—when Dr. Führ, the Government's official press agent, sent a high class Russian to see me at my hotel. Perhaps Dr. Führ was labouring under the misapprehension that I was as com-

pletely gullible as I had tried very hard to make him believe I was! Perhaps he accredited the Russian with a greater degree of cleverness than he possessed. At least it cannot be doubted that it was never intended that I should obtain the information I succeeded in wringing from this individual.

At this time I shall leave unnamed this Russian, who vehemently declared his life would be forfeit instantly his presence in Berlin and his purpose in being there became known. However, I have not only his name and address; I have detailed information about him which enables me to be sure that what he finally divulged is absolutely the truth. It may therefore be permitted me to refer to him as R——.

He came to me—as had I. T. Trebitsch Lincoln a few days earlier—to try to persuade me to arrange in England and America the publication of his articles describing conditions in Russia. They all need money these days, even recipients of funds of the German-Russian secret organization. Entente journalists in Berlin have a reputation for being in touch with never-ending sources of the root of all evil!

It must be remarked in passing that Lincoln, within 24 hours of his arrival at Berlin and three days after his release from an English prison, had joined the pay-roll of this German-Russian secret organization. In an unguarded moment "The Master Spy" boasted to me that he had a commission to go to Moscow this winter and arrange there with Lenin to bring back to Berlin a choice collection of Bolshevist cut-throats—to be used in the event of the General Elections, set for January, 1920, not resulting in victory for the Extreme Left. Subsequently Lincoln tried to sell his knowledge of this scheme to heads of

the Monarchist party. He was successful to the extent of obtaining a new wardrobe and a sum of money amounting to about 45 pounds. But he didn't get this from any German source. It came from a credulous American newspaper man! Lincoln is well known to Germans!

The story R—— told me about conditions in Russia under the Bolshevist reign of terror was unprintable for the most part. The least gory anecdotes were too hideously repellant for translation into print. One episode, however, must be set down here—for its historical value. R—— had at his fingers' ends all the details of the murder of Czar Nicholas II. and his family. So far as I know this is the first authentic, complete story of that shocking assassination that has ever been told in the English-speaking world. It is certainly the first direct evidence to be forthcoming from any individual who actually saw any part of the crime. And R—— was present, according to his own declaration, when the Czar's body was incinerated!

"The greatest political murder in the history of the world," R—— began, "was not the work of the Moscow Central Government." (This, R—— had already explained to me, was Lenin's nomenclature.) "The shooting of Czar Nicholas and his family was done by the local Soviet at Jekaterinburg.

"One of the men who took part in the assassination and who came to Moscow with the body of the Czar told me the whole story as it actually happened. According to him the Czar and his family were driven down into a cellar and there killed.

"The Czar himself was very excited and abused the assassins hysterically Even while he was shrieking imprecations at them they riddled his body with bullets.

"Next came the turn of the Czarevitch Alexai. Before the pulse ceased beating seven bullets had entered the young body.

"The Czarina was spared while her husband and first born were being murdered. She seemed oblivious of what was going on, completely lost in religious exaltation. When the first bullet entered her body she pitched forward onto the ground, but rose at once on her knees and lifting her arms above her head exclaimed piously: 'God will work a miracle! I shall live!' Rudely mocking her, the murderers shot her down.

"The Czar's body was brought to the Kremlin in Moscow, Lenin's headquarters. I was present when it arrived. It was in a wooden box. Lenin and Trotsky and other leaders of the communistic party, including myself, watched the opening of the box. It was important that there be no mistake! When the identity of the body had been established beyond all question, it was thrust into a big stove in the Kremlin and there burned, a blazing fire being kept going for several days.

"The bodies of the Czarina and the Czarevitch were also burnt at Jekaterinburg."

Because R—— is one of the most important figures among the Russians in the secret German-Russian organization his biography, vivid enough to merit telling for its own sake, may be sketched briefly here.

Well known as belonging to the higher class *bourgeoisie* and of the Monarchist party, the astonishing fact remains that R—— was for two years high in the councils of Lenin and Trotsky! His own explanation is that ordinary intelligence among the Bolshevists is such a rare quality as to make his own services of irreplaceable value to the leaders. Eventually he discovered his

execution had been ordered, and the date set for the following day! Then, and not until then, he fled from Moscow and finally, after four months of hairbreadth escapes, managed to reach Germany. Having heard his story, I was hardly surprised to learn that he was working heart and soul for the success of the German scheme to bring about the complete dismemberment of the Bolshevistic party in Russia.

R—— was born in Riga in 1881, the only child of well-to-do parents. At an early age the boy was taken to what was then St. Petersburg, where for eight years he studied music. After an additional year of study in Moscow R——, barely twenty years old, became the Director of the Conservatory of Music in Moscow. His father having died, he gave up his musical career and returned to Riga to look after his mother. It was thus that he entered politics, becoming a representative from Riga in the Duma of 1911—12. His earlier success as a musician had won him many influential friends in both St. Petersburg and Moscow, but to these he now added many influential connections at Court, and in a short time became a leading figure in the Conservative party. So it was that during Russia's participation in the war, before the revolution of 1917, R—— came to be one of the principal leaders of the Monarchistic group in Moscow. His position was virtually unassailable by virtue of the great friendship existing between him and the sister of the Czarina, Princess Elizabeth, in whose house he was a constant visitor. His repeated insistence that his relations with her were wholly political led me to inquire for details.

"The Princess," he explained, "saw what was coming. She knew that only the war had prevented the revolution from breaking out long

before. She held the opinion that many Russians of intelligence held—that the only certain way to avoid all the horror that finally did come to Russia was to arrange with the Germans to follow up their inevitable victory with a military domination that would make the revolutionists powerless to accomplish the ruin of the country."

The admission was made with perfect frankness and astonishing *naiveté*. It didn't seem to strike R—— that he had said anything, that was not quite all right. He even followed up his unwitting disclosure with further eye-opening information.

"Of course it was easy enough to get into communication with the Germans," he continued, "All Russia was overrun with German agents from the start of the war. I had daily dealings with them. It is necessary, I suppose, to explain this so you will understand that my daily visits to Princess Elizabeth were actually political."

Absolute callousness as regards the sentiment Anglo-Saxons call patriotism was leading R—— to be infinitely more concerned about having no misunderstanding about his relations with a woman than accomplishing this result at the cost of branding himself a traitor! Such an individual might well be left alone were it not that his very lack of love of country has a direct bearing on present and future developments as between Germany and Russia.

Before he was 30 years old R—— received the title of Imperial Russian Counsellor, his connections at court making him one of the most powerful men in Moscow. With the outbreak of the war R—— devoted himself to supplying medical equipment to the army. He also made gifts of considerable sums of money to Moscow regiments.

After the first revolution, in March, 1917, R—— promptly began the establishment of a secret organization to re-establish the Romanoff dynasty. Using German connections he had previously been negotiating with, he quickly obtained the necessary backing from German sources to finance the vast scheme he had in mind. At this time only a small group of the Revolutionists were Bolshevists, and the reign of terror that was to come had not yet made its appearance. Vladimirski, who had lived with Lenin in Switzerland, was leader of the handful of Bolshevists in Moscow. Subsequently he became a magistrate under the Lenin-Trotsky regime, but presently disappeared, as did most of the early Bolshevist lieutenants.

Lenin made use of R—— from the start of his dictatorship. He made no secret of the fact that most of the money he had obtained in foreign countries had been raised in Germany. Up to the time of R——'s flight from Moscow, May, 1919, Lenin was still receiving funds from German sources.

Besides a natural desire to remain alive, R—— had another reason for joining Lenin. Like all Russian Monarchists, R—— wanted primarily to defeat the moderate Socialists, and hoped that out of Bolshevism would develop anarchy, which in itself would cause a reaction that would favour the restoration of the Monarchy.

When R—— discovered he had been marked for death, he hurried to Tschitscherin, present Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Bolshevist Government, and asked for a passport to go to Germany on business for Lenin. The least inquiry would have proved this statement false, but Tschitscherin made none. Instead, he issued the passport, and R—— fled north. It took him two months to reach Riga, whence he proceeded to

Vilna by way of Dunaburg. Finally he arrived at Koenigsberg via Kovno. In the latter city he got from a Jewish source for 10,000 roubles a counterfeit certificate proclaiming him to be attached to the German General Staff. With this document he had no difficulty in passing the German military frontier authorities. He says a thriving business is being carried on all along the frontier in these forged credentials.

With him en route to Berlin went two Bolshevist couriers who took it for granted R—— was still serving under Lenin and who therefore discussed the German-Russian alliance freely with him. It is his fear that his real status will be discovered, and his assassination at the hands of Lenin's men follow, that leads R—— to wish his identity kept secret. But meantime he is actively working with the German organization, which Lenin fondly believes will continue supporting him, to the end that the whole Bolshevistic rule be overthrown and the monarchy which Germany wants for Germany be also re-established in Russia.

Will the Entente Allies continue to look idly on while this mating of the double eagle of Imperial Germany and the Russian Bear goes on to final consummation?

CHAPTER XVII

REPATRIATED HUNS—THEIR MISSION

HATE smoulders in the German breast like love of peace in a Quaker's! Your German does many things well—but as a champion hater he has the whole world beaten! At the present time, the haters are divided into two groups.

The German who has always remained in Germany hates all the rest of the world with magnificent impartiality. But now there have returned to the Fatherland hundreds of huns with special brands of hatred of individual countries, in each case the country where the outbreak of war found him. This second group may be divided farther into haters repatriated from Allied military prison camps and civilians from internment camps.

The returning soldiers are less bitter than the civilians . . . except soldiers from French military prison camps. German prisoners of war captured by the British have told me they were vastly better off in English prison camps than they had been as units in their own fighting machine! This admission does not engender any feeling of gratitude towards the British, however. It is told with undisguised contempt, as being merely another instance of the " stupidity " of the English!

It is not the soldier, however, who is important in Germany at the present time. It is the

highly educated, intelligent, crafty civilian of the professional class whose hatred of the Entente, inspired by vicious determination to gain revenge for his own personal inconvenience, who must be reckoned with. Three of these civilians—part of a batch of 800 repatriated on a single steamship from the United States—came to call on me in my room at the Hotel Adlon the day they arrived in Berlin. As usual my visitors came direct from the Foreign Office where it had been pointed out to them that German interests would be forwarded by their giving me their tale for publication. Being the first repatriates to reach Germany from any internment camp, their story could be expected to have news interest.

The trio were Doktor Carl O. Bertling, formerly of the faculty of Harvard University; Rudolf H. Otto, a former German Consul who became Boy-Ed's successor in the German spy organization in the United States, and George Born, a Chicago business man. With them aboard the *Martha Washington* which brought them from Charleston, South Carolina, to Rotterdam, were Commodore Hans Ruser, formerly in command of the Hamburg American liner *Vaterland* (now U.S.S. *Leviathan*; Professor Richard Goldschmidt, the eminent biologist; Professor J. Zennick, the great wireless expert; Fritz Baumgartner, formerly popular clubman and one of the leading electrical engineers of Cleveland, Ohio; Captain Polack, formerly in command of the North German Lloyd liner *Crown Prinzessin Cecilie*; Doktor Krahl, a district attorney of Saxony, and Doktor Wilhelm Korthaus of Elberfeld, Rheinland.

Bertling acted as spokesman for the most part, although Otto and Born frequently interjected corroborations of his story. Before Bertling began the recital of his tale he gave me a copy

of a remarkable letter which he said had never been made public and which is printed at the end of this chapter. It did not seem to occur to him nor to his friends that their bringing these charges in itself rather negatived their naive insistence that they bore no "hard feelings" against America. Authors of such charges, amounting to inhuman cruelty to women and children, are disingenuous when they try to make it appear that only friendliness exists in their hearts —for the nation they accuse of perpetrating these inhuman cruelties! But to let Bertling tell his story:—

"I was in Buffalo in March, 1917. Relations with Germany had been severed, but America was not yet in the war. Out of a clear sky a subpœna was served on me, compelling me to go at once to New York. On my arrival, ignorant even of the reason I had been summoned, I was arrested by Department of Justice officials and locked up in the Tombs. Later I learned that thousands of Germans all over the United States were also being arrested at just this time. Within 24 hours jails were packed to suffocation with inoffensive civilians, women as well as men, who had not the slightest idea why they were being locked up. In the Tombs the physical conditions were excellent, as prisons go; but in other places conditions were unspeakably bad. They were especially terrible in the East Cambridge prison, outside Boston; the Raymond Street jail in Brooklyn, in Newark and Baltimore.

"Although I was more fortunate than the poor people in these other jails, one may imagine the refinement of torture we all suffered by considering a remark made to me before I had been in the Tombs an hour—by a keeper who stopped outside my cell.

"'Say you murdered your wife,' he said confidentially, 'but don't let anybody around here know you're a German!'

"And then Americans talk of German Frightfulness!

"Eventually many of us were taken to Ellis Island where we were imprisoned in the Deportation Section. None of us were kept there less than six months and some of us had to put in nine months in the vile place. Our experiences in those hideous immigration pens were worse than men and women of gentle birth ever suffered anywhere before! The food was wretched. The keepers treated us like felons. Twelve men occupied the filthy little pen in which I was locked up for 23 hours and 20 minutes out of each day. Forty minutes of exercise was all we were allowed. At first we were permitted to take this exercise on the roof, but this was stopped when some subordinate decided we could get too good a view of New York Harbour! Thereafter we had to confine our exercise indoors—in an ill-ventilated hall.

"From Ellis Island we were transferred to Fort Oglethorpe by order of Frederick C. Howe, Commissioner of the Port of New York. We were all handcuffed to guards while being transferred from Ellis Island to the Pennyslvania railway station in New York. Imagine old men of fine breeding and incapable of the slightest bit of physical resistance being subjected to this unnecessary humiliation! They took us in batches of twenty, most of us making the trip from the Barge Office at the Battery to the Pennsylvania station in police patrol wagons. But many of us had to go on the Elevated Railway—handcuffed like criminals.

"At the station War Department officials took

us in charge. From that moment our troubles largely ceased. Instantly they took our handcuffs off—and treated us like human beings. Officers and men were all chivalrous. They made us realise that at least we were prisoners of war, and would be treated properly. The military authorities knew how to behave.

"The food on the thirty-hour train journey was good. Oglethorpe itself was surely the finest internment camp in the world. It was perfect in every detail. There was only one flaw—an asinine censorship. We could send two letters a month, but every letter was held up ten days. As many of us had American wives within a day's distance it seemed particularly unnecessary to keep us waiting weeks between the despatch of a letter and the receipt of the answer. But as compared with what had gone before—Oglethorpe was Heaven!

"Of course there were evidences of inefficiency! Perhaps the most laughable proof of Government waste was to be found in the state of affairs existing in the women's section of the camp. There were exactly eleven German women prisoners. They had a great building to themselves. They were 'guarded' by eleven matrons, a woman doctor and 44 soldiers! On each corner of the building was a square tower jammed full of machine guns! The staff included fifteen charwomen!

"Of course there were bad eggs among the 4,000 prisoners at Oglethorpe. We all counted it a great favour when a special stockade was built for the I.W.W. prisoners and other malcontents. They did not know how to appreciate the consideration the military authorities showed us. Major Conklin, our executive officer, was a fine man, the friend of every decent prisoner.

At all times he tried to alleviate our condition. We all respected him—fearing and loving him at the same time. He had been a regular soldier for twenty-five years.

"Most of our sufferings were the result of downright ignorance and incompetence on the part of Department of Justice underlings. In conversations with interned Germans at Oglethorpe I learned to my amazement that innumerable divorce actions were being started all over the United States as a direct result of wicked, baseless accusations made by these conscienceless scoundrels to our American wives!

"'He is not true to you,' one of these men told the American wife of one of my best friends. 'He married you on Bernstorff's orders—to use you.'

"Time and again photographs of pretty women were shown American wives of interned Germans and the beastliest kind of stories told to convince the wife of her husband's infidelity.

"In my case, happily, the whole sad business brought me a wife—instead of costing me one. She is a German woman, and was in France when the war broke out. She managed to escape to America and there obtained employment that paid her living until America entered the war. Then she was arrested and put in the Florence Crittenden Home in New York—forced to associate with women of vile antecedents. I can not go into the particulars of our meeting, but it was under the most romantic possible conditions—and resulted in our marriage in April, 1919—a special parole having been granted me by the Oglethorpe officials to go to New York for this purpose.

"For these reasons it is perhaps not as para-

doxical as it may sound that we now stand up for America, in spite of the recollection of the hideous wrongs done us by the underlings of the Department of Justice. We feel that we have a mission in Germany—to dispel the ill-feeling against America because America gave Germany the death blow."

So much for what Doktor Bertling had to say. Later I met his wife. Quite innocent of what she was doing she kicked over the bucket and gave me an insight into the *real* mission of these repatriated Germans when she said, her eyes blazing and her fists clenched :—

"We who have suffered the inhuman treatment from those Americans will not soon forget—nor will we allow our people here soon to forget!"

Otto added to Bertling's statement a description of Oglethorpe's reception of the news of the signing of the Armistice.

"The day of the false report that peace had come, November 7th, 1918, we knew something tremendous had happened when we heard the booming of guns in Chattanooga, 12 miles away. It came at the noon hour. We all went wild with joy. All we thought of, then, was that it meant the end of our imprisonment. When we learned that evening that it was a false report we were naturally most depressed.

"At 4 o'clock in the morning of November 11th —with a wonderful moon making everything as light as day—we again heard bedlam break loose in Chattanooga. This time we did not rejoice. Perhaps it was as much the ghostly hour as the fact that we realized that those guns and whistles meant the utter defeat of Germany —that made us all stay by ourselves and remain lost in deep mourning. The only ray of light in the blackness was that we took it for granted

that we should all be back in our American homes within the week.

"How little we knew of what was in store for us—once we came back into the hands of the Department of Justice!

"Month after month we waited. An endless correspondence developed between the Department of Justice and the Swiss Legation at Washington in charge of our interests. Even the military censorship became more unreasonable than ever. Seven months went by and we were still prisoners at Oglethorpe. Yet only a month after the Armistice, in December, 1918, we had received from the Department of Justice what we mistook to be an intimation that we should soon be released. It was a *questionnaire*, the principal interrogation in which was:—

" 'Do you want to be returned to Germany?'

"Of course none of us wanted to be 'returned'—a word we saw was used in a sly attempt to make us say we were willing to be deported. A man deported from the United States may never re-enter it. Our business interests and homes for the most part, were in America. We all wanted to be free to go to Germany, of course, but not to be deported. When we left Oglethorpe there were 3,000 men still interned because they would not relinquish their rights in this matter. Yet I myself received a telegram from the Swiss Legation stating that the Department of Justice guaranteed that 'repatriation' did not mean 'deportation.' However, we who have been 'returned' have ample reason to believe that we shall never be allowed to return to America—the Department of Justice having taken advantage of our defenceless position to force us to sign the *questionnaire* in the affirmative."

HILFSCOMMITTEE

OF THE

PRISONERS' OF WAR RELIEF COMMITTEE.

To the Swiss Legation,
Department of German Interests,
Washington, D.C.

War Prison Barracks,
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
August 18th, 1918.

1. Because Department of Justice representatives are to be present at the Berne Conference in September we wish the German representatives to be in possession of the facts so as to prepare them against any divergent statements by representatives of the Department of Justice.

2. We have been the victims of indescribably brutal treatment in jails in all parts of the United States where we were held for weeks and months, thrown together with felons and murderers, whites and negroes; exposed to ill treatment, under nourishment, and held in cages like animals, or in unsanitary, vermin-infested and filthy cells with open sewage, without sufficient light and air and exercise. All this has happened to us although we have been absolutely innocent of any crime or offence against the laws of the United States. We have been refused a hearing or trial until finally transported to the Internment Camp, handcuffed like ordinary criminals.

3. Our women and children have been locked up together with the scum of the female underworld.

4. Under a penalty of 10 years' imprisonment and $10,000 fine in case of non-compliance, we have been forced against all common justice and fundamental law to make a declaration under oath to the Alien Property Custodian of all our belongings which were thereupon confiscated contrary to prior solemn assurances.

5. The sole ground for this treatment has been what the United States authorities have been pleased to call our "potential dangerousness." In this connection we quote United States Attorney-General Gregory who has publicly said:—

"Almost every day enemy aliens who might do harm to our country quietly disappear and are taken to internment camps. These people we send to be interned have not been caught violating any laws. We aim to intern them before and not after they have done something wrong."

(Signed) CARL O. BERTLING.
RUDOLF H. OTTO.
JOHNATHON ZINNECK.
RICHARD GOLDSCHMIDT.
FRITZ BAUMGARTNER.
GEORGE BORN.

CHAPTER XVIII

A TALK WITH GERMANY'S RAILWAY CHIEF.

NOTHING better illustrates the utter demoralization of Germany than the state of her railways. Equipment and morale are both equally degenerated. Rust covers such few metal fittings as are still left in the passenger carriages, quite as fear to protest against outrageous behaviour on the part of swinish travellers seems to possess the minds of the operating staff.

Schedules exist on paper only. For suburban trains arriving at Berlin, the average lateness is about an hour. Through trains seldom complete their journey less than three hours behind time. Two-thirds of every train's passenger load stands—there being never less than three times as many travellers as available trains will seat. And this is no less true of the through expresses than of the suburban trains.

Yet within a year, prices have increased almost 300 per cent. To-day it costs more to ride third class in Germany than, during the war, it cost to ride first class. But this really doesn't matter, inasmuch as no German these days buys anything more expensive than a third class ticket—with which he occupies a seat in a first class compartment and stolidly refuses to give it up, even to a holder of a ticket for which the buyer has

paid three times as much. To get a seat on a through train Germans arrive at the station three hours before the scheduled departure time! There is seldom a seat left within two hours of the time of the train's starting.

Foreigners entering Germany through the occupied territory can generally get sleeping car accommodation by applying to the military authorities at Coblenz or Cologne, as a goodly number of reservations are regularly made for military couriers and officers, and there are almost always vacancies. But in all the time I was in Germany I was able only once to get space in a sleeping car —and this was on a special train conveying the American Military Mission from Berlin to Coblenz.

To get at the real facts of the situation—the reasons for the existing demoralization and the prospects of future bettering the situation—I sought an interview with Doktor Johannes Bell, Minister of Transportation in the present Government. Bell, like Ludendorff, is distinctly averse to meeting newspaper men. After dint of much persuasion, I finally prevailed upon him to write answers to a list of questions I should prepare.

Also as in the case of Ludendorff I used my interpreter, Mrs. Margarethe Lenkeit, to write the list of questions in German and, subsequently, to translate Dr. Bell's replies.

Following is the case of Germany's transportation system as set forth by Doktor Bell:—

"The Government will take over the seven now independent State Railways April 1st, 1921. These independent railways are respectively in the hands now of the state governments of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Baden, Mecklenburg and Oldenburg. These state railways have a total mileage of 57,000 kilometres. In addition to these which are now outside Govern-

ment control, there will remain about 5,000 kilometres of light railways under independent management.

"Even with this addition of 57,000 kilometres to the total mileage of German-owned railways the future system will be from 6,000 to 8,000 kilometres shorter than before the Armistice. The chief loss will be in the East, where most of the territory ceded to the Allies under the terms of the Peace Treaty is situated.

"The Minister of Transportation will deal with inland water traffic as well as railroad traffic. The whole system of inland water traffic will come under the control of the Government April 1st, 1921, as will also air and motor transport. For the first time in history the Ministry of Transportation in any country in the world will have complete control of every known form of power transport.

"The figures given above do not include the Alsace-Lorraine railways, which have already been surrendered to the French.

"The combined capital of all the railways will be 20,000,000,000 marks (at normal exchange rates about £1,000,000,000). The total number of employees will exceed one million.

"The deficit this year will total 5,000,000,000 marks—one-quarter of the total capital of the combined railways! The daily operating loss averages 10,000,000 marks. The deficit has become chronic. It is the result of enormous increases in wages and great increases in the price of all materials. The end of these increases cannot be foreseen.

"In 1914 coal from the Ruhr district cost 12.30 marks per ton. To-day the same quality coal costs 68.90 marks per ton. In the near future this price is to be further increased to 113.90 marks per ton. When this happens the German railways'

coal bill will be 700,000,000 marks a year more than formerly.

"In 1914 steel rails cost 114 marks per ton. To-day they cost 750 marks per ton.

"So it is with all materials.

"During the war we tried to cover these cost increases by raising passenger and freight rates. After the revolution, and with the birth of the Constitutional Government, there were several additional rate increases, the last of which came into effect October 1st. The total average increase in rates, compared with 1914 figures, is as 276 to 100. On top of this is a transport tax of 19 marks in every 100 marks. One result of this is that a third class ticket to-day costs more than first class did before the war.

"When the limit of wage increases may be reached cannot be foretold at this time. It depends largely on circumstances. I hope that the good sense of the employees will show itself and that higher standards of work will become more nearly in accordance with the high wages. The endless screw which has been working in Germany for months must finally come to an end.

"We were obliged to deliver to the Entente 150,000 passenger and freight cars and 5,000 locomotives—and the best we had. Therefore we are in a very bad position as regards the transport of commodities as well as of passengers. This works the greatest hardship in the case of the transportation of coal. Even if we had enough cars we should still lack sufficient locomotives to move the coal from the mines.

"Conditions in the repair shops are very bad. We have been obliged to introduce the eight-hour day and give up the piecework system. In addition to this, after the army was demobilized, we had to employ many men who knew nothing

about repair work—to make good the frightful losses in the war of our highest skilled workmen —and therefore while there has been a great increase in the number of employees in the railway repair shops there has been a decrease in the gross output as compared with 1914. At the present time cars are coming in for repairs at a much faster rate then can be handled. One reason for this situation is that no repairs whatever were possible during the war, and now we have no proper material, being obliged to use iron instead of copper, for instance.

"Throughout Germany the rails are in rotten shape. The whole technical apparatus is terribly run down as a result of the war. We are doing our best to improve conditions. In spite of high prices very large orders for rails and ties have been given. But it is another question whether these orders can be filled. There is no way of foretelling when conditions will become normal. It depends on strengthening our domestic conditions and settling permanently our international relations.

"As for aviation from a commercial standpoint, Germany has already gone far. This applies especially to long-distance flights. But the future of this form of transport is purely a technical and financial question. I believe that the excellence of German technique will make possible further great progress in long distance flying, but the cost of this luxurious form of travel will be so high, I hardly believe Germans can afford it. It is not in accord with our social endeavours to encourage such ways of transportation—possible of use only by the upper ten.

"One of the most irritating features of travel in Germany to-day, from the German's viewpoint, is the absence in through trains of the little items

of luxury such as soap, towels, etc. These must be waited for. First of all, they will reappear in the transcontinental trains—and this as soon as possible. But minor matters of this kind cannot be expected soon. Before any of these utilities are furnished it will be at least another six months.

"Many complaints about the dirty condition of German passenger trains are heard. We admit that this is so. But the reason is obvious. Having been obliged to reduce the number of trains almost to the vanishing point, such trains as are still running are always over-crowded. In this way they become dirtier than if only normally filled. The lack of cars at every terminus makes it difficult to clean them, for they must be despatched on another journey as quickly as possible. We are taking the greatest pains to improve these conditions, but it is very difficult.

"The question, shall we ever revert to private ownership of railways in Germany, can be answered only in the negative. In our Constitution we are committed to the reverse policy. Right now the tendency to socialize everything is so strong that a return to the old system is unthinkable."

It will be noted that Doktor Bell makes no secret of his intention to improve the "transcontinental" trains first! Better than many cabinet ministers in other countries, he knows the importance of creating a favourable impression on the travelling foreigner—at the outset of his journeying in Germany. Besides, Doktor Bell has heard rumours of the tremendous influx of Americans to Europe next summer which promises to be quite the biggest crowd of sight-seers who ever emigrated from any half dozen countries before. His prime aim at this time is to make it as attractive as possible to these money-gorged

Americans to include Germany in their itinerary. And then there is always the disquieting possibility of a new and more popular route to the near East—by way of France and Italy. Doktor Bell intends to leave nothing undone to prevent Hollanders, for example, from being lured to make their trip to Constantinople via Belgium and the South in preference to the far-famed Berlin-Bagdad route!

CHAPTER XIX

FACTS AND FIGURES

NATURALLY, the present German Government wants people in the Entente countries to believe that Germany's present plight is desperate, her needs tremendous, her very existence as a nation dependent on lavish giving of assistance by her conquerors. The greater the number of converts to this view she can make, the surer and more speedily she will be able to resume her place of economic importance in the world.

To take the German Government's word for it—the lives of tens of thousands of infants depend on Germany's being permitted to keep the 140,000 milch cows which the Peace Treaty demands she returns to France from whom she stole them.

The Entente has already heeded one German wail—and modified the terms of the Peace Treaty so that, instead of having to deliver 40,000,000 tons of coal to France, Germany must deliver only 21,000,000 tons.

The question that arose in my mind early in my stay in Germany was whether it might not be as well to try to get at the truth rather than accept the unsupported statements of the party so obviously motivated. Wherefore I applied

myself to the task of getting at the truth—and finally came into possession of enough authentic facts to be able to make a few definite statements impossible of refutation.

Generally speaking Germany's present economic condition is at least as good as if not better than that of France or Belgium, and this in spite of the depreciation of the mark.

Potentially Germany is in a better position than any other European country, because her people are willing to do what the people of no other country seem willing to do in these days of industrial madness. The German people are willing to work!

Given the bare opportunity, in this case raw materials and mechanical motive power, and the German people will work.

Obviously the exchange rate will remain greatly depreciated as long as Germany is importing raw materials, but already the world's authorities on finance are awaking to the inevitable results of this abnormality. The moment Germany begins to export manufactured products the mark must rise—else German made goods will undersell the rest of the world. The reason is simple. The mark, normally worth 11 pence half-penny, is quoted to-day (January 1st, 1920) at about twopence. But in Germany the mark is worth as much as ever it was. Wherefore an article that costs 2 marks to produce, in Germany, can be sold in Holland for, say, the equivalent of 4 marks with a profit of 100 per cent. to the German manufacturer. The same article, made in France at a cost of 2 francs, must get the equivalent of 4 francs in Holland if the French manufacturer is to have a profit equal to the German's. At the present rate of exchange 4 francs is worth, in Holland, five times as much as

4 marks. Either the German, under these conditions, could sell the article at one-fifth the French man's price or could sell it at the same price and make five times as great a profit!

It is a fact that in Germany labour's capacity for work has been greatly diminished by five years of malnutrition. The falling-off has been scientifically investigated and put at 50 per cent. of pre-war capacity. But this does not mean that the will to work—the one characteristic shared in common by all Germans—has suffered in the slightest degree. Five years of suffering and privation of even such terrible kind as the German people unquestionably experienced can not root out a quality so deeply ingrained as the German work-instinct.

In the opinion of several of the greatest economists in Germany with whom I discussed this subject it will take at the outside two years and possibly only one year of proper nourishment to enable the German workman to regain his full measure of productive capacity.

But the important factor, as I see it, is that whether German labour gets all the nourishment it needs or not, whether the opportunity is given all Germans to work or not, every German will work to the best of his ability and whenever he gets the chance! For the one thing that seems not at all to be understood in the Entente countries is that Germany in five years has become *accustomed* to doing without things that are counted in the Entente countries veritable necessities of life!

It is necessary to go to Germany to get a proper appreciation of the magnificent effectiveness of the British blockade. One never hears it mentioned in England, for instance. But I have heard tributes paid it by such men as Ludendorff and

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HERR SCHMIDT, MINISTER OF ECONOMICS AND FOOD CONTROL, AND A SOCIALIST OF THE MODERATE TYPE

Hindenburg and Bernstorff and Maximilian Harden and Rathenau and a host of other German luminaries. Of course they all insist it was inhuman and illegal, but none of them fails to admit that it was hideously effective! The point is, however, that the very success of the blockade is now responsible for German labour's being willing to work under conditions which labour in the Entente countries would count unbearable!

These are but a few of the conclusions I came to as a result of investigations extending over several months. Read in conjunction with the concrete facts I shall present below, surely no one will doubt the reasonableness of these conclusions.

After considerable difficulty I managed to get possession of a transcript of vital statistics which had just been prepared under the supervision of Herr Robert Schmidt, Minister of Economics and Food Control. The actual work of compilation was done by Professor Ballot of the Bureau of Statistics for Prussia, through whose courtesy I was able to have the transcript made. The figures are corrected to November 1st, 1919, and have not been made public even in Germany. Summarized briefly here are excerpts from the transcript which I feel sure will cause not a little surprise in more than one Entente country:—

1. The year's harvest is the best since 1913, amounting to 75 per cent. of the pre-war harvest average.

2. Until 1919 the best harvest since 1913 was only 40 per cent. of the pre-war harvest average.

3. The only fertilising material available in Germany since 1914 has been kali, nitrogen and phosphates having been used exclusively in the manufacture of ammunition.

4. Germany needs a minimum of 200,000 tons of nitrogen, of which 120,000 tons are either already in or on the way to Germany. Without knowing the exact figures I venture to say neither France nor Belgium is so well fixed in this respect.

5. Harvesting the crops presented a serious problem because the help formerly furnished by Russian prisoners of war was lacking; but I saw with my own eyes enough to make me certain that this lack of Russian labour made no difference in the final result—women and children supplied the lack! The harvest was reaped to the last ounce!

6. The textile industry is 85 per cent. below pre-war production, and is threatened with complete stoppage unless raw materials speedily arrive. In this connection it may be worth noting that up to November 1st, 1919, there had passed through Cologne *en route* into Germany 2,700 British business men who gave as their reason for visiting Germany their intention to sell her manufacturers the raw materials she needs!

7. Rubber is virtually non-existent in Germany to-day, and factories using this raw material are all shut down. But this condition will not continue for long if information I have is correct. At the Palais de Dance, Berlin's smartest night club, I met casually one night a Dane who told me he had just formed a fifty-million kronen company, with headquarters in Berlin, for the manufacture of synthetic rubber made out of four chemicals! According to this Dane—whom later I investigated and found to be one of the leading financiers of Copenhagen—the manufactured article is superior to para gum itself!

8. Before the war there were 21,000,000 cattle in Germany; to-day there are between 16,000,000 and 16,500,000 cattle.

9. The delivery to France of 140,000 milch cows will cause a greatly restricted milk supply in the larger cities, but in the rural districts there will still be plenty of milk. Germany is looking to the United States for a minimum of 500,000 and hopes for 1,000,000 tons of oil cake. Before the war Germany imported 2,000,000 tons of oil cake each year.

10. Lacking oil cake throughout the war German cows produced 50 per cent. less milk than in pre-war times. Before the war a good cow produced 30 litres of milk per day. The most prolific cows to-day are producing between 12 and 14 litres.

11. In 1914 Germany had 25,000,000 pigs; to-day she has 9,000,000.

12. German horses in 1914 numbered 4,500,000; to-day the total is about 4,000,000. In this case the figures do not tell the whole story, for the condition of these horses is such as to make painless death the only humane course for most of them!

13. The only item of live stock which has increased during the war is—goats! Germany to-day has 3,000,000 goats, 10 per cent. more than in 1914. This may be considered all the more remarkable in the United States where two million doughboys know they got at least two million Germans' "goats."

14. Goat milk is being very largely used as a completely satisfactory substitute for cows' milk.

15. The working population lost 25 per cent. in weight and 50 per cent. in capacity for work during the war. The loss in weight and in

capacity for work was even greater among the brain workers. It is estimated it will take a longer time to restore this latter class to its former mental efficiency than the labourers to their full physical strength.

16. The worst results of the blockade were found in children of between ten and fifteen years. These are now a degenerate and dwarf generation. They never will be normal. The whole generation is counted "lost" in Germany. The present death rate is double that of the pre-war average for children between these ages.

17. The lack of man power caused German women to work too hard. One result of this heavy toil is that in a great majority of cases the women are physically unfitted to become mothers.

18. One of the most interesting tables furnished is one contrasting conditions in 1914 and 1918 as regards births, marriages and deaths. Here are the figures :—

Born.	Married.	Deaths.			
1914.		(1st year).	(5–15)	(15–30)	(30–60)
1,166,580	286,197	90,405	25,730	127,946	155,918
1918.					
609,177	229,857	191,400	50,391	250,466	252,331

(In 1913 deaths of Germans between the ages 15–30 totalled 44,484, hardly one-third the total for 1914 for these ages and less than one-fifth the 1918 total).

Prevailing prices in Germany are very high—in German eyes—but the exchange value of the mark is so low as to let the visitor in Germany to-day pick up astonishing bargains. An exceptionally fine amber cigarette holder I bought in Berlin for 50 marks (8 shillings) would cost five guineas in London.

Although *officially* there is a great scarcity of even the bare necessities of life, *actually* one can

obtain every imaginable luxury in the larger cities like Berlin and Munich and Hamburg and Cologne —the only condition necessary being possession of the price. This is a result of the "sneak trade," a prospering if illegal organization of law-breakers and smugglers who either corrupt or fool the authorities with ridiculous ease and brazen effrontery. The "sneak trade" is one of the most flagrant instances of the contempt shown in all quarters for constituted authority as represented by the present Government. It is one of the logical consequences of the Government's "softness" in substituting for *verboten* the word *angestattet*. The spirit of request present in the second word is quite meaningless in the German mind—unless it is that his contempt for such silly softness is awakened.

In addition to items set forth in the accompanying table the transient in Germany, patronizing hotels and restaurants, finds that in first-class places the price of a small rump steak is 30 marks. (At the normal rate of exchange this would be about 27 shillings). Whiskey and soda, the whiskey of dubious quality, is 8 marks (about 7 shillings). Hiller's restaurant or the Peltzer Grill, two of the most expensive of the "sneak trade" places in Berlin, charge considerably more than this. A simple luncheon, without wine, at either of these restaurants will cost per person more than 50 marks (£2 6s.). An ordinary laundry bill for one man in a hotel in Germany to-day averages 40 marks (almost £2).

Finally there is a very serious unemployment problem confronting the German authorities. There are upwards of 100,000 former commissioned and non-commissioned army officers out of work. With the disappearance from the seas of the German naval ensign 200,000 German sailors

and naval officers are out of employment Merchant marine stagnation is responsible for the unemployment of 66,000 other seafaring men. Many of these, it is hoped, will consent to go to the devastated areas of Northern France and Belgium where Germany has work for 400,000 men. Because of the disinclination of German labour to do this work double wages are offered.

CURRENT PRICES CORRECTED TO NOVEMBER 1ST, 1919, RECKONING THE MARK AT ITS PRE-WAR VALUE.

Commodity.	Pre-war Price.	Legal Price.	"Sneak-Trade" Price.
	s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Rice	2½	2 1	5 2½
Peas, per lb. ..	1½	1 5½	3 1½
Flour, per lb. ..	2½	2 3½	5 2½
Cocoa, per lb. ..	1 3	*	15 7½
Coffee, per lb. ..	1 5½	*	16 8
Butter, per lb. ..	1 0½	5 10	1 5 0
Oleo margarine, per lb.	10	2 11	12 6
Lard, per lb... ..	10	10 5	1 7 1
Beef, per lb. ..	1 5½	*	16 8
Smoked ham, per lb.	1 6½	*	1 5 0
Bacon, per lb. ..	11½	12 6	16 8
Sugar, per lb. ..	3	1 0½	6 3
Laundry soap, per lb.	7	*	8 4
Toilet soap, per cake	6	*	5 2½
Men's collars, each ..	7½	*	8 4
Men's shirts, each ..	6 3	*	5 4 2
Men's hats, each ..	10 5	*	3 6 8
Woollens, per yard ..	4 2	*	4 13 9
Silk taffeta, per yard	5 2½	*	2 16 3
Cotton voile, per yd.	1 5½	*	16 8
Men's shoes, per pair	16 8	2 1 8	15 2 6
Women's shoes, per pair	18 9	2 5 10	17 14 3
Cigars, each	1	7½	2 6
Cigarettes, each ..	½	3½	7½
Wine	3 1½	16 8	†
Champagne	12 6	4 3 4	†

*=Unobtainable in the same quality.
†=No "Sneak Trade" in these items.

CHAPTER XX

IS PRUSSIAN MILITARISM REALLY DEAD?

THERE is nothing quite so irremovable in all nature as the conviction which possesses every ex-champion pugilist of his ability to "come back." The worse he is beaten, the surer he is that it was a "fluke," the louder his cries that another meeting with his conqueror will return him the victor.

And this, be it remembered, is your prize fighter *after very real defeat!*

What might not be his feelings of confidence if he were convinced that he had been tricked out of victory—by an unjustified decision of a corrupt referee?

The German people are absolutely certain that defeat not only never overtook them in the field, but that they never could have been beaten in a military sense, no matter how long the war nor how many their enemies. This opinion is as firmly fixed in the mind of the private soldier as in Ludendorff's mind. It finds repeated expression in a dozen different ways. Men, women and children in Germany to-day count themselves the victims of a wicked trick, perpetrated by treacherous politicians of their own, as well as of the Entente countries.

The object of much of their venomous hatred

just now is President Wilson. They wanted peace. They are perfectly willing to admit that. As a matter of fact, waging war in the average German's mind is so much a matter of business as to enable him to discuss it in quite the same fashion others adopt in considering commercial matters. The war, as Germans see it, was proving a bad business undertaking. It was good business to have an end to it—in exactly the way and in exactly the spirit one cuts his losses when business is bad. But ending the war, or rather the unashamed desire to end it, no more meant that Germans had lost faith in the good old German sword than cutting losses in business is an indication of the inferiority of a business man.

And, as Germans put it to-day, President Wilson's fourteen points formed a perfectly acceptable basis of peace. Considering everything—considering above all the tremendous effectiveness of the British blockade—peace based on the Wilsonian formula was infinitely preferable to a continuation of the hardships the war had brought. The desire for *this kind of peace* permeated the ranks of the armies on all the fronts—and the military leaders found themselves powerless to restore the old morale.

Then came the actual peace! The fourteen points had disappeared! The terms of the actual peace treaty were unendurable! A whole people stood outraged! Up to this point they have blubbered and whined and sulked. But recent events in Berlin serve to point to a change in the temper of the German people.

Those outbursts of enthusiasm which the presence of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg inspired spell only one thing. Germans have not yet had enough. I myself had an abundance of proof that this is so while I was in Germany. Out of

a dozen similar experiences, one that occurred in the bar of the Hotel Adlon is worth recounting here.

He was a man of, perhaps, 55—one of the few Germans still boasting a "corporation." According to his own statements, he was a captain in the Death's Head Hussars, explaining the relatively lowly rank on the grounds of prolonged absence from the Fatherland. He had lived much in America, and had been among the first to rush to the Klondike in the early days of the gold boom. Incidentally, he declared he had belonged as a boy to the same cadet corps as Ludendorff.

"We Germans are natural born fighters," he declared with heavy pride—glancing fiercely at the other occupants of the room, most of them officers in uniform, members of the Allied Military Missions with headquarters in the hotel. "We can lick the whole world if the damned politicians would leave us alone. Even now, we can be six million strong—over night! Six million! Ach! If there was any spirit in this rotten government we've got—we'd show you all! And it will come, you mark my words, it will come! And the next time, we *will* get to Paris!"

Perhaps one will consider this the meaningless vain-glory of the thwarted Hun. As a matter of fact, this especial specimen was exceptionally bombastic and arrogant. But there was no doubting his supreme belief in himself and in the prowess of the military machine of which he was a part.

"There was never an engagement we did not win," he continued, challenging contradiction by the very insolence of his tone.

"How about Verdun?" asked a British staff captain quietly.

"It was not worth the cost, that's all," said the German.

"How about the 'break through' to the Channel ports?" inquired an American major, with just the suspicion of a grin.

"That was coming," shouted the German hotly, "just when we had to stop fighting. There was never a time that the English didn't run whenever we started at them!"

"Which way?" inquired the American, smiling broadly.

"Away from us, of course," responded the German literally.

"Too bad you didn't start at 'em oftener, isn't it?" the American suggested with bland suavity. But the German was in no mood to appreciate American humour just then.

"You wait and see what's coming, that's all," said the German ominously.

But signs of smouldering hatred are to be found almost anywhere one turns in Germany to-day. And not the least significant part of this situation is that a vast majority of Germans want this desire for revenge translated into quick action—and under the very same leaders who plunged them and the rest of the world into the devastating conflict!

Take the case of General von Letlow-Vorbeck, commander of the German forces in East Africa—the only German Army that was not actually defeated in the field. While he was still fighting the British, he received word of the Armistice and of the abdication of the Kaiser. Eventually he managed to get to Germany—and Berlin.

Individuals of the Entente nations who were in Berlin on the occasion of General Vorbeck's triumphal entry through the Brandenburg Thor have good reason for regretting the tendency of the

Allied countries to take for granted Germany's consciousness of defeat. No conquering hero ever received a more tumultuous greeting than did this German general. And the crowd didn't stop with overwhelming him with adulation. Presently it developed an ugly temper that sought to vent its rage on the handful of British and French and Americans then stopping at the Adlon.

The great iron gates at the entrance of the hotel were closed against the mob and a detachment of soldiers hurried in through a rear entrance to keep the infuriated masses from storming the place. The sight of one of these Prussian embodiments of militarism seems sufficient to drive the superficially placid Berliners to the limits of blood-thirstiness!

Subsequently the repatriation of General Liman von Sanders who, with Field-Marshal von Mackensen and his army of 170,000 had been interned in Hungary, aroused similar scenes in Berlin, although by this time Noske's military police had reached a state of efficiency that permitted them to handle the mob with better effect.

But Noske himself is believed in many quarters to have gone over to the monarchist crowd—and the development of his military police is regarded as cloaking a scheme to use them as the nucleus of the new German army that is to come into being with the restoration of the Hohenzollern dynasty! In any event, it is a fact that in Germany to-day there are 700,000 men under arms—in spite of the fact that under the terms of the peace treaty Germany is supposed to limit her armed forces to 200,000 men!

Then there is that army in the Baltic provinces which von der Goltz organized. The numbers of Germans composing this army have been variously estimated at from 40,000 to 60,000.

Whichever total is correct—the important point about that army seems to have been overlooked in all Allied quarters. The important point is that it is no ordinary army—for it is composed almost exclusively of *commissioned officers!* Virtually every man now serving in the Baltic region is competent to lead a battalion! The significance of this fact must be patent to the rankest civilian.

But, after all, it is the people—the women and boys and old men—on whom the German military leaders count. Ludendorff's book dwells at length on the necessity of the people's supporting the army in the field, on the equal importance of morale among the civilian population with that of the men at the fighting front. In view of what is now going on among the monarchistic plotters, this emphasis that Ludendorff lays on the will to fight among the stay-at-homes may well be read as propaganda—for the future! As a matter of fact, from what I saw at first hand, I should say that Germans generally are more than ready to stand solidly behind any scheme that promises the slightest hope of military victory over "the enemy."

Far from destroying the German faith in the theory that Might is Right—the results of the Peace Conference at Versailles have intensified this spirit. Above everything else, hate has come to be universal in Germany to-day—not the more or less manufactured hate that was directed, first against the British, then against the Americans, and finally against the French—but a genuine hate of which the whole Entente world is now the object.

There is hate enough left over for no inconsiderable amount of it to be directed against the present German Government—and an interesting reason for it. Under the terms of the

peace treaty, the Government had to demobilize almost the entire German army. Now, most of the German officers have never known any other calling and, denied this means of livelihood, are absolutely incapable of earning a living. A great many of them joined von der Goltz, as has been mentioned, but there are still thousands of them in Germany. According to statistics I obtained from Herr Schmidt, Minister of Economics and Food Control, there are 96,000 former commissioned officers out of employment in Germany to-day! Naturally, these men are disgusted with the Government. Their relatives and friends share this disgust—and they must total a vast number. This coterie are solidly behind the scheme to re-establish the old military machine for obvious reasons.

Among the lower classes, hatred and desire for revenge have increased greatly since the beginning of the repatriation of German prisoners of war. Tales of suffering and hardship have been brought home by these war prisoners and, as is to be expected, have been exaggerated with each re-telling. With these repatriated soldiers, also, employment is a serious problem—owing chiefly to the lack of raw materials in Germany. They and their dependents are unable to see that their plight would be any worse—with a renewal of the war, which, after all, *was never fought to a finish!*

And, feeling this way, the whole German people are in a frame of mind that augurs propitiously for the success of the monarchistic plotters.

The weakness of the present Government is based on individual fear that soft berths are in the balance. Individuals who in their governmental capacity are making more money in a week than they ever made in a month before

are not inclined to brave the wrath of constituents who have the power to oust them from office! Wherefore, not long ago, the Government ordered several thousand new iron crosses to be distributed among soldiers returning from Entente prison camps. Thus, officially, the so-called German *Republic* is lending itself to the glorification of the good old German sword!

There is a well-authenticated story going the rounds in Berlin to the effect that Russia is the real objective of the great military coup now being planned. As a jumping-off place, Lettland is far enough to the East to suit the plans of the German high command—and here it is that the army of von der Goltz is still firmly entrenched, despite the Entente's insistence that it return to Germany. Of course, much education of the masses must precede the actual resumption of warfare—especially with the operations being confined to Russia. For, after all, the German people have no hate for Russia; the only inducement that can be offered them is the promise of rich loot and *eventual absorption* of the whole, vast country. And Germans actually prefer substantial means of giving vent to hate, than to participation in plunder! The prospect of again over-running Belgium and finishing the job of devastating France appeals much more strongly to the average German to-day than taking possession of all Russia! But it is quite within the capabilities of the monarchist leaders to convince the German people that, in seizing Russia, there will accrue to Germany enough by way of revenge on the Entente—at least to serve as a beginning!

Finally, in any consideration of the present strength of the old militaristic gang and of Germany's potentialities as a wager of war—there must not be omitted reference to her present

activities in the air. Presently I shall tell all I know about Germany's aerial development since the Armistice, but at the moment I shall say only that, right now, she is equipped with what she calls "purely commercial" aeroplanes, and dirigibles, to the number of 20,000! And in one of these an American photographer of my acquaintance—very recently—made a flight over Berlin, making a motion picture of the city!

He operated his camera through a hole in the bottom of the plane—a hole which the pilot ingenuously explained was there for the sole purpose of *dropping bombs through it!*

And that purely commercial aeroplane was built in September, 1919!

Yet there was recently held in London that Fight the Famine Conference—and there are many pacifists in the United States who are sure Prussian militarism is dead!

CHAPTER XXI

GERMANY IN THE AIR

DEFEATED Germany in six months of 1919—February to July inclusive—among other things took to the air. Let those in the Entente countries who are disposed to accept at their face value Teutonic wails about the dire hopelessness of Germany's present situation consider for a moment the following facts :—

Within three months of the conclusion of hostilities, this vanquished nation had in operation flight services that covered almost every part of the new German Republic. In six months these German machines established the following records :—

They flew 556,155 kilometers—thirteen times around the earth at the equator!

They made 2,726 separate flights, 1,502 for mail carrying purposes exclusively and 1,224 with passengers.

In these flights they carried :—

201,156 kilograms of mail matter ;

1,574 passengers.

July was the busiest of the six months—with 800 flights in which 723 passengers were carried and 155,000 kilometers covered.

In this period the following daily services were inaugurated :—

Date.	Route.	Distance.	Time.
Feb. 5..	Berlin-Leipzig-Weimar	250 k.	2 h. 18 m.
Mar. 1..	Berlin-Hamburg	260 k.	2 h. 10 m.
Apr.15..	Berlin-Hanover-Gelsenkirchen.	490 k	4 h. 0 m.
Apr.15..	Berlin-Warnemunde	220 k.	1 h. 55 m.
July 2..	Berlin-Swinnemunde	175 k.	1 h. 15. m
July 5..	Hamburg-Westerland	200 k.	1 h. 20 m.

The most popular route is from Berlin to Weimar (seat of the present Government) and between these two cities in the six months 862 flights were made.

The next most popular route—Berlin to Hamburg—was covered 558 times.

Of 1,532 postal flights scheduled only 30 were interrupted, a failure of less than 2 per cent.

Of 1,236 scheduled passenger flights 12 were not completed, interruptions of this branch of the service totalling 1 per cent.

Under an arrangement made with the German post office, July 16th, the price per kilogram, irrespective of distance carried, of letters, parcels or newspapers was fixed at 5 marks; for letters weighing 20 grams or less the postage fee is 10 pfennigge.

New lines planned, but not yet in operation because of the lack of benzol—the German substitute for petrol—will give air service between Berlin, Weimar and Frankfort, and Berlin, Danzig and Konigsberg.

Germany had no fewer than 20,000 aeroplanes and half that number of capable pilots on August 1st.

And this is only half the story.

(According to most Germans it is the less important half!)

Germany's faith in her future supremacy in the air is inspired by her unalterable preference for the dirigible airship as compared with the

heavier-than-air machine. And this faith was more than abundantly justified when, on August 24th, the Bodensee—unquestionably the most remarkable dirigible that ever took the air—made her maiden flight from Friedrichshafen to Berlin. The inauguration of domestic airship navigation between the Swiss frontier and the German capital city marks an epoch in Germany's aerial annals. Not alone the establishment of this truly marvellous air service arrests attention—in its success is justification of German confidence that the near future is to witness developments that will cause the whole world to look on in open-eyed wonder.

As for these developments it must suffice at the moment to name one.

According to information that reached me from authentic sources plans are now under way—by arrangement between German and New York financiers—for the erection on Long Island of a great turn-table hangar capable of accommodating two dirigibles at one time. The hangar, it is said, will be ready next summer. It is to serve as the American terminus of a *daily* trans-atlantic flight service—which is promised to span the distance between New York and Berlin in 48 hours!

Everything the Bodensee has done thus far has been by way of grooming herself for the trans-atlantic crossing this spring. Her successful negotiation of the trip from Berlin to Stockholm and return, carried out in the daylight hours of October 7th, was only an additional try-out in preparation for the bigger undertakings planned for 1920.

The original schedule allowed the Bodensee seven hours to make the 600 kilometer air journey from Berlin to Friedrichshafen. One day re-

cently the distance was covered in just over three hours! Time and again this unique airship has proved herself capable of doing better than 100 miles an hour—and this in spite of the fact that she is considerably smaller than the wartime Zeppelins! In view of the fact that she is speedier than, and in every way superior to, any dirigible ever built before, it may be interesting to compare her with the earlier type Zeppelins, such as the Viktoria Luise and the Hansa :—

	Old type.	New type.
Length	..142 meters ..	..120 meters.
Diameter	..14.9 meters..	..18.7 meters.
Capacity	..19,700 cubic meters	20,000 cubic meters.
Motive Power	.3 engines of 150 hp..	4 engines of 260 hp.
Speed ..	..70 kilometers per h.	140 kilometers per h.

The expert designers responsible for the Bodensee aimed at reproducing in the airship a spheroid that would resemble in shape—a drop of water. They worked on the theory that a drop of water must present a form offering the least air resistance because of its liquid state. Thus the Bodensee is considerably bigger in diameter and much shorter than the Zeppelins that bombed London and Paris. With virtually the same gas capacity its lifting power is a little more than the Zeppelins—and with its total of 1,040 h.p. as against the old type's 450 h.p. the speed has been doubled!

The fact that in the Bodensee the Germans have taken a tremendous step forward in airship construction tends to make plausible their insistent denials that anyone in authority had anything to do with the destruction of the twelve war-time Zeppelins which were to have been surrendered to the Allies.

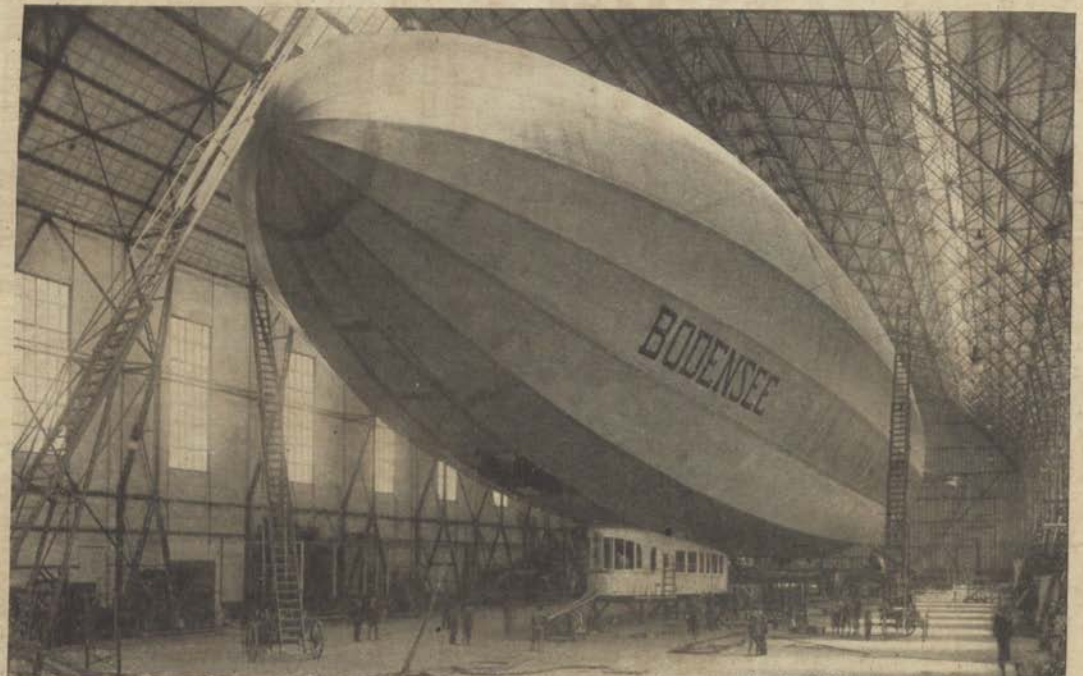
"We are perfectly willing to let the Allies have all the old Zeppelins," said Carl Vogelsang, head

of the Hamburg American line in Berlin which owns the Bodensee. "They are absolutely useless to us. And if the Allies use these old Zeppelins as models of their own airship fleets, we shall be quite content. The Bodensee and all the others we shall build from now on represent an advance as great as the *Imperator* over the first steamboat!"

With due allowance made for the enthusiasm of self-interest, the fact remains that two American army officers attached to the American Military Mission in Berlin made a flight from the hangar at Staaken on the outskirts of Berlin to Friedrichshafen—and there examined the great airship works at which the Bodensee was turned out. Although no confirmation of the rumour has been forthcoming to date it is understood that two replicas of the Bodensee have been ordered for the United States Navy—to cross to America under their own power this spring commanded by American naval aviators.

One trip in the Bodensee is quite enough to arouse keen enthusiasm in the most sceptical person. Her cabin accommodates 25 passengers —comfortably—as comfortably as a Pullman car. Plate glass windows present an almost uninterrupted surface around all four sides of the compartment. As the average height at which the Bodensee flies is only 240 feet above the ground, tiniest details of the landscape are continually within the vision of the passengers. But the most marvellous thing about the Bodensee is that there is absolutely no noise!

For the first time in aerial annals the roar of the exhaust of the engines no longer deafens those in the machine—although spectators below learn of the swift approach of the Bodensee by the rat-a-tat-tat of her engines quite as in the case



A BOW-ON VIEW OF THE AIRSHIP *BODENSEE* IN THE GREAT TURN-TABLE SHED AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN JUST PRIOR TO THE START OF HER MAIDEN TRIP TO BERLIN

ABOARD GERMANY'S LATEST AIRSHIP, THE *BODENSEE*—A PALATIAL SALOON IN WHICH ONE DINES WITH LESS OFFENDING NOISE THAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

of other airships. The explanation is simple. All three gondolas in which are the Bodensee's engines are situated *abaft* the cabin. Thus the airship, travelling at better than a mile and a half a minute, literally leaves all noise of the exhaust behind! Wherefore one may converse at an ordinary tone—with less offending clatter than aboard a railway train!

The gondolas are set slightly below the level of the cabin—two amidships with one motor in each, and the third aft in which are two motors. Actual experiments have proved that in ordinary weather the Bodensee can be manœuvred as follows :—

One motor working	..She can make 20 meters per second.
Two motors working	..She can make 26 meters per second.
Three motors working	..She can make 31 meters per second.
Four motors working	..She can make 36 meters per second.

Her total lifting capacity—exclusive of 2,400 kilograms of petrol and lubricating oil—is 23,000 kilograms. To date her trial trips have shown she can fly at full speed for 12 hours and in this time cover about 2,000 kilometers. On three motors she has remained in the air 16 hours. When the time comes for her to attempt the transatlantic crossing it is planned to quadruple these figures by installing additional fuel tanks.

The Bodensee's crew consists of fifteen men including the captain, helmsman, engineer, four assistant helmsmen, eight mechanics and one Marconi operator. A cook and a steward look after the wants of the passengers.

The two most noticeable improvements presented by the Bodensee from a designing standpoint is the changing of the position of the passenger cabin from amidships to the bow of the ship—and the complete disappearance of the long gangway which in the older types formed the means

of traversing the length of the airship and reaching the various gondolas. The Germans called this gangway the *windfanger*—and found it the cause of almost all the trouble the Zeppelins occasioned—especially when being housed in the hangar—the wind, if blowing across the course of the Zeppelin invariably exerting enough force against this long keel-like gangway to tip the airship to an uncomfortable angle. The Bodensee is the last word in stream line body—the gangway being inside the bag itself.

That the proprietors of the Berlin-Friedrichshafen service have something more in mind than mere money-making at the moment is best proved by the price charged for the trip. The total cost—including an elaborate, well-cooked luncheon—is 450 marks. At the present rate of exchange this works out at £2 10s. The railway fare, first-class, is very little less—and takes 24 hours! It is hardly surprising therefore that the Bodensee has a capacity passenger list on every flight. Included in the fare is the right to carry a trunk with maximum dimensions of 60 by 60 by 120 centimeters. Passengers' luggage up to 15 kilograms is carried free. A charge of 4 marks for each additional kilogram is made.

The Bodensee is owned and operated by the Deutsche Luftschiffahrts Aktien Gesellschaft—the initials forming a word "Delag" that is rapidly becoming known all over Germany. Delag is in fact nothing else in the world than "Hapag"—the coined word known to hundreds of thousands of transatlantic voyagers formed by the initials of the Hamburg American Packet Aktien Gesellschaft. Hapag is busy enough these days, so far as that is concerned—already the Kerr line of steamships, an American corporation, is under charter to the Hamburg American line—and

negotiations are under way for the German liners seized by the United States to be manned in part at least by their former German crews.

But the great organization founded by Herr Ballin and now dominated by Geheimrat Doktor Wilhelm Cuno of Hamburg is planning to go infinitely further than anyone in Germany would have dreamed possible a year ago. Denied the possibility of regaining for a score of years the great position it occupied among the world's shipping companies, this Hamburg American line is now planning to wrest supremacy of the air from all rivals. Delag is going to mean, if the Hapag directorate can accomplish it, quite as much in the way of air travel as Hapag ever meant to sea voyagers. Not only is Delag actually Hapag, thinly camouflaged. Not only are the guiding minds of both corporations the same. The personnel of the airship fleet now in process of building will be recruited from among the 66,000 officers and sailors of Germany's all but extinct merchant marine.

Officials of Delag, for instance, do not speak of pilots nor use other terms which have come to be associated with flying. They speak of captains and navigators—and are actually training former skippers of transatlantic steamships to take charge of the new dirigibles. Eventually Delag plans to have no fewer than 200 airships. The money is ready at hand now. All that is lacking are the raw materials—and arrangements are now being perfected to get these in the near future.

Under these conditions a recent announcement from Berlin which has caused considerable surprise in England may perhaps lose something of its incomprehensibility. The announcement in effect was that the Hamburg American line at a meeting of the board of directors voted to

forbid the purchase of any of its shares by foreigners. With Hapag actually Delag—and Delag meaning what all Germans are convinced it does mean, certain supremacy of the air—why should Germans not try to keep it a distinctly German organization?

CHAPTER XXII

WILL THEY EVER BE TRIED?

WILL the German war criminals ever face trial?

This question meets with an answer emphatically negative—within the borders of Germany to-day.

In those Entente countries I have visited since the Armistice—England, France and Belgium—the usual reply of the man in the street is a shrug of the shoulders and an expression of large doubt.

Of course, the man in the street—in the Entente countries as in Germany—will have very little to do with the final answer to this question. But his present frame of mind on this subject may perhaps have greater influence with those in high places, in whose hands lies the final decision, than appears on the surface.

The criminals themselves—those I met and talked with and others about whose behaviour I got authentic information—have no idea whatever that they will ever actually and literally appear before an Allied tribunal, there to answer to the charge of a degree of moral turpitude comparable with no other crimes since civilization's beginning. And, of no less importance, this is the opinion among all classes in Germany.

"If the Allies want Hindenburg," declared Count von Bernstorff in the course of one of our

talks, "they will have to come and get him. There is not a soldier in Germany who would lay hands on him. There is not an individual in Germany—of high or low caste—who would not resist to the utmost any outside attempt at profanation of this one remaining idol."

I am sure Bernstorff spoke the literal truth. But this applies only to Hindenburg. A vast majority of the German people hold most of the other military leaders in such utter contempt and are so bitter in their opinion that defeat was brought about through the unforgivable mistakes of these leaders as to make their punishment, even at the hands of Germany's enemies, cause for thanksgiving. On the other hand, it is highly questionable whether the Entente's carrying into effect these wholesale trials of Germany's arch criminals might not have a reactionary effect.

"The one thing necessary to unify Germany as even the war itself did not unify it," said Doktor Rathenau in discussing the matter with me, "is for the Entente to make the capital blunder of placing Germany's military leaders on trial. It can serve no useful purpose, and can arouse a nationalistic spirit of revenge that will only make for future trouble."

Ludendorff and Tirpitz and many others among the Prussian Junker class are in complete retirement—and have been since the Revolution. There is no gainsaying the fact that they are extremely unpopular among their own people. But, after all, there is something to be said for Rathenau's view that all that is necessary to restore them to favour in Germany is for the Allies to bring them to trial.

Maximilian Harden, who used to be an actor before he turned professional critic of German Junkerdom, talked with me at length one day

at his lovely home in Grunewald on the outskirts of Berlin. I brought up the subject of Prince Lichnowsky, whom the Junkers indicted for treason just before the revolution of a year ago—because his famous diary had eloquently proved that the Junkers were responsible for the German people's having been led to their ruin. Harden's remarks on this subject are worth setting down here, as being typical of the mutual distrust everywhere in evidence in Germany to-day.

"Lichnowsky," said Harden, "wrote only the truth in his diary. The Junkers did deceive the people and drove them to the ruin that is now complete. But Lichnowsky is himself a Junker at heart. When every good German should be prepared to do anything except further enrage the victors, make any sacrifice in order that the work of rehabilitation may begin as quickly as possible, Lichnowsky opposes the cession of Upper Silesia to Poland—because he owns estates there. That is the trouble in Germany. Selfishness is paramount."

The complete switch in Harden's attitude toward Prince Lichnowsky—from ardent championing him at the time of the publication of his diary to this condemnation of him because he chose to fight the Entente's decision regarding Upper Silesia—suggests that this bitterest antagonist of the Kaiser and the whole Monarchistic group might easily become their champion—did the Entente carry them off to stand trial!

Opinion among the brainiest men in Germany with whom I came in contact is unanimous that the Entente leaders give credit to German military heads for a vastly greater degree of malice and less degree of plain stupidity than the facts justify. In this connection, Doktor Rathenau had illuminating facts to offer.

"The world generally," he said to me, "has no idea how truly stupid were the German military leaders. I do not speak of their tactical and strategical ability. But it is a fact that they did not bring about the world war out of sheer criminal wantonness. They were stupid enough to believe they could win a military victory against the world. It was stupidity mixed with perverse obstinacy and unwillingness to listen to reason. Those of us who know the real Kaiser and those about him at the start of the war know that these men were not, and should not now, be regarded as criminals in the legal sense. On the other hand, of course, stupidity is one of the greatest moral crimes—and in that sense they are criminals. However, trying them before an Entente tribunal, as lustful criminals, would be almost as stupid as anything of which Germany is guilty."

From another source I learned facts—as I have reason to believe they are—about the "real" Kaiser, which are not generally known, and which have a distinct bearing on his trial. Out of deference to the wishes of my informant, one of the most conspicuous figures in Germany to-day, I preserve his anonymity.

"The Kaiser," he said, "never had an original idea in his life. He was one of the most stupid men I ever knew. He had just two good qualities, qualities that fooled almost everybody who met him seldom. He had a remarkable memory and a considerable degree of ability as an actor. Coming in contact as he did constantly with the brainiest men of the world, and deliberately absorbing their thoughtful statements, he could later give expression to their weighty views as his own. He never forgot anything, and was

thus able to speak on almost any subject with seeming erudition.

"The Kaiser wanted to die as the first German prince of peace. He did not want war. But his real calibre proved itself in his absolute weakness during the month of July, 1914, when the whirlwind sown by his advisers' provocative diplomacy was gathering force. He was a puppet in the hands of the real war-mad militarists. And these, too, were at worst stupid and incompetent. They actually believed that Russia must be crushed if Germany herself were not to be overrun by Russia within another decade.

"The German people do not know these matters, naturally. But even they have an affection for the Kaiser that can never be uprooted. Germany grew to greatness under Wilhelm II. Affection for him was too long nurtured to disappear now. Sympathy for him is very real among Germans. For the Entente to place him on trial would be a great mistake."

France and Belgium have prepared long lists of German war criminals they intend to bring to trial. They include the Crown Prince of Prussia and Rupprecht of Bavaria, army officers, submarine commanders, a host responsible for the execution of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, the instigators of prison camp brutalities, and ordinary looters and despoilers.

The Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria is accused of having ordered his soldiers to take no Britishers alive. On him, also, lies the charge of having ordered the execution of all British prisoners not killed in the field. Responsibility rests with him, the Entente charges, for the wholesale deportations of civilians from the occupied areas of Northern France and Belgium.

Strangely enough, Tirpitz is not counted the

arch-criminal of Germany's naval leaders—in high Entente circles. It is Admiral von Capelle, the German Minister of Marine who succeeded Tirpitz, whom the Allied tribunal will charge with prime responsibility for the resumption of unrestricted U-boat warfare. His arraignment will include the charge that he, personally, ordered submarine commanders to practise the hideous cruelties their victims frequently suffered.

Germany's champion thief, among the high military chiefs, according to the Entente's charge, is Field-Marshal von Mackensen. If the charges are substantiated at his trial, Mackensen will undoubtedly go down in history as the biggest freebooter that ever followed the pirate's trade! For he stands accused of having robbed Rumania of a million head of cattle, two million sheep and goats, four hundred thousand pigs, not to mention huge quantities of grain and 69,000,000 marks in gold! Mackensen, like Hindenburg, is idolized by the German people. They thoroughly approve of his inhuman cruelties as practised against the Serbians and Rumanians.

But Mackensen is nearly 71 years of age now, a veteran of the war of 1870, and he has been interned, together with his army of 170,000 men in Hungary since the Armistice. His age may serve to protect him from severe punishment. According to intelligent Germans who honestly desire an end to militaristic demonstrations in Berlin, it would be highly inadvisable for the Allies to allow Mackensen to return to Germany. As a matter of fact, he was recently removed from Hungary, to Salonika, where he is now held a prisoner by the British.

Another German General—Otto von Buelow—is charged with ordering 100 inoffensive French civilians to be shot. His brother, General Hans

von Buelow married an American, Mrs. Frederick Trumbull, of Philadelphia.

General Liman von Sanders, who led the Turkish forces at the Dardenelles, together with Field-Marshal von der Goltz, faces trial on the charge of having directed the hideous massacres of Syrians and Armenians—among the most frightful of all the Hun atrocities. It was von Sanders who fled ignominiously when his army was surrounded by the British in Mesopotamia.

Baron Oscar von der Lancken—in charge of Germany's political administration in Belgium—is held primarily responsible for the executions of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt. It was von der Lancken to whom the American Ambassador Brand Whitlock appealed on behalf of Nurse Cavell—and who gave the order that resulted in her being led out and shot in the early dawn, in spite of assurances that the execution would be delayed.

General Baron Kurt von Manteuffel (the literal translation of which is strikingly apropos) as military commander of Louvain at the time of Nurse Cavell's execution, is held jointly responsible with Baron von der Lancken for her death. For Captain Fryatt's execution, the Allies hold responsible General von Shroeder.

The list includes several other generals and lesser officers—the charges being unwarranted executions of hundreds of civilians, pillaging, prison camp brutalities, and plain, ordinary thievery.

The total number of Germans listed for trial before the Allied tribunal will undoubtedly total several thousand. At Lille alone, the French military authorities are investigating no fewer than 2,000 cases in which the charges range from murder and arson to theft—and the criminals from generals to privates.

General von Faveck is charged with blowing the safes of the Bank of France at Le Cateau, Douai and other French cities and stealing a vast amount of money.

General von Arnim will have to plead to the charge of having ordered the execution at Ostricourt of a civilian who shrugged his shoulders when a German sergeant addressed him.

A German military surgeon named Michelson is held responsible for the death from neglect of 300 French wounded at Trelon hospital.

As for the Kaiser's being put on trial, there is first of all the categorical statement by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons, July 3rd, 1919, that the inter-Allied Tribunal would be convened in London for the purpose of trying Wilhelm Hohenzollern.

In Germany responsible opinion considers the pronouncement nothing more than a bluff—for political purposes.

Even in England, one finds large doubt expressed on all sides as to the possibility of the trials ever actually being held.

But opinion aside there is the statement of Consul-General Maas—made to me in his own Consulate in London less than a month after Mr. Lloyd George's unequivocal declaration—that the Dutch Government has guaranteed the Kaiser absolute immunity from being even "approached" so long as he remains in Holland.

Of course, it is always possible that the British Premier had in mind proceeding with the trial without the defendant present—a proceeding no less unusual than the trial itself. For the trial of a former monarch "Not for an offence against criminal law"—so the formal treaty of peace reads—"but for a supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of treaties"—

is without precedent in the history of jurisprudence.

The present German Government whose representatives signed the peace treaty by that act accepted the indictment of the Kaiser. But this has little bearing on the main question—will the trial ever actually be held? The present German Government is as helpless in this matter as it proved itself in the case of von der Goltz's army in the Baltic provinces.

The United States at the Peace Conference held widely divergent views from those of Britain, France, and Japan, as to the Kaiser's guilt. These four countries, through their legal experts, found the Kaiser guilty of thirty crimes, any one of which was an indictable offence under existing criminal law, and many of which are crimes punishable by the death penaltry in America, England, France and Japan—but not in Italy, where there is no death penalty. Although in the minority, the views of the United States prevailed—in so far as putting into effect the extreme punishment, if the Kaiser is found guilty of a capital crime, is concerned.

Whatever the final outcome, there is one document in the Kaiser's own handwriting in which his personal guilt for the criminal despoliation of Belgium is writ large. It is the letter he wrote in the early days of the war to the Emperor Franz Joseph, in which he says:—

"My soul is torn, but everything must be put to fire and sword; men, women, children, and old men must be slaughtered and not a tree or house must be left standing. With these methods of terrorism, which are alone capable of affecting a people as degenerate as the French, the war will be over in two months, whereas, if I admit humanitarian considerations, it will last years. In spite of my repugnance, I have therefore been obliged to propose the former system."

Finally, it may perhaps come as a surprise to the layman to learn that Wilhelm Hohenzollern has at this moment at his command a perfectly simple way of avoiding even a remote possibility of ever being brought to trial. All he needs do is to travel the fifteen miles separating Amerongen from the German frontier! Once in Germany he will be absolutely safe. For, astonishing as it may seem, there is nothing in the peace treaty which compels *Germany* to surrender him!

Under these conditions, it is hardly surprising that many individuals in more than one of the Allied countries have grave doubts that the head Hun will ever receive his punishment before an earthly tribunal.

CHAPTER XXIII

GERMANY'S FUTURE AS RATHENAU SEES IT

SEVERAL months after my first visit to Doktor Rathenau at the Schloss at Freienwalde-am-der-Oder, I received an invitation to dine with him at his town house in Grunewald, Berlin's most beautiful suburb. I accepted eagerly. In the interim, I had met most of Germany's public characters—and Rathenau still stood head and shoulders above any of them. Incidentally, his work in preparing the statement which I hoped the Kaiser would sign—and in the preparation of which eight other distinguished Germans had collaborated—had proved him possessed of sound common sense of a rare order.

It was at this second meeting that Rathenau elaborated on his earlier statement that the next few years would settle, once and for all, the eventual victors of the inevitable conflict between America, Russia and Japan—in 2,100. In his opinion, there is only one way for the United States to make certain of victory—and that is by laying now the basis of a lasting allegiance with Russia—not the Russia that is, but the Russia that is to be.

To accomplish this, Rathenau believes it will prove neces ary for Americans to make use of German intellectual power and experience in Oriental affairs. As he explained his idea I

sensed his meaning to be that American business men should place themselves in the hands of German business men—in the role of pupils with a tutor.

Rathenau smiled deprecatingly and shook his head. "No," he said. "We Germans shall not be tutors. We shall be your clerks."

It was not an easy admission to make. He confessed that it was not.

"But it is all that is left for Germany," he continued. "Unless Americans themselves fail to realise their opportunity I am sure that within ten years there will be over the entrance of every business house on Unter den Linden the name of an American firm. It will be American capital and American genius for organization that will bring about rehabilitation of Germany's economic condition. It must be. Germany herself is powerless—and will be penniless.

"It does not seem so now—to the casual observer who sees only superficial things. Our theatres and shops are crowded. The demand for luxuries of all kinds—from taxis to furs—is far bigger than the supply. Our people seem to have endless purses. But this is not at all the truth.

"We are very much in the position of the banker whose bank has failed. We are still in the first fortnight of bankruptcy. As in the case of the banker, we come home to our fine house for dinner—and everything is as it was. We are bankrupt, of course. We know it. But here are still all the servants, all the fine linen and plate on the table. The food is still of the same good quality. Perhaps we even go to the theatre to try to escape from our mental selves. Consciousness of failure is with us, yes; but its consequences are yet to be borne in on us.

"Let a year go by—and then look up that bankrupt banker. He is no longer in his fine house; it was sold long ago. He is in some little cheap flat—with barely anything left of his fine furnishings. And he is a clerk—on a meagre salary. Consciousness of failure—topped by consequences of failure—is what the German people have yet to experience."

Like the Schloss at Freienwalde, Rathenau's palatial home at 65, Koenigsalle, Grunewald, is one of the most magnificent residences in all Germany. From top to bottom it is Rathenau's own in design and fittings. It was built in 1910 from plans drawn by this remarkably versatile individual. Most of the ceilings and walls are decorated with oil colour paintings from Rathenau's brush. The floors in the reception rooms—made of an ingenious and novel combination of inlays of mahogany and quartered oak—afford a fascinating example of effective designing.

We dined in the breakfast room—a delightful thing with its light blue walls and ceiling, the latter a skilful imitation of a trellis-hung pergola. After coffee Rathenau showed me the real dining room—a great ellyptical-shaped apartment big enough to accommodate a hundred guests! The dining table could be extended to seat this number, but at the moment was without leaves. It was the most magnificent piece of white mahogany I ever saw, each half of its top being fully 20 feet long and two-thirds as wide. I could not believe it was what it seemed—a single piece—yet the two halves matched perfectly. No giant California redwood ever grew to such a diameter. Rathenau laughingly explained that it was in fact built up of a dozen sections—but with such painstaking care as to make the illusion of a single piece absolute.

Eventually we found ourselves seated before a massive fireplace in Rathenau's library, obviously his workshop. The classics of every tongue were here. My host courteously let me examine the collection at my leisure. Viewed from any standpoint the Rathenau library is superb. As I completed my round of the four sides of the room, Rathenau pointed to a volune in a niche of its own.

"It is a compilation of four hundred letters written by Bismarck to his wife," he explained. "It proves a pet theory of mine—that every man is a house of two apartments. the spiritual and the real. We have been talking and thinking of the world in only the real, the political, sense. But in the case of Germany to-day that is not enough. In 138 B.C., Memboes, a Roman, took Athens as of course you know."

I admitted a bit shamedly that I had never even heard of Memboes, the Roman, much less of his Grecian victory.

Rathenau smiled. "Of course you never did," he said. "It merely proves my point. Nobody ever did. Yet it is a historical fact. Memboes took Athens—and Greece, politically, was dead for good and all. One would imagine that such a tremendous fact would be universally known. On the contrary the life of Greece was so magnificently enduring, her death could never be accepted as reality.

"The net result of Memboes' victory was an endeavour on the part of the Romans to become Greeks—spiritually! To-day the vanquishment of Greece is never even thought of. Only her everlasting spirit lives.

"Rembrandt went into bankruptcy at 50, but who knows the name of a single one of his creditors? That period of his life, made the

more nearly unbearable because of his failing eyesight, is memorable to-day only as the beginning of a new era of his art."

From any man such power of analysis would be interest-impelling. From this employer of 57,000 workmen, this embodiment of commercialism —such appreciation of real values proves the soul of the poet!

"The more powerful Germany's political state," Rathenau continued, "the lower her spiritual state became. It was a poor Germany—of only ten million people—that produced Luther. It was a poor Germany that produced Kant and Schiller and Goethe—Mendelssohn and Beethoven. And now once again Germany is poor!"

I began to see what Rathenau was making clear. With him I could now smile at those self-important politicians in and out of the present German Government who hold to the view that Rathenau is a professional pessimist Far from being pessimistic, here he was showing me that however short she might have fallen of the impossible mark she had been aiming at—world domination—there was now room for hope that a spiritual gain might be born out of her very political weakness.

"The German spirit," Rathenau said, "is not broken. It will live. And when the present consciousness of defeat is intensified by consequences more humiliating and harder to bear than any which the German people have yet the faintest appreciation of—then one may hope for a rennaissance of that German spirit which is altogether a different quality from that world-detested term Kultur, as distorted by our Prussian leaders drunk with world-conquest dreams." And then, abruptly, Rathenau approached another subject.

"I have always been afraid of millionaires' sons," he began.

The irrelevance of the remark was hardly less surprising than that he should have made it at all. For everybody knows that Rathenau's father himself was a millionaire—one of the richest men in Germany at the time of his death, and the general opinion is that the son would never have accomplished what he has, had his start been less favourable. I ventured a paraphrase of this opinion.

"Literally speaking," Rathenau admitted, "I suppose it is correct to consider me a millionaire's son. But in the sense that I mean, I was never that. Almost all your great men from Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln down have been almost without exception products of poverty. This is true of the great men of almost every land and age. Lloyd George began as a poor boy. The beginnings of the career of the present President of France found him a lad with no money nor influence.

"My father's grandfather was very rich. But his father lost it all. My father therefore had only a relatively small amount of money when I was born. So in my boyhood I learned the usual lessons of economy all children must learn in homes where fortunes are still in the making.

"The one thing I am proudest of is the fact that from the moment I was old enough to make my own way in the world I never took a penny or a job from my father. And this in spite of the fact that I was very fond of him. Only when I received word—when I was working in Switzerland—that he was on his death bed did I go to my father. At his request I then went into the business he had built up. It was absolutely necessary for someone to do it, and I had proved

my fitness for the post among strangers and in a foreign country. Thus it came about that I directed the affairs of the A.E.G. for three years before my father's death.

" Because he had exhausted all known branches of the study of electricity I went in for electro-chemical processes which up to that time had been an unexplored field. I was not content merely to carry on my father's work. I must go beyond him or be unworthy of my heritage.

" I apologise for intruding my personal affairs, but it has a distinct bearing on world affairs. The forebears of Luther and Kant and Goethe and our other truly great Germans—are our forebears also. There have intervened generations who have done much to obliterate the memory of the Germany that was good. But the heritage of those generations gone is still our heritage—and we now must be worthy of that heritage as a nation."

The man was not acting. His sincerity was sun clear. I wondered if it were not the racial characteristic of humility that prompted this Jew to exhibit a spirit quite disconsonant with what I had encountered elsewhere in Germany. He quickly undeceived me.

" I am a Jew," he said, " only in the sense that an American whose ancestors made the ocean passage in the *Mayflower* realises that he has English blood in his veins. Neither as a Jew nor as a German could I find life possible. I must live as a human being. Otherwise I should die. And so it is with all of us, even though many of us do not realise it. The spiritual life of nations must dominate the political life.

" Business success is nothing lasting. My name as head of the A.E.G. will be forgotten when my name as an author will still live. The business

life of a nation is inseparably bound up with the political fate of the nation. But a nation's spirit lives in books, music, art—irrespective of the political fate of that nation.

"So much for Germany's future. For after all it is a future destined to be wholly spiritual in its real accomplishments—and as such it can not hope to be important in the political sense. And for Americans and English and the rest of the world which believes a great victory has been won—only political matters count now.

"America especially must change her viewpoint as a result of this victory. She may no longer live a continental life and content herself with a continental viewpoint. She must begin now to live a planetary life and cultivate a planetary point of view. It will not be easy for Americans to do this. First of all it is too young a country—and, young as it is, has too many outworn traditions Fifty years from now America may be prepared to surmount the very great difficulties in her path—but these difficulties must be faced now.

"The first thing America must do is learn the European way of looking at things. It is fundamentally the opposite of the American way. In America there is plenty of room for everybody—room in every sense of the word. The result is that everybody in America 'boosts.' There is no room for 'knockers' in America. The success of one man is every man's opportunity. The successful one is complimented. In America it is indeed true that 'nothing succeeds like success.' There is no room there for envy. Every man is too busy making his own success. And in America the success of one very often proves the needed stepping stone to the success of another.

"In Europe there is not nearly enough room.

Success here can be gained only at the cost of others. There is nothing new in Europe. There is only what there is. If one man gets a disproportionate amount of this constant total, it means he has got it only by taking it away from others. Hence success in Europe breeds black malice and envy. Naturally under these conditions there is none of the cheery, helpful altruistic spirit to be found in America. Above all, in Europe, suspicion is a basic characteristic.

"To understand this European attitude one must have lived in Europe for at least five generations. To grasp the Oriental way of doing business takes 200 years of residence in Europe. For Americans of the present generation this is an impossibility. They are childlike in their methods of thought. They think along simple, direct, obvious lines. They say what they mean—like children. Of more importance—they can not imagine any business men thinking or talking any less directly. In the hands of the wily Oriental they would be helpless. They have no conception of the complicated way the European, and to a far greater extent the Oriental thinks. A thousand considerations enter into the most trifling decision—in the Oriental's mind. A thousand reservations lurk beneath his given word.

"Yet America must now enter the Orient—as well as Europe. Out of the war she has come the one great power—great in money and productive capacity as well as in natural resources. To no other quarter can the Orient look for the supplies it needs to sustain life. There remains the pressing need of America's sowing now the seeds of a future alliance with Russia, if Japan is not to get there first.

"We Germans had been doing business with Russia and the Orient for many generations—

at a time when Americans had never heard of the Mississippi river! We know the Oriental ways. We can deal with them. And here is at once America's and Germany's great opportunity. Let American capital and native organizing ability take advantage of this phase of German intellectual power. I am very sure America will do just this.

"I foresee in the very near future Berlin—the frontier post of America, headquarters of a vast number of American business houses dealing with Russia and the Orient. But America's emissaries will be Germans! Under these conditions the commercial—linked indissolubly with the political—power of Germany will become quite Americanized. Few Germans will relish the thought. It is not altogether palatable to me. Yet there is no other way.

"The American invasion so distasteful to English business men will be welcomed by German commercial houses—not at all because their love of the American is any greater than England's—and it is more nearly accurate to say that Germany's disinclination to see Americans succeed is no less than England's—but because in Germany's case there is no choice. We are broken. Self-preservation demands that we regain whatever part of our past material strength we may get back—however we can.

"But not only for the immediate future is this economic use of German intellectual power by American capital highly advisable. The Japanese understand, being themselves Oriental, the devious ways of the Far and Near East. Also they are planning on an ambitious scale the business domination of Russia. Lest this business supremacy be merely the fore-runner of an eventual military alliance, America must take steps now to obtain recognition in this vast field."

CHAPTER XXIV

WHEN THE KAISER AND LUDENDORFF WEPT

DURING the course of my interview with Doktor Rathenau, the conversation turned at one stage to the responsibility of Germany's war lords for precipitating the conflict. Out of it came one of the most interesting disclosures I obtained during my prolonged stay in Hunland.

From Doktor Rathenau I obtained what he declared was an authentic description of the behaviour and state of mind of the Kaiser and Ludendorff on the night of August 1st, 1914. Rathenau's reputation and his unassailable position as Germany's first business man make together necessary an acceptance of his tale which might well be doubted, coming from a source any less responsible.

The unbelievable part of his statement lies in the fact that he pictures both the Kaiser and Ludendorff as terror-stricken incompetents suddenly overwhelmed by a realization of the immensity of the war they had wantonly encouraged.

"Responsibility for the beginning of the war," Rathenau said, "lies with the Junkers in Germany beyond the shadow of a doubt. The Kaiser does not figure in that stage, any more than in any other stage of the developments of his reign. The Kaiser was always a puppet—dominating, as he thought himself to be and as the world

at large always counted him. Actually he was the tool of his advisers. But in playing the role they assigned to him, the Kaiser nominally is responsible for the war. Had Austria not had the backing of Germany, she could never have despatched the absurd ultimatum to Serbia. On the other hand, the Junkers' justification for this inevitable provocation of Russia is that unless Serbian dominance over hosts of Austrians was put an end to once and for all Germany would lose her one sure ally. Under the influence of Serbian propaganda Austria-Hungary was rapidly going to pieces.

"That Russia would fight for Serbia was a foregone conclusion even in Potsdam. That France would seize her opportunity for revenge in 1871 was also calmly anticipated. The German militarists were sure they could dispose of France as rapidly as in the earlier war. As for Russia, Germany knew how rotten at heart the Czar's Government had become. Victory over decadent France in three months and over revolution-seething Russia in twice as long—these were the German war lords' estimates during these fateful days of July, 1914.

"Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American Line, and other big business men in Germany, held very different views of the consequences of the conflict. We all did what we could to avert it. Ballin made a secret trip to London the third week in July, and there made exhaustive inquiries as to England's probable attitude. He returned to Germany and went straight to the Kaiser. Unless Germany stopped short in her course, she would find England among her enemies from the outset. But the Kaiser, fast in the grip of the little coterie of madmen who were blindly confident that nothing could stand against the great military

machine that they had built, refused to be guided by Ballin. Preparations went ahead at feverish speed.

"Then came the night of August 1st. Ludendorff was with the Kaiser at the Palace in Berlin. The die was cast. War was inevitable. The only question that remained to be answered was, With whom must Germany match steel?

"Would Belgium consent to the passage of the German armies—without resistance?

"Would France be able to mobilize in time to check the first onrush of the German machine before it reached its objective—Paris?

"Was the Russian mobilization far enough advanced to make possible an invasion of East Prussia in force?

"Would England come to the aid of France at once and, if so, could she put any appreciable number of men in the field in time to have any effect on the advance of the German army south from the Belgian border?

"Ludendorff was reassuring. Of course Belgium would not think of offering armed resistance. Such a course would be suicidal. It was unthinkable. France would never—alone and unaided—stop the German army. The Russians might invade East Prussia, but only temporarily. They would be swept out in one action and far back into their own country."

This much Rathenau told me in a casual way, quite as if the world generally must know of this historic scene. I asked him if he could give me his authority for these statements. He was serious as he declined.

"It came to me in confidence," he said, "but I can assure you that I know what the Kaiser and Ludendorff said and did on that night before the war. It is a tale of tears and timidity.

"In spite of Ludendorff's assurances the Kaiser was becoming more and more fearful with each passing hour. He drank innumerable steins of beer and smoked black cigar after black cigar. Ludendorff followed suit. It was as if the Kaiser was communicating his own state of growing panic to the erstwhile confident general.

"'Why doesn't it come?' fairly cried the Kaiser. He was referring to the telegram from the Czar in answer to his own. And again and again he repeated the question as he sat gloomily at the table, drinking and drinking.

"'And if England sends troops, what then?' he demanded at one point.

"Ludendorff's confident calm began to disappear. He, too, became fretful to the point of outward shaking of the hands. He began to pace the floor of the great room. The Kaiser watched him with frank terror in his eyes.

"'You are sure you have overlooked nothing?' he demanded.

"Ludendorff's answer was short—a growled 'Yes.'

"And so the two men remained together far into the night. And finally the answer to all their questions came. Belgium would resist. The French were mobilizing fast. Russian hordes would pour over the Eastern frontier. And, finally, that 'contemptible little army' of Britain's would cross the Channel to oppose the German's might.

"We who knew the truth knew that the German army was not nearly well enough prepared for such a conflict. The Kaiser feared that this was so. Ludendorff, for all his blind complacence in the superiority of the military machine he had had so much to do with creating, began to entertain doubts. If there be anyone

who questions Ludendorff's mental state at this time, let him read proof of it in this general's undisguised elation at his ability to reduce the Belgian resistance. Its seriousness and grave consequences are best understood by the measure of Ludendorff's self-congratulations on having overcome the frontier forts.

"Circumstances enable me to state positively that the German army was not sufficiently prepared for the gigantic task it undertook, because, in the first weeks of the war, I was able to point out to Ludendorff how sadly unprepared in many particulars his army was. It was not difficult for me to do this. *Ludendorff already knew it!*

"He knew it the night of August 1st, 1914, and that knowledge accounted for his inability to bolster up the Kaiser in those dark hours just before the curtain rose on the cataclysmic tragedy which these two men had done their best to bring about."

It must be understood that Rathenau is the exceptional German—exceptional in every way. If this story that he told me could be published in Germany—but it would be impossible to find one publisher in all Hunland to-day who would publish it—it would meet with absolute disbelief. Even the Radical Socialists in the present Government, bitter as they are in their denunciation of the Kaiser and the Monarchist party, would never for a moment consent to believe that the Junkers ever foresaw anything less than glorious victory for their self-created military machine.

The Kaiser's craven flight to Holland has never led anyone in Germany to believe him lacking in personal courage. The mere suggestion that not only the Kaiser, but the fire-eating Ludendorff also, were terror-stricken on the eve of the war, would be dismissed as a ridiculous fabrication.

But the fact remains that Rathenau—as he proved in his story—knows the truth about the near-panic that seized the Kaiser and Ludendorff at the moment that the whirlwind whose seeds they had so sedulously sown was upon them. As it happens, I am in a position to corroborate one detail of his story—that touching on the secret visit to London in mid-July, 1914, of Herr Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American Line. As an active newspaper man in London at that time, I found out that Ballin was in town. If only I could have guessed his reason!

As part of my daily round of London, the offices of the Hamburg-American Line in Cockspur Street always found me a visitor. In charge was one of the cleverest and most likeable Germans I have ever known. How many tens of thousands of transatlantic voyagers came to know and like Count von Wengersky—Englishmen as well as Americans—I don't suppose even the Count himself could tell. But it is certain that the ever-increasing popularity of the Hamburg-American Line was due in a very large measure to the charm of manner and cordial courtesy of this German nobleman in charge of the great shipping company's affairs in London.

He and I had the same barber in the Haymarket for many years. When I mentioned to him one day last summer that I was about to start for Germany, he begged me to remember him to the Count von Wengersky, and to assure him that his shaving mug and brush and razor were still safe in his own private box! The commissionaire at the Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall hoped I might see the Count, and begged me not to forget to say that he hoped to see him again soon! Crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne, Jack Wilson—one of the best

known of London's colony of permanent American residents—fairly beamed when I said I might meet Wengersky. In the old days, Wilson told me, he had sent dozens of rich Americans to the Hamburg-American Line to book their passage home through Wengersky.

I found him in Berlin—or, to be more accurate, he made the trip to Berlin from his country estate in Upper Silesia to see me. He was the same as ever—with that distinguishing characteristic setting him apart from other Germans of high caste—a sense of humour! We talked of many things, of course, but eventually I recalled the visit of Ballin's to London just before the outbreak of hostilities. I was anxious to get Wengersky's version of that visit—without letting him know what Rathenau had told me.

"Herr Ballin came to London," Wengersky said gravely, "as a result of my cabled answers to his repeated questions as to the probability of England's entering the war. He was not satisfied with my predictions—or, in any event, he considered the situation serious enough to lead him to find out for himself."

"But surely," I suggested, "you did not think England would come in?"

If my readers will remember their own state of mind in those fateful July days of 1914, they will surely recall that nowhere in England was there so much as a doubt that the Serajevo assassination and its volcanic consequences would both be settled without recourse to arms.

"I knew England would come in," replied Wengersky quickly. "And not only that, Herr Ballin discovered it shortly after his arrival in London. England did not want war. He found that out quickly, also. But if Berlin persisted in bringing it about, England would act, and

act speedily. Moreover, Herr Ballin was under no delusions as to that myth about England's 'contemptible little army.' Little, in a relative sense, it was, of course; but there was nothing 'contemptible' about it. And, of infinitely greater importance from the German standpoint, there was always the British navy to be reckoned with!

"As head of the world's greatest shipping company, Herr Ballin naturally had more occasion to dread the consequences of a war in which British naval power would be exerted against Germany than perhaps any other living man. From the beginning he foretold the certain end of the war. He knew from the outset, that no matter what victories Germany won on land with her armies, the final victory would be won by the British navy.

"And so Herr Ballin returned to Germany within less than a week. And he went straight to the Kaiser in Berlin and told him exactly what he had found out in London. To him he pictured the inevitable consequences of the war. The British navy would bring about a blockade of Germany which, in the final analysis, would of itself reduce the German people to a stage of starvation that would make surrender or slow death the only choice.

"The Kaiser laughed these statements away. Granting all that Herr Ballin had to say was true, in so far as Britain's ability to blockade Germany was concerned, it was not true that the German people would suffer hunger! The German armies—deep in the enemy countries—would form a strong shield behind which German agriculturists *and enemy civilians* would till the soil and raise more than enough foodstuffs for all Germany's needs!

"Herr Ballin lived long enough to see his prophecies more than fulfilled. Then he blew out his brains. The Kaiser is still alive. He has lived to know that all the terror Herr Ballin told him would strike home to the German people and which he himself must have felt when he ran away—did finally come!"

So I obtained corroboration of Rathenau's story. It is not the popular conception of the Kaiser's attitude in those days immediately antedating the war. But I believe it is the truth. I believe history will prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the hideous destruction and chaos-causing conflict were, primarily, the result of arrogant, blind, stubborn ignorance—intermixed with not a little of that kind of cowardice that expresses itself in sudden, unprovoked assault.

CHAPTER XXV

SPORTS IN GERMANY

WHILE Fight the Famine Conferences and other kindly-souled organizations in the various Entente countries are trying to devise ways and means of ameliorating the "dreadful" suffering in Germany—the "sufferers" in Germany are proving in a score of ways that they are quite capable of taking care of themselves. Of all the proofs of the German ability to "come back" that I observed during my prolonged stay in Germany, none was more striking than that offered in the sporting world.

Sports in Germany to-day are not on the pre-war basis . . . there is a great deal more going on than ever before in Germany's sporting annals!

Better than any amount of solemn warnings uttered by high-brow economists—urging the Allied peoples not to be deceived by Teutonic wails—one Sunday in Berlin, at a football game, would serve to make the truth plain to individuals inclined to help this "vanquished" people. For here is just one set of figures showing the difference between pre-war and present conditions in German sports.

In Berlin before the war there were 189 athletic clubs with 450 football teams, composed of 6,300 players.

In Berlin to-day there are 173 athletic clubs, with 641 football teams, composed of 10,000 players.

Football is the king of outdoor sports in Germany no less to-day than it has been for the past twenty years. Although this typically English game—they play only the soccer variety in Germany and know nothing at all of the American game—lost much of its popularity while actual hostilities were in progress, immediately with the signing of the Armistice a demand for its resumption went up in every part of Germany.

Already there have arrived in various cities in Germany English coaches—the same men who before the war trained German football teams and pitted them against British elevens! Strangely enough there seems to be no hesitancy among Germans to admit that English football coaches are still superior to anything they can produce themselves in this line. A dozen famous English coaches have received flattering offers to return to the organizations they used to direct, but thus far less than half of them have actually gone back to their old jobs.

The biggest and highest class football organizations in Germany are to be found in Berlin, but virtually every city in Germany to-day has its own football league, and excepting only in point of total figures of teams and attendance and games played there is as much keen interest in the game in Munich and Hamburg as in the capital city.

Americans are wont to think that the last word in sports is baseball—with the two major leagues of eight teams each and schedules of 150 games or thereabouts. Britishers are sure that nothing in sportdom faintly compares with football as played by the league teams—before attendances that reach 65,000 to 70,000 persons.

Let American baseball fans and English football enthusiasts give a moment's consideration to a few football facts of German origin—and these facts confined exclusively to conditions in one German city!

In Berlin to-day there are four separate football leagues, representing respectively the North, East, South and West sections of the city. Three of the leagues are composed of six teams each. The fourth league has seven teams. At the end of the season there will be an inter-league series between the first three teams in each league—the winners becoming the champions of Greater Berlin. The last three teams of the twelve engaged in this inter-league series fight it out together, the winner taking the Berlin Cup—a kind of consolation prize.

Before the inter-league series can begin each of the 25 teams have to play a schedule of 25 games to determine the first three of each league. This means 625 games played before the championship series starts. The season 1919-1920 opened August 30th and will not finish until January.

In and about Berlin there are 46 football fields on which every Sunday approximately 350 separate games are played with 8,000 players participating! The demand for additional football fields is increasing all the time, inasmuch as at present there is not enough room for would-be players, much less spectators among whom interest is enormous.

The most popular of the football fields is Tempelhofer Field, the vast enclosure formerly used as a recruiting field and, before the war, the scene of the Spring and Autumn Military Manœuvers in which the Kaiser figured prominently.

Of Berlin's 173 athletic clubs the biggest and

most prosperous is the Berliner Sportverein which now supports 16 football teams with 1892 members striving for positions on them.

In spite of these stunning figures the general average of play is considerably lower than in England. Critics hold responsible the practise of the best players in taking outside engagements with teams in other cities. Some of the best stars play as often as four and five times a week—to return to Berlin for the Sunday league game thoroughly tired out and unable to exhibit anything like their best form. Such a state of affairs was unknown before the war, but now football players like everybody else in Germany are out for the money first, last and all the time.

The Government which has promised to promote sports, but thus far has pleaded matters of greater importance are occupying all its time—is openly hostile to football. Whether this open refusal on the part of players and the public to appear sufficiently downcast in the face of defeat may make more difficult the Government's task of inducing the Allies to modify the terms of the Peace Treaty, or because Germany's football craze strikes the authorities as an easy way to fill up the governmental exchequer—the fact remains that football is being taxed almost to its death. To the State tax of 20 per cent. of the gross receipts of every game is added a town tax of another 20 per cent. At Mariendorff, a Berlin suburb, this taxation has led to the closing of five football fields. But generally speaking the football clubs are coining money in spite of this taxation and in spite of the fact that individual stars' salaries are higher than ever before.

The war killed off most of Germany's best footballers as it accounted for most of the champions in all other branches of sport, but newcomers

are springing up on every hand—and with public support of the game what it is fabulous salaries can be promised all who make good. Under these conditions it is not surprising that the six big athletic clubs of Berlin, which in the old days had an average membership of about 1,000 each are now taking in hundreds of new members every month.

As a matter of fact German experts insist that the younger generation is going to produce a much higher class of athletes than anything German sports have ever known. Far from suffering physical deterioration by five years of insufficient nourishment these experts insist that German youth has actually benefitted by this enforced abstinence! With improved food conditions they say the young chaps will broaden out and achieve a stage of athletic prowess impossible in the days of fat and plenty in Germany. Of course this gives the lie to the Governmental authorities who have voluminous documents to prove the devastating effects of malnutrition on the German people. But from what I saw of sports in Germany I am inclined to count the athletic experts right!

One of the reasons that sports are attracting such unprecedented numbers of competitors in Germany is that with the demobilization of the German army there was suddenly thrown out of jobs a vast array of young men with nothing to do and no ideas of where to turn for work. Having been fed and clothed and cared for much better than the civilian population during the four and a half years of the war these ex-soldiers were in fine physical shape to begin with. It has been from these sources that most of the best athletes have been developed in the past year.

Sports always played a large part in the daily

life of the German soldier before the war. But now the big athletic clubs in Berlin are carrying on the same scheme along intensive lines. At the Berlin Stadion every Sunday they still have track meets in which from two to three thousand competitors take part, including a cross-country run with never less than a thousand starters!

Former officers and privates now meet on an equal footing although rivalry between commissioned ranks is as keen as it ever was.

Until the Allies' decision not to permit Germany to send a team to the Olympic Games at Antwerp this year was made known, all the athletic organizations in Germany were feverishly preparing to annex a majority of the events! Disappointment over the announcement is being shown to-day in all parts of Germany to almost as great an extent as the loss of the war caused. Germany fully intended to get some part of its own back—at Antwerp. To be barred from competing never occurred to them. It has bred more bitterness than anyone not a German could imagine. But strangely enough it has absolutely no effect on Germany's enthusiasm as regards sports. The wise ones guiding sporting developments in Germany know that it is only a question of time before Germany will be permitted again to compete in the Olympic Games—and they are determined to be returned the winners whenever that time comes!

Just one example—the work now under way of developing new swimming champions—will show how deadly in earnest German sport patrons are to let nothing stand in the way of their winning victory the first time they are allowed to meet the rest of the world in open competition. In Berlin and in every other German city I visited, every swimming tank is crowded with

youngsters being taught racing strokes under indefatigable instructors. Already more than one record has gone by the boards—and a score of new names have come into prominence in swimming circles that were never heard of a year ago. The old champions are giving their time free to the development of this new material—all inspired by the one purpose of victory in the world of sports.

Horse-racing in Germany this past summer has attracted a vastly greater number of spectators than ever before in history. Not only has the paid attendance total been twice as great as the German turf ever knew before—there has been an orgy of betting like nothing in German turf annals.

Viewed psychologically this seeming phenomenon —a defeated people's plunging into excesses of the race track—is actually less remarkable than the fact that Germans to-day are willing to get down to the hard work and grind of training for participation in hard-fought athletic contests. It is in keeping with the unparalleled prosperity of the German theatres and cinema houses—crowded to the doors at every performance. At the race track as in the theatre can be found forgetfulness—at a price! But in any event it has been a racing season such as no country ever knew—viewed from any angle.

The actual number of meetings and the number of racing days were considerably less in 1919 than in pre-war times, but all told there were upwards of 150 days of racing distributed over the following courses:

Grunewald (Berlin).
Karlshorst (Berlin).
Hoppegarten (Berlin).
Dusseldorf.

Munich.
Leipsic.
Bremen.
Baden Baden.
Breslau.
Regensburg.
Hanover.

The only track at which there was no meeting was in Cologne—because it is in the zone of the Occupied Territory—but a week was given over to Cologne racegoers at the Grunewald course in September.

In spite of the fact that at all the tracks the price of admission was raised from pre-war standards about 400 per cent. the attendance was almost that much more above the old-time crowds. In 1914 a "gate" of 30,000 marks was considered good. This season it was counted a bad day when the total gate money did not exceed 250,000 marks. In 1914 the average amount of money bet at a race track in Germany was estimated at about 500,000 marks. This season turf patrons poured between four and five million marks daily into the pari-mutuel machines!

The racing itself was of a very low order. Formerly the best jockeys were attracted to German courses, French, English and American riders figuring prominently in all the big handicaps. This season racing in Germany had to depend exclusively on native jockeys with the single exception of one Hungarian rider named Janek. This boy, incidentally, was one of the most consistent winners of the season. At best they are a poor lot compared with English or American standards. A boy like the American Archibald, mounted on a selling plater, could finish ahead of a field of high class mounts—if ridden by German jockeys.

Besides Janek four German jockeys displayed

some elements of horsemanship during the season now ended. They were Rastenberger, Otto Schmidt, Kasper and Schlafke—the latter with experience in the old days on California tracks. But among all the jockeys there is a lack of discipline—common in all kinds of trades in Germany to-day—because they know there is no one to supplant them. The result of this was crooked riding and foul tactics that would make ordinary get-away-day tactics on an American track look like Sunday school behaviour in comparison!

In the old days Germany's chief racing officials were the technical commission of the Union Club, but now racing is in the hands of representatives of the Government who themselves are owners of stables and breeders of blooded horses. Besides being on the spot to see the Government gets its share of the gate and betting, these officials—with horses in almost every race out of their own stables—countenance no dirty tactics of which they might be the sufferers! Opinion is about evenly divided as to whether this Governmental control of racing makes for an improvement of the sport.

Of course there are no foreign race horses in Germany—although stable owners are more than willing to make purchases in France and England even at the present disadvantageous rate of exchange. Let it be said here to the everlasting credit of sportsmen of both these Entente countries that all such offers have been refused! It has been therefore almost impossible to find enough starters of even mediocre quality to make a decent race.

Strangely enough provincial racing has seemed to suffer less from this prevailing lack of good horses than the three Berlin tracks. This probably was the result of the complete shutting down of

racing in the smaller cities throughout the war and the fact that all the horses running on the provincial circuit were a uniformly bad lot. The best of these provincial meetings was held in Hanover during a week in September at which Field-Marshal Hindenburg received an ovation—the first of the remarkable series of militaristic demonstrations which later were renewed during his visit to Berlin.

The Grunewald track saw the cream of racing. It is a very beautiful course and the centre of Berlin's smart set even on non-racing days, crowds going out to have afternoon tea in the famous restaurant in the club house. Grunewald was always the favorite resort of the Kaiser who once declared that it was "the most beautiful race track in the world." The Kaiser had a private pavilion built at the track from which he used to watch the races. During the 1919 season it was exclusively occupied by Herr Gustav Noske, the Minister of Defence—and fresh fuel was added thereby to the smouldering fires of suspicion of which he is the subject.

Not the least of the results of the war has been the disappearance of amateur riders. This always was a popular feature of every German meeting, but inasmuch as virtually all of them were cavalry officers—and since most of these were killed in the four and a half years of fighting—there is hardly one of the old favorites left. It is promised that gentlemen's races will be revived this year, however.

All the purses were big last season—few of them less than 10,000 marks and almost every day's programme including one stake of 100,000 marks. The selling prices of horses also mounted skywards. Generally the increase over pre-war prices averaged 400 per cent.—an animal that

would have fetched 10,000 marks in 1914 selling this season for 40,000 marks. Considering the fact that the mark has not depreciated within Germany it must be illuminating to learn that the winner of the Hamburg Derby this season took down no less than 125,000 marks—at the normal rate of exchange £6,000.

As evidencing the profligacy of the German moneyed class these days the furore aroused by the resumption of yachting is almost as significant as the extravagance displayed at the race tracks throughout Germany. The Kaiser, of course, popularized yachting to a great extent in Germany—but never before has anything approaching this past season's enthusiasm been known in yachting circles. In this connection I had an interesting chat one day with Gustav Gruttefien, sporting editor of the "Berliner Zeitung am Mittag,"—known as the "B.Z."

"So far as yachting is concerned," he said, "the whole picture has changed. Practically all our big yachts are gone. The most important event in German yachting annals—'Kiel Week'—has disappeared, probably never to return. In the old days it was not so much the Germans as the English and Americans and other foreigners who went to make 'Kiel Week' what it was. But I am afraid it will be many a day before we ever see them in German waters again—at least aboard their yachts. When Armour and other American millionaire yachtsmen—not to mention the big guns of English yachting circles—used to come to Kiel there was a distinctly international air about the regatta. For there were also Swedes and Norwegians and Danes and French and Spanish there—with their own boats.

"During the war the majority of the big German yachts were sold to the Scandinavian

countries and to Holland. A few were seized in English waters where they had gone for the regatta at Cowes just before August 1st, 1914. Among these, as I suppose is well known in England, are the *Meteor*, the Kaiser's yacht; the *Germania*, belonging to Krupp, and the *Susanne*. The result this year was only what must have been expected. 'Kiel Week' attracted a very small number of entries and practically no enthusiasm. The resultant failure of the regatta led the North German Regatta Society to withdraw from any future participation in 'Kiel Week,' although it helped to organize the regatta together with the Imperial Yacht Club.

"But while big yachting has almost ceased to be in Germany, there has been an amazing growth of interest in sailing small yachts on inland waters. There is a far greater number of small craft now in commission than ever before in Germany's yachting history. Existing yacht clubs have long since refused to admit any more new members. They are all overfilled. The reason is not hard to find. Interest in small yachts has suddenly served to take the place of travel—among the leisured class of Germans who, formerly great tourists, now find it inadvisable to leave the country.

"Of course, even if there were no passport difficulties, railroad travel in Europe to-day is so unpleasant and hotel accommodation so bad—it is not strange that these pleasure seekers should turn to yachting as a perfect form of recreation. During the summer the Baltic was literally alive with new, small, German-built yachts owned and sailed by men of money who until this year had never had the least inclination to take up yachting. The cruising type of yacht is the most popular in Germany—every ship-yard having

more orders for this type of craft than they can fill in two years.

"Aviation plants all over Germany have begun to build small yachts—all of the sailing variety. Motor boating in Germany is absolutely dead. It must remain so for some time. There is no fuel and no lubricating oils. This, of course, is true of conditions in the automobile and motor-cycle lines also. Motor cars and cycles simply don't exist in Germany—for sporting purposes. For strictly business purposes 50,000 automobiles are allowed to be used under strict Government supervision, but not one for sports. The shortage of benzol—the substitute for petrol which we have to use—makes it impossible to think of a revival of motor boating for many years. Rubber tyres for automobiles can be bought only through the illegal 'Sneak Trade'—a set costing from twelve to twenty thousand marks.

"The Imperial Yacht Club—the only organization left in Germany which still clings to the Empire's word 'Kaiserliche'—is in much the same condition as 'Kiel Week.' It has outlived its usefulness. Its own members admit that Kiel Harbour never was a suitable place for holding a regatta anyway. It was simply that the Kaiser and the wonderful gathering of yachts from all over the world were attractions enough in themselves to have made it the success it was. Travemunde will probably be Kiel's successor—and the regattas confined to small craft.

"Arrangements are already under way for next season's yachting engagements and are in the hands of the Deutsche Segleverband—a combination of 48 yacht clubs with a total membership of 12,000 and a fleet of 1,600 yachts. The organization numbers about one-half of Germany's total yachtsmen. This suggests that Germany

has to-day about 3,200 yachts—which is a fair accurate estimate. Before the war this total was 500 greater, the loss being chiefly accounted for by sales to neutrals."

It took the world war to teach Germany the "noble art." Up to 1914 boxing was as little known in Germany—almost—as chivalry! But as Allied prisoners of war began to fill German prison camps, their captors began to get visible evidence of what had been until then an untried branch of sport. During the war, boxing contests were confined exclusively to the prison camps—but they attracted an ever-increasing number of German spectators. At the end of four years, there was a healthy demand for boxing in Germany.

Sports promotors saw their chance to capitalize the situation and one syndicate quickly got control of the Circus Busch—an Olympia on a small scale. Ever since the signing of the Armistice they have been staging "box-fights" at the Circus Busch, and now all Berlin is fight mad. Of course, neither fighters nor spectators know anything at all about boxing—but this unanimity of ignorance makes for complete satisfaction all round.

English and American fight promoters would throw up their hands in despair if they had to rely on the kind of fighting material available now in Germany. The best of the lot could not stand up for one round against an Anglo-Saxon third rater. But German fight enthusiasts jam the Circus Busch to the rafters five nights a week—and go wild with enthusiasm over their heavily backed favourites. To an Englishman the whole thing is laughable—every bout producing the most amazing infractions of the rules. Knock-outs are frequent enough—in spite of the fact

that in most instances the referee is so excited he forgets to count! It generally works out all right, however, the victim being knocked "cold" and taking a minute or more to recover consciousness.

The rage of Berlin's fight fans for almost a year now has been the Jeffries-Johnson fight film—the much discussed motion picture that was barred by the American authorities and which has never been shown in England. Every night they show the film as a preliminary attraction to the ring programme. It's a great picture, especially in its earlier scenes of sporting celebrities arriving at Reno—many of them now dead. The chief purpose of continuing to show the film, it was explained to me, is to educate fighters and public in the fine points of championship boxing. Incidentally the captions throughout the picture lay heavy emphasis on the huge amount of money which the fight attracted—a more or less subtle suggestion to the spectators that they are getting their entertainment cheap!

The boom in boxing is due to promises of the promoters that just as soon as champion possibilities can be developed they will make matches with English, French and American boxers and try to wrest from these countries the blue ribbon of each class. To date these promises show little signs of ever being fulfilled—but what has happened in France within the past ten years must not be overlooked. If the present craze for boxing continues in Germany it is quite possible that a decade will bring forth a real champion. In any event it will make for truly international competition—and has at least the effect of cultivating in the German mind a wholesome sense of the kind of manliness which only boxing breeds.

The night I went to the Circus Busch I nearly laughed myself sick. My companion—a German nobleman who had lived for fifteen years in London and who knows the fight game backwards—begged me to try to control myself for fear of unpleasant consequences. The crowd looked ugly enough at me, to be sure. They take their box-fights seriously in Germany!

The first match of the evening was between Carl Peter and Erich Merken, two light-weights. It went the full distance of ten rounds—during which time both gentlemen gave a ludicrous exhibition of individual fox-trotting! In the whole thirty minutes of "fighting" not one clean blow was landed! Their idea of boxing seemed to be that it was more or less like a game of tag—each man trying to make the other "it!"

The referee's decision that it was a draw brought forth angry howls of derision from the backers of each man. I couldn't imagine how anybody could think any other decision possible—except that in an English or American ring both men would have been disqualified long before the finish for mutual unwillingness to fight.

The second bout was great! Two large and healthy looking German soldiers—named Meiers and Stohp—furnished the excitement. They were both welter weights—or so the programme said—but the announcer rather spoiled this when he told the crowd that Stohp outweighed his opponent by 17 pounds! This was obvious. Stohp was a head taller and with an advantage of at least six inches in reach! But Herr Meiers quickly proved the old saying about "the bigger they come the harder they fall."

In the first round he blazed away at his giant adversary for all the world like another David

up against Goliath. Stohp assimilated a world of punishment in this first round—and at the bell staggered all round four sides of the ring trying to locate his corner. When they faced each other for the second round Meiers deliberately pushed Stohp's guard down—stepped back a pace, and without any haste swung a right hand pile driver blow flush on the point of Stohp's jaw. It was five minutes before Herr Stohp came to!

Next came a mixed-color contest—between Max Naujocks, introduced as "the ex-light-weight champion of Germany," and Fred Koehler, who, in spite of the Teutonic flavor to his name, was said to be an American negro. It was the funniest affair of the evening, even the stolid, serious crowd being driven into gales of laughter by the monkey tricks of the ebony-hued American! Naujocks outclassed his opponent, but his own knowledge of the game was limited to such a pitiful extent as to make one wonder how he ever became "champion"—even in Germany After four rounds of chasing his dark skinned adversary around the ring, Naujocks finally got him in a corner and put him down and out with a succession of right and left swings to the stomach. At that the negro never lost his grin—merely sitting on the floor and cheerfully waiting for the referee to finish the count.

The main event of the evening was a 20-round contest between two heavy-weights—August Kudernatch of Vienna, and Heinrich Schlueter, of Hamburg. Naturally the crowd was strong for the German representative—contempt for anything and everything Austrian being one of the few sentiments all Germans have in common these days. It was by far the most interesting match of the evening—although it came to an end in the fourth round when Kudernatch quit

cold, running to his corner and slipping through the ropes almost before the crowd realized it !

In the first three rounds Schleuter fouled his man at least once every ten seconds—desisting only from biting him ! The German had at least 25 pounds advantage in weight and relatively as much in height and reach. But the Austrian was twice as fast and had more than a novice's knowledge of boxing. Time and again he appealed to the referee when Schlueter was choking him with a strangle hold—and with the free hand thumping the side of his head—but the referee seemed to think that this was all in order ! Kudernatch made his hasty and unexpected exit from the ring—immediately after Schlueter released his right arm (which he had been holding in a vice-like grip, the while he was jabbing his elbow into the Austrian's eye) ! It seems that Schlueter used to be a wrestler—and hadn't forgotten any of the tricks of his former trade.

The crowd was so sore at this untimely finish of the main event that the management prevailed upon Naujocks to stage a second bout ! This time his opponent, one Müller, made the ex-lightweight look like the tyro he actually was. Müller was apparently unknown to the crowd—but in three rounds he had Naujocks beaten into a very fair resemblance of raw meat and, just as the gong sounded announcing the end of the round, he knocked the young gentleman clean through the ropes. Müller displayed little knowledge of boxing—but he was the coolest individual of the night, and had a natural instinct for fighting that made him the most promising of the lot.

Wrestling was forbidden in Germany in 1911 because it had become too brutal even for Germans, But it remained the most popular of all German

sports—hundreds of wrestling enthusiasts travelling to Denmark and Holland to be present at matches in which their champions figured. The present German Government lifted the ban on wrestling as soon as it came into power—and to-day the "sport" is quite as cruel as in the old days. From all parts of the world German wrestlers have come pouring back into Berlin—and to-day it is the biggest money-making proposition in the whole world of sports.

Seven days' a week wrestling bouts are staged in Berlin—sometimes as many as four different contests vieing for patronage on the same day. There are never less than two wrestling matches offered the Berlin public every day. The four most popular homes of wrestling in Berlin are the Schlossbrauerei in Schoeneberg, the Admiralpalast, the Hasenheide and the Schanburgbuhne. Every match put on at these halls attracts a capacity crowd.

Hans Schwarz calls himself champion of the world—and has beaten every man he has met in Berlin. He is going presently to South America to engage in twelve wrestling matches for a guaranteed purse of £8,000. Other Berl n favourites who are Schwarz's most dangerous rivals are Kormat, said to be Germany's strongest "strong man"; Strenge, whose quickness is his chief asset; and Bahn, who says he is well-known in America where he says he defeated Frank Gotch.

Bicycle racing in Germany is as popular as it ever was. In Berlin there is a big meeting every Sunday, and fr quently on week days as well. Throughout Germany the sport attracts just as big crowds as in pre-war days. The shortage of rubber tyres does not seem to have affected the sport—but this is explained on the astonishing grounds that the submarine *Deutschland* was

especially commissioned on her second trip to America to bring back enough bicycle tyres to provide the needs of all Germany's professional cyclists!

"Six Day" bike enthusiasts in New York and other American cities where the gruelling grind is an annual feature will be interested to learn that Walter Rutt, several times winner of the Madison Square Garden fixture, now shares with Heinrich Saldow the premier place in German bicycling circles. A match race is being arranged to be decided this winter in Berlin which will settle which of the two men is "World's champion." Rutt recently won the Deutsche Flieger Meisterschaft in Dresden, defeating Saldow by inches. But Saldow turned the tables by beating Rutt in the Deutsche Meisterschaft—a bicycle marathon of 100 kilometers. Among the small army of newcomers in the German bicycle game the most dangerous of the competitors Rutt and Saldow have to reckon with is Lorenz—whose one ambition is to represent Germany in the Six Day Race in New York!

CHAPTER XXVI

NEWS—"MADE IN GERMANY"

"I'D have nothing to say about that, if I were you."

The editor of a great daily newspaper was answering my question regarding the advisability of including within these covers reference to existing conditions under which news getters in Germany are working to-day. He knew those conditions. He had just returned to London en route to New York after a tour of the Continent reorganizing the European service of his newspaper. But he held to a newspaper tradition—the less the public are allowed to see of the purely technical side of newspaper making the better.

It is because I am a newspaper man and proud of the profession, that I hesitate to do anything so unorthodox as what I am about to do will assuredly be stamped in more than one editorial sanctum. But even after giving large consideration to this side of the question, I can find no justification for keeping silence on a subject of vital importance to my own and the other Allied countries.

So here is the truth about the foreign newspaper correspondent in Germany to-day:—

The "news" he sends to his home newspaper is as truly German propaganda as though it bore the stamp "Made in Germany."

Don't misunderstand this sweeping generalization, or imagine for an instant that it has not frequent exceptions. Don't conclude that foreign correspondents in Germany are all corrupt newspaper men. Among the present batch of correspondents in Berlin are several men for whom I have profound admiration—albeit a larger degree of sympathy. Cases of out-and-out subsidization of responsible newspaper men are probably as rare in Germany as elsewhere. But the fact remains that for the greater part the despatches cabled out of Germany are *of necessity* as pro-German as though written by the Foreign Office in Wilhelmstrasse.

The way it is done is simple.

The correspondent, among the very first things he discovers on his arrival in Berlin, learns an important fact from Doktor Führ at the Foreign Office, the affable gentleman whom I have already described as the Government Press Agent. If the correspondent will bring to Doktor Führ all his dispatches, they will receive the Foreign Office stamp, which will cause them to be forwarded ahead of all other telegraphic messages, as so-called State express matter, and at ordinary rates. Incidentally, Doktor Führ explains that this privilege is extended to all the foreign correspondents impartially. If the newcomer fails to take advantage of it, obviously his newspaper will be "beaten"—in point of time!

Wherefore the new correspondent falls in line with his confrères, and turns in every word he writes to Doktor Führ.

There is no censorship in Germany—true. So far as I know, there has been no case of actual altering of any message filed through the Foreign Office. But it is equally true that every dispatch that goes out of Germany to-day has been first

read by the man who was active head of the German propaganda organization in the United States.

Even so—to anticipate a thought that may well occur to the reader—this fact of itself does not necessarily mean that newspaper men must write only matter pleasing to the German Government. My observations during the six months I was in Germany failed to reveal any instance of actual intimidation of a newspaper man. We were all apparently as free as air, to go and come as we pleased, and to write about it with equal freedom. But——

In the first place almost every accredited correspondent in Berlin lives at the Adlon, a combination Ritz-Claridge-Savoy—the choicest (and most expensive) hostelry in all Europe. Most of these newspaper men—in possession of yearly contracts from their home offices—have their wives with them. In special instances they have suites of rooms. Very few of them could afford to live at the Adlon unless they received a "special rate." I know whereof I speak. I not only lived at the Adlon all the time I was in Berlin—I kept my room continuously even when I went away on fortnight trips to distant parts of the country! How many newspaper correspondents in London live at the Carlton? How many could afford to?

Next is the matter of the *Ausweiss*. Every correspondent has an *Ausweiss*. Even temporary investigators, such as I was, get them. It is always the first evidence of Doktor Führ's smiling kindliness. It is a miracle-worker. Its possession brings one almost anything one could wish—its presentation being enough even to silence an extortionate taxi-cab driver! Yet it is a privilege that can be withdrawn quite as easily as it is

extended! It is a favour. The recipient must be duly grateful! And without an *Ausweiss* a correspondent in Germany to-day would be at a hopeless disadvantage! If an American correspondent ever received such a document from the British Foreign Office—all his brother correspondents would have to close their offices and go home, his ability to get news thus becoming too tremendous for successful competition. But favours of this kind are not granted to newspaper men in Whitehall!

Newspaper readers may recall the enthusiastic descriptions sent by correspondents in Germany regarding their trips in special trains to the various fronts. The present Government cannot afford to do these things on the same lavish scale, but the spirit of co-operation is as much in evidence as ever. There is hardly any request a newspaper man can make of Doktor Führ which will not be granted. As a matter of fact, he holds his job largely because of his ability to think of voluntary suggestions that will help them keep the cables busy. Is it an interview with Noske? Certainly, within the week it will be arranged. Are statistics desired? The right man under Herr Schmidt, Minister of Economics and Food Control, will set all other work aside and prepare a table—with prices translated into pounds or dollars as may be applicable! It makes it all very easy!

But eventually the interview with Noske or the statistical article finds its way to Doktor Führ's desk! Of course, it gets there only because it must receive the Foreign Office stamp to facilitate its transmission; but it doesn't require a particularly active imagination to picture the Führ scrutiny of that article before it leaves his office.

Supposing the article is offensive—in Führ's eyes! All the former favours become suddenly impossible of repetition. It is too bad, of course, but Ebert simply cannot manage to arrange to see the offending newspaper man! That rumour about the destruction of the Zeppelins, to be turned over to the Entente by the terms of the peace treaty, continues to be a rumour, unconfirmed and uncomfirmable! Doktor Führ is most sorry, but there it is. He knows nothing about it. And then, presently, all the newspapers, save only that one represented by the offending correspondent, mysteriously receive corroboration of the rumour!

It is hardly surprising that one such experience generally suffices! Thenceforward the whole-truth-telling correspondent, being after all a human being, finds it desirable to fall in step with the others, and write only the kind of dispatches that will restore the friendly smile to the Führ countenance!

Your German understands the value of helpful publicity. No other people that I know—from top to bottom—have half as keen an appreciation of the advantages to be derived from sedulous catering to the press.

General Ludendorff, in his book and in his talk with me, made plain his own appreciation of the value of newspaper publicity. In searching everywhere—except in the right quarter—for the reason of his "invincible" army's defeat, he found the chief contributing cause in "enemy propaganda."

"Northcliffe," he said to me, "did more than any other ten men in the Allied countries to bring about Germany's defeat. His use of newspaper propaganda was excellent. Germany was very deficient in this respect."

Not only Ludendorff, but almost every German I met held this same opinion. The value they all attach to newspaper publicity may best be gauged by the fact that in every corner of Germany I found that Lord Northcliffe was more hated than any other one man whom I could name.

Feeling that they lost the war very largely because of their inferiority in this matter of manipulating public opinion through newspaper columns, the Germans now controlling affairs are all out to make good this inferiority. The methods they have adopted I have only faintly suggested. But one result of them came under my notice only recently after my return to London.

The correspondent of one of the great American dailies, with whom I had had many chats at the Adlon in Berlin last August, suddenly appeared one day in London, to be attached to the London Bureau of his newspaper. I knew he had expected to remain in Germany a full year. I was in Berlin when his wife arrived from U.S.A. The reason for his sudden removal after only four months at the Berlin post, filled me with curiosity. From another newspaper man I learned the truth.

Unexpectedly and without explanation the American correspondent received cabled instructions to go to Copenhagen immediately. On his arrival there further instructions were awaiting him to send back to Berlin for his wife, and then proceed to London. His successor in Berlin had arrived there the day following his departure! The American newspaper was obviously taking no chances! The correspondent, one of the most highly regarded and capable newspaper men of my acquaintance, was in nowise under a cloud. His office merely wanted to make sure that his departure from Germany would be unattended

with any unpleasantness. He had outlived his usefulness there. He had too frequently sent dispatches that were not in tune with the chorus of wails which Führ likes so well. His failure to please Führ was properly appreciated in his home office. In his present position in London he has really been promoted!

If his successor is replaced in Berlin within a month, and after thirty days a new man supplants him, and so on indefinitely, this American newspaper may rapidly become the one publication that will receive *real news* from Germany! For in my opinion this is the one way to circumvent the spoon-feeding methods of the German Foreign Office. Führ will give a new man at least a month in which to become acquainted with the situation. "Mistakes" are overlooked at first. Before the correspondent can settle down to resigned acceptance of the intimidatory tactics of the German Government—let him be recalled by his newspaper, and a new man sent to replace him! I don't know a native born Englishman or American who wouldn't be grateful for being recalled!

Of course I have considered in what I have had to say only the honest newspaper man. There are others—very few—I am happy to say, whose present affluence is out of all keeping with their salaried positions. All of these have German blood in their veins. In one instance the correspondent is looked upon as full-fledged German, and in his casual utterances is altogether the Prussian! This individual owns shares in Delag, the newly incorporated branch of the Hamburg-American Line which is building the new German airships, of a nominal value of many thousands of pounds! Up to the time of his going to Germany as correspondent of an American news

association, his weekly salary would not have paid for one half of one share!

I was in Germany long enough to discover that the alleged advantages accruing to the newspaper man who can speak the language, or who can claim German ancestry, are altogether mythical. English served me excellently. It had to. I can't speak a word of German. And, looking at it from the reader's standpoint, I can't see what good purpose is served, in so far as getting at the truth is concerned, by being an intimate of Huns!

CHAPTER XXVII

THREE "GOOD" GERMANS

BECAUSE they place such a high valuation on publicity many Germans will undoubtedly read this book, exactly as they read everything dealing with Germany, in precisely the same spirit as animates all press agents.

A copy of the voluminous report of the United States Senatorial investigation of the German spy organization in America came into the hands of Doktor Führ while I was in Berlin. He showed it to me, and pointed out the scores of blue pencil notes he had made refuting much of the sworn testimony. Before it finished its round of readers, virutally every member of the present German Government and all of the important Germans outside the Government had devoured the contents of this many-hundred-paged volume. Very little that is published about Germany anywhere on earth escapes the keen eyes of these publicity experts.

If by any chance a copy falls into the hands of Ludendorff or Tirpitz, Kriege or Hindenburg—I trust what I shall have to say now will serve to dissipate any idea based on what has preceded this chapter that I am guilty of blind prejudice against all things German. Actually I tried my best all the time I was in Germany and have

continued to try since that time to be absolutely impartial as an observer and chronicler. If most of what I saw and heard does not make pleasant reading for Germans—the fault is not mine.

But in the interests of fair play I cannot exclude from this fact-narrative a word or two regarding three Germans I count honest, decent, cultured men. They are the only three men I met in Germany I can truthfully apply these adjectives to. I daresay among Germany's 65 millions there are others equally admirable. It is a burning shame there are not many more like them. Had there been enough like them to have made their influence amount to something—the world war would never have come when it did. Of vastly greater importance—the present menacing situation in Central Europe would be quickly dissipated if more Germans were the ilk of this trio.

For obvious reasons I feel deeply grateful to Count von Bernstorff. Without his help my mission would have been a dire failure. To him I owe whatever measure of success I may claim. But aside from this feeling of gratitude, I have very great admiration for Bernstorff as a man. Whatever offences—if any—he may have been guilty of when he was in Washington, at least I know of my own knowledge that in one grave matter at least his conduct was punctiliously correct.

Before America's entry into the war every day the Washington correspondents included the German Embassy in their routine round of visits. From the State, War and Navy Departments we went every afternoon to fire our questions at the German Ambassador. Almost invariably we brought with us thinly veiled suggestions that at any moment Bernstorff would be requested by the State Department to follow von Pappen and Boy

Ed back to Germany. Never once did Bernstorff fail to meet these innuendoes with a good natured smile and a bantering reply.

Never once did he so much as hint at the truth —that at that very time he was negotiating with Berlin, at President Wilson's urgent request, to bring about peace by meditation. The President's wish that these negotiations should remain secret was respected by Bernstorff when, with a single sentence, he might have swept away all the calumnies of which he was the object.

Good fortune put me in possession of facts that permit me to make these statements on better authority than Bernstorff's unsupported word. I must not name the source of my information, but it came to me from a highly placed member of the United States diplomatic service to whom I had been telling Bernstorff's side of the story as I had got it from him.

"Every word Bernstorff says is true," my informant admitted, "but it is not quite all the story. It is true that Colonel House, acting as the President's intermediary, did confer with Bernstorff in 1916 just as you have told the story, and it is a fact that the President did not wish Bernstorff to leave the United States so long as there was the faintest chance of mediation. But after Bernstorff did go home, evidence was discovered that I am sure Bernstorff would not like published. The Department of Justice has proof —out of his own mouth—of his improper activities while he was Ambassador."

Just what this proof may be and just how greatly improper Bernstorff's actions I do not know, but I do know enough about the man to go on record as believing that he was guilty of nothing more reprehensible than an honest endeavour to do the best he could for the country

which then was and which afterwards continued to be so unappreciative of his efforts—his own country.

I believe that if Bernstorff, as seems probable, becomes Germany's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he will reorganize the German diplomatic service with rare skill. I believe his appointees will prove more nearly acceptable to the Entente nations than those any other man in Germany would name. I am convinced that a man big enough to admit his country deserved defeat is big enough to make an honest attempt at building up the reputation he knows is now so discredited the world over. In the immediate future Bernstorff, in my opinion, will prove not only that he is a diplomat par-excellence but a man inspired by high ideals and duly conscious of his country's past insane criminality.

I may be wrong, of course, but I believe in Johann Heinrich Bernstorff.

The hundreds of acquaintances in England and America of Count von Wengersky will surely be glad to hear what he did in the war. When he told me about it himself I couldn't help a spontaneous exclamation of delight.

"I might have known you would have done something like that," I told him.

For Wengersky was one of the very few titled German officers who actually did constructive, as opposed to Hunnish, destructive, work during the war. With the rank of staff captain Wengersky had in charge the feeding of the civilian population of Belgium and Northern France in co-operation with the Hoover commission. At the end of the hostilities Wengersky received a commendatory letter from Hoover—the most treasured possession he has, according to his own statement.

Wengersky did not leave London until the night of August 3rd, 1914. With him went all the German members of the London office of the Hamburg American Line. His description of their leave-taking is well worth re-telling here.

"Dozens of our London friends were at Victoria to see us off," he said. "Most of us were crying—and none of us ashamed to cry. Everybody told us we must soon come back again—everybody seemed to want us to come back. Even at Folkestone the English were kind to us. It was like leaving a home from home. We were all heavy-hearted that it had to be. The last we saw of England was a great transport alongside the quay, crowded with Tommies—shouting goodbyes to us. They were kindly goodbyes too."

Acting under orders of General Ludendorff himself, Wengersky's authority was absolute. Although of only a captain's rank he could—and did—issue commands which generals had to obey. In his capacity as distributor of food supplies Wengersky time and again came into collision with Prussian personifications of Frightfulness in the act of practising their art on defenceless civilians. Out of these encounters Wengersky never failed to come the victor.

On November 8th, 1918, Wengersky was in Sedan, with the French shells raining down into the town. He was there to superintend the distribution of food that had been sent in in five trains of twenty-five wagons each. The German general commanding the forces in and about Sedan gave an order to seize the five trains, dump the foodstuffs onto the ground, and fill them with his troops—preparatory to a rapid retreat. Wengersky promptly countermanded this order and made his men put up a successful resistance to the small detachment of soldiers

who were trying to carry out their instructions. When the general arrived on the scene, furious and fuming, Wengersky quickly silenced him.

"These are my trains," he said. "You can not touch them until I have finished unloading the food at the allotted depots."

And Wengersky had his way!

Of course Wengersky is not a Prussian. His ancestry is Polish. Like Bernstorff, who is a Bavarian, Wengersky is not at all the type five years of Frightfulness have made most of us picture as a German. But nevertheless he is a German—an ardently patriotic German—and I had no difficulty in believing him when he told me, with emotion-choked voice, that the greatest sorrow of his life was that he lived to see his Fatherland go down in defeat.

Wengersky will "come back." He has yet to arrive at the top of his brilliant career as an organizer and business man of exceptional ability. Behind him are now ranged a dozen German millionaires ready to back him up in any business undertaking he may elect to embark upon. Without shame I wish him good luck. I know among my own London acquaintances a score of men who would echo my sentiments.

Wengersky is a "regular" man.

Finally there is Rathenau. Before I left Berlin he did me what I count the honour of calling me friend. He amply proved that it was not a mere empty phrase—by exchanging confidences with me of a nature so grave as to be predicated only on friendship. Because Rathenau is the only one of the trio with whom I was not on friendly terms before the war, winning his friendship became the happiest incident of all my stay in Germany.

I have already told everything of general in-

terest about Rathenau that can properly be told here, but I cannot dismiss him from these pages without at least passing mention of my personal regard.

In the old days in America they used to say that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. In almost every corner of the world to-day this probably approximates the public feeling as regards Germans. My own experience among them tends to make me share this feeling. But with that said I again proclaim my admiration and affection for Bernstorff, Wengersky and Rathenau—Germans all and gentlemen!

CHAPTER XXVIII

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF—GERMANS

WILLIAM ALLEN PINKERTON, son of the founder of the great American detective agency, told me one day in the course of a chat in Chicago, that the one weakness all criminals have in common is an uncontrollable desire to talk too much. According to his views—and he was an octogenarian when he gave expression to them—half the inmates of the world's prisons talked themselves in!

I suppose there must be the average number of dumb mutes in Germany, but I encountered none. As compared with your German of 1920, the so-called "voluble" Frenchman is as silent as the proverbial oyster. They all talk. Government officials and lift boys, painted ladies and charwomen—up and down the length and breadth of the land—they all talk.

On my way out of Germany—via Cologne and Ostende—I spent the long hours summarising the results of all the talk I had listened to during my many months in Hunland. Certain facts there were which seemed to be common to all German minds. Among these facts I tabulated a few off hand:

1. There is no German living who believes the German army was defeated or that it ever could be defeated.

2. There is no German living who honestly doubts, even now, the good old German maxim that might is right.

3. There is no German living who would not wholeheartedly support another attempt to prove the soundness of the theory—if the opportunity arose.

4. Almost every German lives now for one great purpose—revenge—the only divergence of opinion having to do with the best way of gaining revenge.

5. Almost every German has subordinated his hatred of England and America in order the more emphatically to centre all his hate on France.

6. In spite of orders forbidding it, fraternization between the British and American armies of occupation and German civilians is universal, not the least harmful result of it being an undermining of cordial relations between the French and their allies.

7. Between the dogmatic assertions of allied alarmists who declare Germany is bent on active resumption of hostilities in the near future and pacifists' confidence that Germany is helpless, the middle ground is undoubtedly nearer the truth, but there can be no doubting that nowhere in Germany is there present anything approaching the spirit of defeat.

8. There is more activity in Germany today — industrially speaking — than in any country in the world, labour and capital absolutely one in a determination to restore Germany's commercial prosperity in the briefest possible time.

9. Consciousness of economic disaster is as widespread as refusal to accept the fact of military defeat. This makes for a national

spirit incomparably finer than any allied nation can boast.

10. The German people themselves give the lie to their Government's protestations that enforcement of the Entente's demands spells the end of Germany as a nation, for the German people, handicapped as they assuredly are, are up and coming.

Here is barely a scraping of the surface. They are facts easily learned—in Germany. For in Germany they all talk. But, finally, there is an important difference between these talkative Germans and the talkers of other lands. While Hyde Park orators, *boulevarde* haranguers and Broadway spell-binders confine their exertions exclusively to talking—your German indulges in that luxury only in spare moments. In Germany talking is never permitted to interfere with what all Germans know is their sure means of salvation —WORK!

THE END

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